THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS NOVEMBER 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE®

GERM & GAS WAR: Is the U.S. Ready to Fight with Poisons?

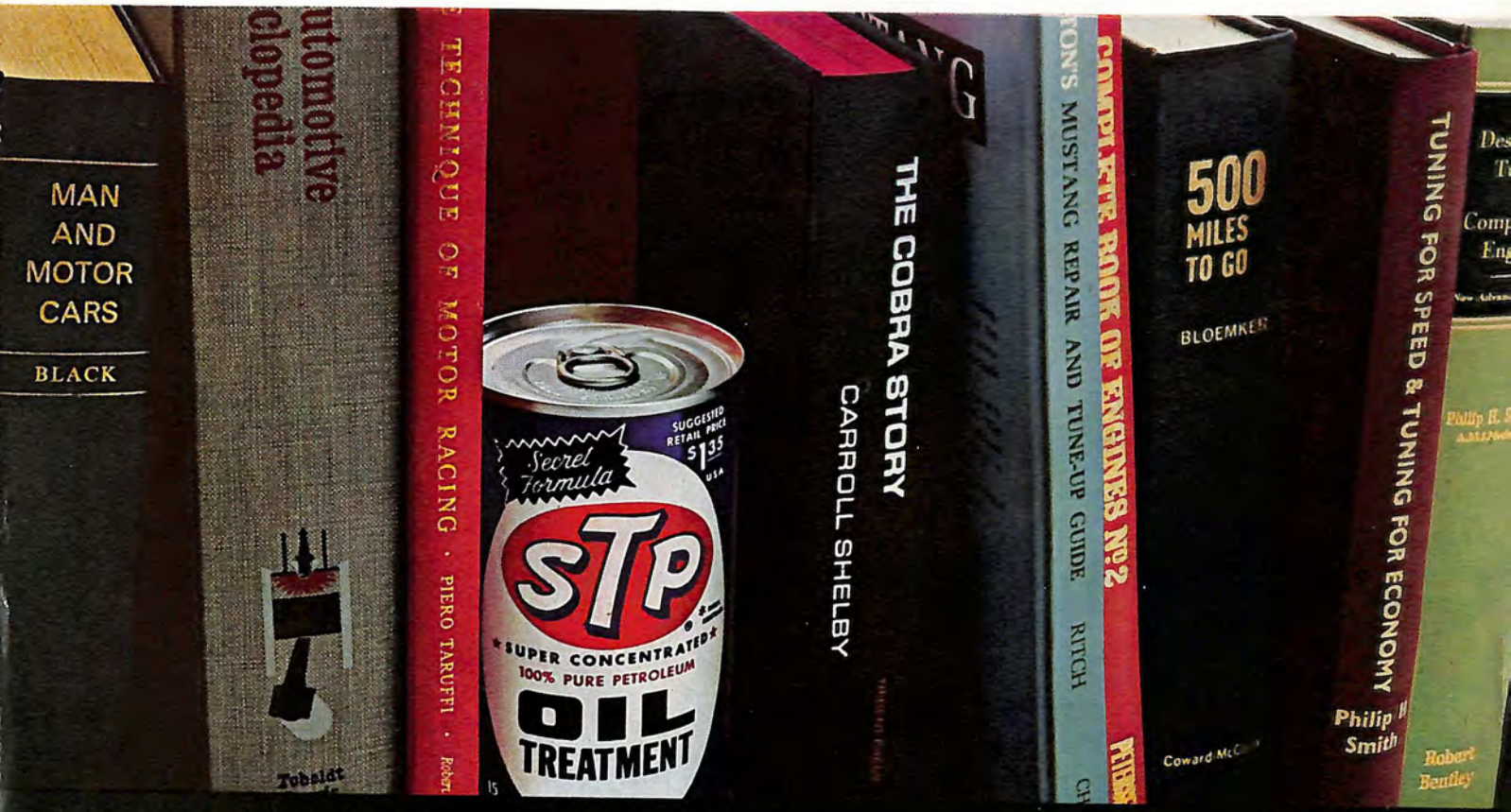
BIG BOSOM CULT: The Manic Female Quest for Topless Status

AUTOMOTIVE GYPS: Con Game Gadgets that Won't Help Your Car

JOHN GROTH'S VIET NAM: An Artist's Portfolio of GI's in Action

The Pot-smoked, LSDizzy World of Timothy Leary

NON-FRICTION BEST SELLER



Automotive experts know it. The engine of your new 1968 car is subject to more friction and wear in the first 1,000 miles than it is in the 10,000 miles that follow.

How do you cut the friction that grinds away at engine life? Motor oil alone doesn't cut it, in our book. But STP, blended with your favorite oil, does.

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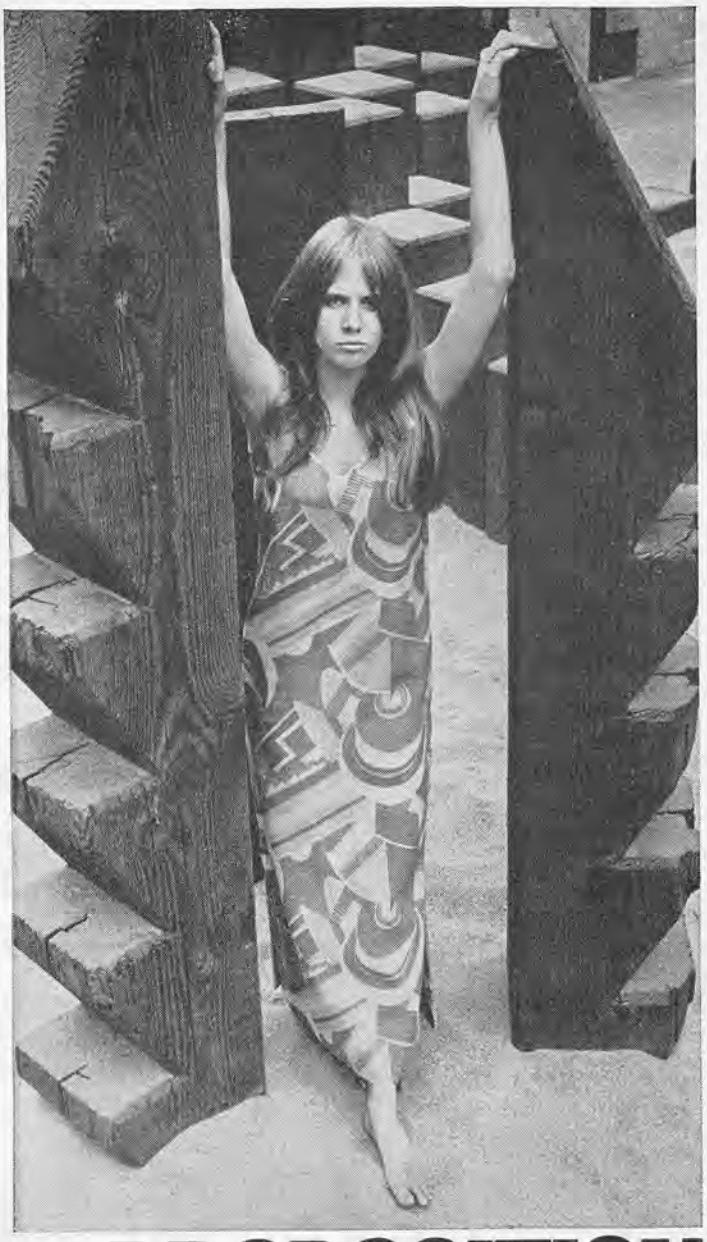

A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

–*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

–*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

–*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali–High praise by 35 celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen).

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America–A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman–The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"–An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed–and Pithiest–Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art–Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War–A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie–A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs–New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall–The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley–A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt–The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War–Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious–and Perfectly Legal–New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"–A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism–As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works–A Portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970–Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant–and cruelly suppressed–quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*–before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out–we will send you a whole year for *only $5*. This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

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–Renew your own subscription for $5 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

–Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

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I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only half price!*

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TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE
67 West 44th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10036

Social Note

I heartily agree with your July cartoon. She had better shape up beautiful (ugh!) Texas first!

Outside the gates, or en route to the gates of beautiful Sheppard Air Force Base at Wichita Falls, Texas, are two obnoxious looking junkyards—one old cars, another oil pipes, etc. They certainly should be fenced around or cleaned up.

Don't dare sign my name or my family who were at Sheppard would be on the next plane to Viet Nam if LBJ found out I'd criticized Lady Bird.

—*Name withheld at writer's request*
Columbus, Ohio

Out Of The Mouths Of Babes

I am a woman, and believe me, I would be the last to belittle a woman's role in life. I believe that a woman who devotes herself conscientiously to creating a home for her husband pays her way.

But the plaudits have been overdone, and I feel it is time to take a look at the other side of the ledger. It is a little nauseous to read what a man would have to pay for "services" such as child care, chauffering, nurse, cleaning, laundry, etc. It is the lie of the year that it is "all for free." He pays through the nose for it, and if he were single he would not need most of it.

So please, True, won't you put one of your writers to work on this? Perhaps an article: *How Much Is a Husband Worth?*

—*Mrs. Oliver G. Sturges*
DeSoto, Tex.

Every husband knows. It's the women—and their magazines—who won't admit it.

Last Laugh

With reference to the August 1967 article *For a Million Bucks I'll Knock Off Castro,* I would just like to inform you of the difference between the words año and ano, which word appears in the text of the article.

Año means *year,* whereas ano refers to the most posterior part of the digestive system. However, I think the error was appropriate, since Castro has never been known to laugh through any other end.

—*James K. Leon*
Bethesda, Md.

What makes you think it was an error?

Dram Ho!

Thank you for *Scotland's Sleepy Hollow of Hooch* by Al Stump (August True). When I finished reading the article I was more than a wee bit thirsty. I was drooling! So, I went to the liquor store and bought the old brand that showed the distilleries—The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet, Dufftown, Scotland—"Grant's Best Procurable." Aye, 'tis bonny!

I'm going to the United Kingdom next month and, if I don't get anywhere else, I am certainly going to Dufftown. Wouldn't miss it for anything.

Good luck and I'll be thinking of True while I'm having a wee dram.

—*J. W. Thompson*
Yukon Territory, Canada

Hell Raiser

As an ex-GI who put in a tour of duty in Germany, let me cast my vote with *Overseas Weekly.* It is a fearless, fact-finding paper that puts the fear of God in the crooked, overranked sadists that the military has too many of. *OW* and congressman are the only places a GI can turn to, to have wrongs righted. If you should contact a congressman, they stamp you with a PI (Political Influence) and you are damned with that until your release. So I pray that *OW* will always be around to "Give 'em hell!"

—*Dennis Goggin*
Marina, Calif.

I just finished reading your article, *A GI Newspaper the Brass Can't Kill,* in the July issue of True. I have been an avid fan of yours for years, however I am now losing faith in your publication. Why do you support such garbage? The censors here in Saigon are from the Vietnamese government and not from the U.S. Army brass as you so indicated in your article.

One more comment. The only reason the *OW* is not on the newsstands of the local PX's in the Far East is not because the Army brass does not want it there. It is because the company which has the contract to supply magazines and other reading materials to the military in the Far East *refuses to carry* the *Overseas Weekly.* They also refuse to carry other trashy type material.

You may print this if you have enough intestinal fortitude.

—*Ronald R. Smith*
APO 96307

Bare Bottom Beaches

Instead of less than 500 persons (Americans) knowing about the island of Sylt where swim suits are "left off," I'd say that well over 1,000 know where it's at or know about it. It's well known to all nudist publications and their subscribers even though they don't all visit the island.

—*W. Thayer*
Wenatchee, Wash.

I would like to praise Ward Winthrop's article on the island of Sylt in your July issue. It was well written and quite accurate. I know, because I lived on this island for more than two months during the summer of

[*Continued on page* 4]

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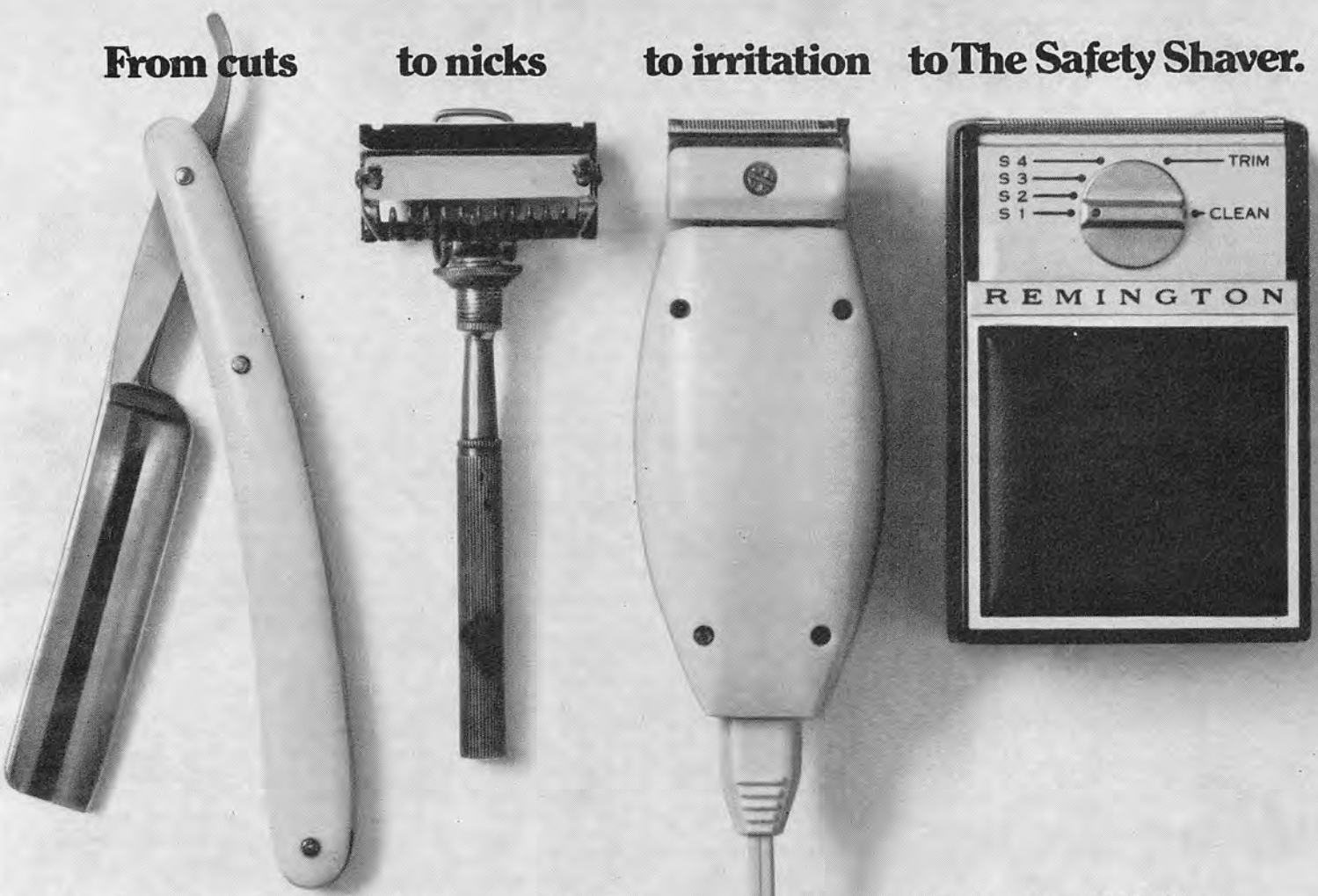

Nobody knows for sure if men used to wear beards because they were being fashionable, or they were just being chicken.

When you consider that the first legitimate shaving instrument was a honed-down clamshell, we're inclined to believe the latter.

We're in the business of improving on clamshells. We've become a big business by improving on just about everything else.

Our most recent improvement is officially known as the REMINGTON® *Selectro* shaver.

Unofficially we like to refer to it as The Safety Shaver.

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The Safety Dial raises and lowers the shaver heads. The Safety Combs (which remain stationary) expose the correct amount of shaving surface—letting in all of the whiskers and keeping out the skin.

In effect, the dial raises and lowers the shaver heads to four different comfort positions.

Because not everyone has one kind of face.

You may have a heavy beard. Or a light one. Or you might be a middleweight. Or a welterweight.

And though you may be able to take a lot on the cheek, you may not be able to take it on the chin.

The dial takes care of all that. With it you can custom dial a face. Or a chin, or a cheek, or a neck or a mustache.

You can also custom dial a trim with the biggest sideburn trimmer anyone has ever developed.

And you can clean the whole works with just a click and a Pffft.

Someday somebody may invent a pill that does away with shaving completely. (We frankly hope it doesn't happen for quite a while.) But right now, the closest thing (and the closest shave) to that significant development is our own.

The Safety Shaver.

It's the one shaver that makes shaving something less than a hairy proposition.

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[*Continued from page* 2]
1966. I was working in a local "Gasthaus" and living with the local population in the small village of Rantum, about four miles south of Westerland.

Mr. Winthorp's advice that most American tourists should go to the northern part of the island was correct. However, may I add that for the Americans who can speak some German and who wish to be treated as visitors, rather than tourists, these people should go to the southern part of the island. In this part there are fewer tourists, lower prices, and more of the colorful German customs and culture. In addition to the many small hotels, there are also several camping sites in this part of the island.

—Alfred E. Staubus
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Re: *Don't Bring Your Bathing Suit*, TRUE, July.

Probably most of the thousands of members of the American Sunbathing Association and other practicing nudists look with envy at the dozen or so "free beaches" in Europe, and would be envious of all who can frequent them.

Would that TRUE could obtain legislation for the establishment of a free beach in the United States! It was attempted in California several years ago, unsuccessfully. Local police thought it would be too great a traffic problem. Sad.

—Peter S. Shearer
New York, N.Y.

What kind of traffic did the cops have in mind?

ANIMATED UFO'S

Your article *Are Flying Saucers Really Creatures* in the August issue gives rise to other speculations that should strengthen this theory.

Project the theory to a hypothetical, similar situation in the depths of the ocean. What do these denizens of the deep think and feel about our divers, cameras, equipment, submarines, etc. that invade their dark domain? I can just hear the intelligentsia of that realm saying to each other:

"But there can't be intelligent life up there! Too much oxygen, not enough water and the light would kill them. They could be robots from another part of the sea but are probably refractions of light from our own system. . . ."

—Heather Buckley
San Jose, Calif.

An interesting article on UFO's as living organisms (August); but not a passing mention of the gentleman who was first—at least most notable—to suggest the idea of unusual living things in the sky, the man who, in the 30's, was saying with tongue in cheek what others are now saying, in the 60's, with complete seriousness. I refer, of course, to Charles Fort.

—J. Wayne Sadler
Sebring, Fla.

TOMATO CROP

Regarding the lone item your *Dept. of Odd Information* (August TRUE), you may advise the Department of Agriculture that I am cultivating a square tomato out here in the corn belt—an already well-developed tomato, I might add.

However, she doesn't really make the harvesting any easier—or is she just playing hard to get?

—W.L. Carter
Ferguson, Iowa

Pluck her off that vine, fella!

JOKE THIEF

Openly admitting that he's been stealing them, a lawyer friend of mine tells how he changed not too long ago from being an awkward, boring, fumbling conversationalist at legal gatherings and social affairs into a TRUEly interesting and entertaining man simply by reciting amusing anecdotes he regularly takes from *This Funny Life* in TRUE, The Man's Magazine. And you can bet your bottom dollar that he ain't the *only* one!

—Thomas J. Marks, Jr.
Hartford, Conn.

Must be thousands of them, Tom.

TREE FARMER

Your story in the July issue on Korczak Ziolkowski, who is carving the monument to Chief Crazy Horse in South Dakota, mentions the financial problems facing the sculptor. Ziolkowski's intrepidness in meeting these problems also is illustrated by the fact that he is one of the many tree farmers certified by Western Wood Products Association, certifying agency for the 12 western states. To be certified, a forest land owner must grow timber under a management plan with the goal of sustained yield, or continuous production, as well as seeking to make a profit from sale of the wood, exactly as any other farmer seeks to have a perpetual, moneymaking crop.

All certified tree farms have a name, and the name of Ziolkowski's is, naturally, The Crazy Horse Tree Farm.

—William J. Cary, Jr.
Portland, Ore.

BOMBS AWAY

The Norden bombsight was not the panacea for inaccurate bombing that you would have us believe. As you pointed out, the Norden was effective only when the bombardier could see his target, and since targets were frequently obscured by cloud and sometimes smoke screens, it meant that bombardiers were compelled to resort to saturation-type bombing.

Your incredible statement that the British night saturation raids were "real hit and miss propositions which produced less than spectacular results" is not only grossly unjust, but untrue. By using radar navigation aids such as the "Oboe" and "H2S" systems, and combining them with the Pathfinder low-level, target-marking techniques, the RAF achieved a degree of precision bombing unexcelled in the history of air warfare.

As to their bombing being less than spectacular, would you say that the breaching of the Möhne and Eder dams, and the pinpoint accurate bombing of the Gestapo Headquarters in The Hague (to cite but two examples) were unspectacular?

—Peter Seaton
Northport, N.Y.

I take issue with your statement (July issue) regarding the Norden bombsight that ". . . it was the only truly accurate bombsight in existence during the Second World War. Until the United States entered the conflict, British raids on Germany were, by necessity, limited to night saturation raids; real hit-and-miss propositions, which produced less than spectacular results. When the U.S. came on the scene with Norden-equipped B-17's, the picture suddenly changed."

The Norden sight was an excellent instrument; but in 1943 when the RAF switched from the Mark IX Course Setting Bombsight to the Mark XIV, they were using a sight which was in many respects superior even to the Norden, which required a level and stable platform. The S.A.B.S. sight used by 617 Squadron was capable of better performance than either the Norden or the Mark XIV.

Your denigration of the RAF Bomber Command, perhaps unintentional, in praising the Norden bombsight, is grossly inaccurate and unfair. The "we're-best-at-everything" syndrome is typically Russian, not American, and I rely on TRUE to set the record straight.

—D.M. Peden
Winnipeg, Canada

SUPER BASE

In re: Your article *How We Built a Super Base*. . . .

Very good article. However, my son and I resent your spelling of our favorite branch of the Armed Forces. It's Seabees—not Seebees, as spelled by you. My outfit was the 39th C.B. 1942-1945.

Keep up the otherwise good work.

—Keith Ellinger
Glendale, Calif.

TREASURE TIP

Your article, *Tragedy Stalks a Tantalizing Treasure*, simply shows what publicity can do. Hundreds of seekers have spent millions in an attempt to find a treasure not known to exist in Nova Scotia, yet closer to home where it is a matter of record, an actual treasure is almost ignored.

The Mississippi-owned gold coin, buried by Major Nael to escape Greirson's Raid, was the object of an intensive hunt by federal troops during Reconstruction, but the search was abandoned with the withdrawal of these troops. Even though over $200,000 of the gold was located then, no search has been pressed for the remaining million or more known to be there.

The surprising thing is that this prize, located in a relatively small area in central Mississippi, has attracted few hunters, even though easily accessible and generally open to the public. Its almost exact location can be found in most detailed histories of the Civil War.

—Gilbert Sutton
Birmingham, Ala.

CHEMIGUM: The Outdoor Sole

CHEMIGUM earned the name in a rugged test of traction and wear through a long New England winter.

Unretouched photos show the actual results of a rough winter's duty on the boots of these game wardens. Harold Dockum, Jr., Bruce A. Dawson and Richard W. Bryant tested CHEMIGUM® soles for Goodyear from December to May. These men really hike. Over hundreds of miles of wilderness. Rocky hills and icy back country. The soles show hardly any wear—just spring mud! And their traction-action saved many a slip.

Look for The Outdoor Sole when you buy boots. For names of manufacturers who use CHEMIGUM soles, write: Goodyear, Shoe Products, Dept. K-22, Box 9154, Akron, Ohio 44305.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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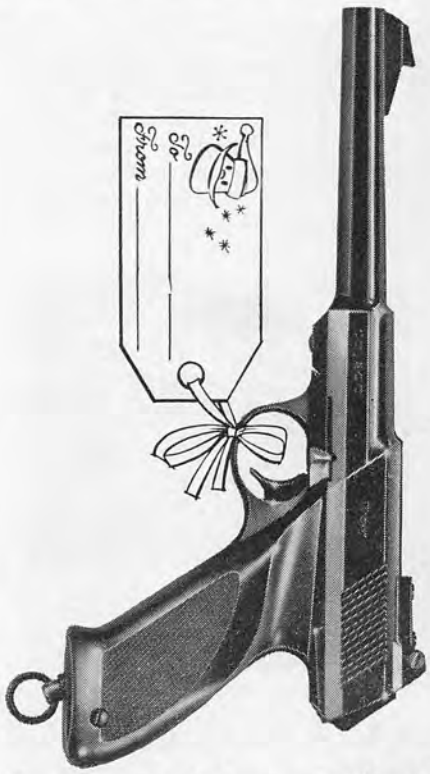
GIFT GUN



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trueviews: movies books records

movies

WAIT UNTIL DARK. This is a perfect thriller about a blind woman and three crooks who try to terrorize her into revealing the whereabouts of a cache of heroin. The suspense never lets up, and there are shocks galore. Audrey Hepburn is fine as the girl, and Alan Arkin, Richard Crenna and Jack Weston are good as the hoods.

Faye: A moll to remember.

BONNIE AND CLYDE. Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow robbed banks during the 30's, and this is their story—a gangster movie with a difference. Told with uncommon skill, it's the first film of its kind that fully captures the spirit of the times. It starts as a lark, and ends as tragedy, and is distinguished all the way. Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway star, and they are both excellent.

THE BIRDS, THE BEES AND THE ITALIANS. Nobody satirizes the Italians like they themselves do, and this movie is a prime example. It dissects the sexual maneuvering and hypocrisy of the upper class and the church with razorlike precision. A bitter, black comedy. Virna Lisi stars.

ROUGH NIGHT IN JERICHO. There is nothing much new in this vigorous Western, but there is a lot that's good. Dean Martin plays a ruthless crook who owns and exploits most of a town, and George Peppard is the stranger who brings him down. The performances are good, and there's plenty of action. Jean Simmons is the girl.

THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE. Walt Disney's last picture is a qualified success. It's a musical about an eccentric millionaire in the Philadelphia of 1916 and the romantic complications of his daughter. Fred MacMurray hasn't the style and polish for the role of the father, but Lesley Ann Warren, John Davidson and Tommy Steele are dandy. The score is just okay.

FATHOM. Raquel Welch possesses physical charms in an inverse ratio to her acting ability: the former are enormous, the latter is nil. In this ridiculously awful venture, she is caught among rival gangs of jewel thieves. She saves the gems, but not the film. Tony Franciosa abets.

THE TRIP. This film is more or less a re-creation of an LSD trip, with wild, chaotic colorful effects to trip-hammer rock 'n' roll. It's quite objective, presenting LSD's minor merits and possible hazards within the framework of a slim plot and shadowy characters. Not that good, but not at all that bad. Peter Fonda is the traveler.

books

THE CODEBREAKERS by David Kahn. A comprehensive history of the fascinating world of codes and ciphers, and the role they have played from ancient to current times. This massive (1164 pages) book provides episodes from history in the light of cryptology—there are hundreds of absorbing stories. Though the book is overdetailed, most of it is very interesting and highly readable. *Macmillan; $14.95.*

THE FALL OF JAPAN by William Craig. In the summer of 1944, Japan's infamous Premier Tojo was forced to resign. For a year half of his successors continued trying to win WW II while the other half fought for peace, until the atomic bomb settled it. This book reconstructs that momentous year in Japan, excellently capturing the events and people. *Dial Press; $6.50.*

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY by Louis J. Halle. This is a unique and important book—a long view of the Cold War, seen through the clear eyes of the detached historian. Professor Halle demolishes myths about "good" and "bad" nations, and explains the Russian view lucidly, without taking sides. Packed with wisdom; a book everyone should read. *Harper & Row; $6.95.*

THE NEW ROMANS by John Keats. The author, an American writer in his late 40's, reexamines his life—"an American experience"—in an attempt to establish some truths about his generation, his country and the children who will inherit it. His conclusions (we are the New Romans, America is a "playpen empire") are thought-provoking. *Lippincott; $5.95.*

THE PRISONERS OF QUAI DONG by Victor Kolpacoff. This is the best novel to come out so far about Viet Nam. On one level, a gripping story of the brutal interrogation of a Viet Cong prisoner, on another level a stunning analogy of America's involvement in the war. Either way, a considerable achievement. *NAL; $4.95.*

KILLING TIME by Thomas Berger. This novel about multiple murders and the gentle lunatic who committed them is perfectly realized from first to last. It explores the lives of the people involved with brisk irony, mordant humor and telling detail. Don't miss it. *Dial Press; $5.95.*

WHY ARE WE IN VIETNAM? by Norman Mailer. This is a novel about a group of Texans on a hunting trip in Alaska. The title is intended as part of Mailer's satire, but it's as hollow as the rest of his tripe. He tries to satirize Texans and the cult of masculinity, but merely beats a couple of dead horses. *Putnam; $4.95.*

TOPAZ by Leon Uris. Much of this thriller about international espionage during the Cuban missile crisis is interesting and credible. Then, however, it becomes a mystery melodrama that doesn't jell. On the plus side, it's a major indictment of De Gaulle and France that rings true, but it's otherwise undistinguished. *McGraw-Hill; $5.95.*

NO END OF A LESSON by Anthony Nutting. In the autumn of 1956, Britain, France and

[*Continued on page* 10]

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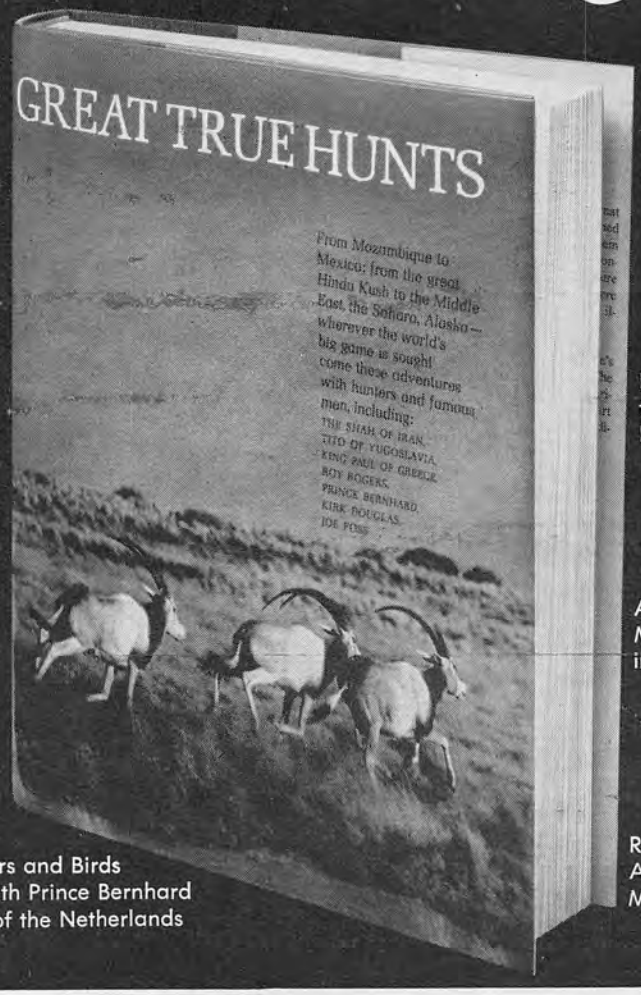

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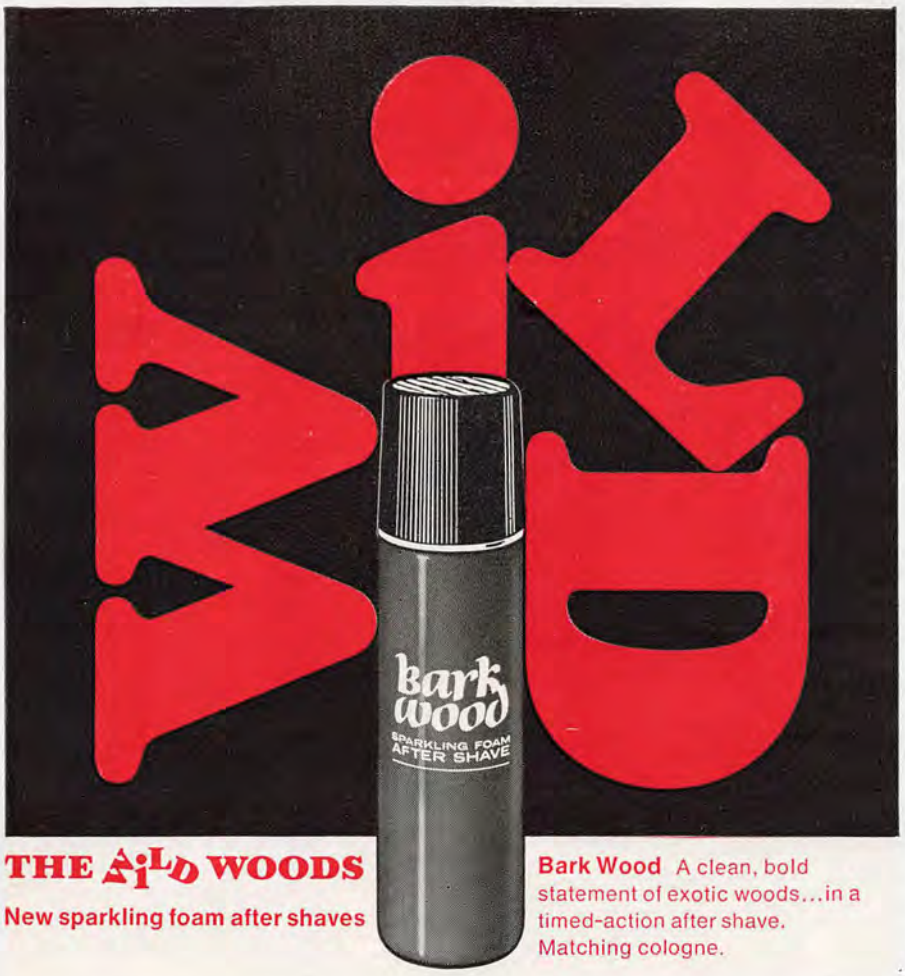

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trueviews:

[*Continued from page* 8]

Israel brought dishonor on themselves with a sneak attack on Egypt. Anthony Nutting, who was a member of the British government and close to Prime Minister Anthony Eden, saw the mishap unfold, fought it and resigned as a matter of honor. This inside view of it is fascinating. *Potter; $5.00.*

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO WINNING POKER by Albert H. Morehead. This commonsense book on America's most popular card game is the best we've seen. Morehead treats money management, psychology, strategy and variations of the game with wit and logic. He also gives some of the best advice on bluffing you'll ever get. *Simon & Schuster; $5.95.*

records

THE MAGNIFICENT PORTUGUESE GUITAR OF CARLOS PAREDES. That long-winded title isn't overstating the case; in fact, it understates a bit, since Paredes also wrote all the songs. He plays a 12-string guitar with fantastic skill and enormous feeling—a magnificent guitar has produced a magnificent album. *Capitol.*

HONEY AND WINE. A batch of unabashedly optimistic love songs, from Glenn Yarbrough, is a true treat. His breathy tremolo is just right for these 11 ballads. The title tune and "All the Time" are best, but they're all good. *RCA Victor.*

XOCHIMILCO. Pianist Peter Nero wrote the title tune, which is already a hit. The same will probably be true of the other 10 tunes, played with dash and finesse. "Misty," "Summer Samba" and "A Walk in the Black Forest" stand out. *RCA Victor.*

THE BEST OF THE SEEKERS. This quartet of young Australians specializes in modern folk songs, harmoniously sung with no electrification or gimmicks; the results are invariably excellent. Here, they do "A World of Our Own," "Turn, Turn, Turn" and nine more of their best. *Capitol.*

SWEET RAIN. The Stan Getz Quartet takes five tunes and spins them into shimmering webs of improvisational jazz. Getz's sweet saxophone has never sounded better, and neither have the songs. *Verve.*

TIM HARDIN 2. This young man writes his own songs and then sings them, and very well, too. They are contemporary folk-type songs, though one of the best here is "Tribute to Hank Williams." All are well worth listening to. *Verve/Forecast.*

WORLD OF FLAMENCO. The Romeros are probably the best-known practitioners of the art

trueviews:

of flamenco music, and with good reason—they're excellent. Here, on a two-record set, they present the entire, varied spectrum of the flamenco. Sometimes wild, sometimes melancholy, always great. *Mercury.*

Pet: Chants a happy mixture.

THESE ARE MY SONGS. Petula Clark presents a mixed bag of songs here. Some, like "Don't Sleep in the Subway," are rockers; others, like "How Insensitive" and "Lover Man," are soft ballads. Either way, Pet's lovely, lively voice shapes each into a joyful entity, full of life. *Warner Bros.*

LOVE, A FEELING OF. Chad Mitchell is a fine young singer, and he has here produced an almost-fine album. The first few songs are too cute and tricky, but then he settles down to excellence with "As Time Goes By," "Jane, Jane" and six others. *Warner Bros.*

A BAILAR SENORES. That means "everybody dance," and this album is calculated to make everybody do just that. The hot Chano Martinez Sextet cuts loose on a covey of mambos, cha-chas and boleros with exuberance and a great deal of style. *Decca.*

UNDERGROUND. The Electric Prunes is a rock 'n' roll group that's witty, literate and plugged in—their electricity bill must be fantastic. The best here are "The Great Banana Hoax," "Wind-Up Toys" and "Dr. Do-Good." *Reprise.*

IT HURTS TO SAY GOODBYE. Conversely, it's cheering to say hello to Vera Lynn. It would be unchivalrous to recall exactly how long the lady's been singing, but it's a fact that she's always been great. Here she revives her hits: "Now Is the Hour," "Red Sails in the Sunset" and more. *UA.*

THE JOHN GARY CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT. This baritone is growing into the best of his class, as this album amply demonstrates. Telling jokes, doing imitations of other singers, and most of all just singing his head off, John Gary puts on a terrific show. Highlights are "More," "La Malaguena" and "How I Learned to Sing." *RCA Victor.*

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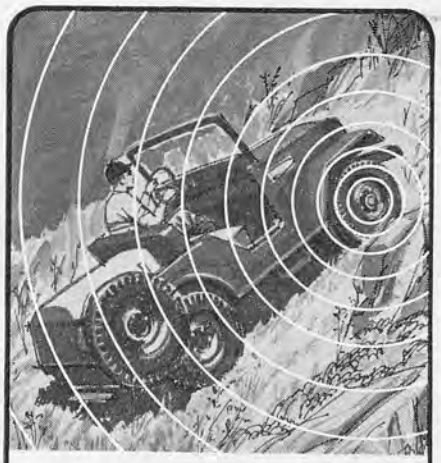

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Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** winners are people just like yourself... men and women who never believed that they could have the kind of money paid to sports, TV and movie stars. Our gifted winners have used their cash prizes to do the things they've always dreamed about... pay off the mortgage, take a long vacation, start a farm, buy a new wardrobe, install air conditioning, buy a new house, pay old debts.

Here are just a few of thousands of winners: Over $1,000.00 in cash to a Maryland fan; $2,500.00 cash award to a Colorado gentleman; $1,250.00 cash to a San Diego contestant; more than $2,500.00 to a Pennsylvania Puzzle Lover.

How would you feel if you won $5,000.00? "It's a thrill that comes just once in a lifetime," said Mrs. Carl Mouness of La Crescenta, Calif., as she received her cash prize. Men and women of all ages have won tremendous cash awards from our **Puzzle Lovers Club.**

How do they do it? They are members of the world's only puzzle club that holds regularly scheduled competitions and offers cash prizes to winners. Membership in our Club offers you the fun and excitement of puzzle solving, educational information on how to use language and words, the opportunity of winning thousands of dollars each month PLUS extra bonus puzzles each year with prizes ranging all the way up to $100,000.00. Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** limits competition and awards to members only. Our membership is kept small, so that your pleasure, excitement and cash prizes are B-I-G!

Not all of our puzzles and clues are easy. Our Teenie-Weenie puzzles are... our word-building contests and statement competitions aren't. But, if you are over 18, you may have the talent to win up to $100,000.00.

Frances Nation, Puzzle Lovers Club winner from Oklahoma City, was overjoyed as she received her $305.88 award. "I'm gleefully capering over your generous check," she said when her cash prize arrived.

"Thank you for that beautiful $1,400.00 check," was the way Sue Repetto, Fort Worth, Tex., reacted to news of her victory. "I'm still in a state of shock," she said over her huge Puzzle Lovers Club winnings.

Edna B. Dupler, Millersport, Ohio, walked away with $500.00 in Puzzle Lovers Club contest cash. "My friends said I was wasting my time," wrote Mrs. Dupler. "I gave them a surprise when I showed them that check."

$1,583.33 in cash went to club member Josephine Wible, Lincoln, Neb. This happy contest winner exclaimed . . . "Thanks again for your promptness. A long-wished-for-trip is now possible."

"I felt that I had a winner," wrote Robert Dallons, Aurora, Colo. He's a contestant who was awarded a $2,500.00 cash prize for his skill in our Puzzle Lovers Club competitions.

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There is no obligation to enter our contests. If you decide to compete for our money, there's nothing to buy, no jingles to write, no boxtops to send. WHEN YOU WIN, THE MONEY IS IN YOUR HANDS WITHIN ONE WEEK. No other contest group in the world pays you faster than our **Puzzle Lovers Club.** Discover how you, too, may cash in by doing our puzzles in your leisure time.

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PRO FOOTBALL'S DYNAMIC DUO

Taunted but undaunted, Philadelphia Eagles owner Jerry Wolman and coach Joe Kuharich have turned a losing team into a winner—and still haven't convinced local critics that they know the first thing about the game

BY RON SMITH

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

■ For three years now Jerry Wolman has owned the Philadelphia Eagles and Joe Kuharich has coached them. The way some people tell it, when it comes to football neither of these men knows his end zone from a hole in the ground.

Consider one evening early last season when Wolman—a lean, dark, handsome man with a pointed chin and a stentorian voice—planted his imported Italian shoes on the posh carpeting of a hotel ballroom and began to address a gathering of Philadelphia's most important newspaper, radio and television executives.

"I have never made a wrong decision in my life," said Wolman. He said it with the conviction of a rags-to-riches ex-truck driver, ex-fruit peddler and a high-school dropout who is 40 years old and has a personal fortune estimated at $36 million. "However," he continued, "I can't say the same for the reporters and broadcasters who work for you. These so-called experts say the Dallas Cowboys are going to beat the Eagles on Sunday. Hell, a schoolboy knows as much about football as they do. I'm telling you the Eagles are going to win. Joe Kuharich has done a great job of coaching this week. He's put in some special plays and brought the team to an emotional peak. On Sunday we are going to beat the Cowboys."

On Sunday, inspired by Wolman's words and armed with Kuharich's special plays, the Eagles rushed onto the field against the Dallas Cowboys and got beaten, 56-7. It was the worst drubbing in the Eagles' long history.

Ordinary men might never have recovered from the shock. But Wolman and Kuharich are not ordinary men. Indeed, in the National Football League there are none other like them. Undaunted, Jerry and Joe picked themselves up from the rubble of that particular disaster; with laughter and scorn ringing in their ears, they went on to become two of the most unexpected winners in professional sports.

After Dallas had left them for dead that afternoon, the Eagles were written off by nearly everybody as an eyesore operation. They had lost three of their first five games, having been outscored 140 to 88. Their defense was in shambles. The only thing their pass receivers could catch was hell from the fans. And their runners never ran very far. It looked like a long, tough season.

But Wolman and Kuharich didn't stop trying. While Jerry cheered and Joe coached, the Eagles bewildered the experts by bouncing back to win seven of their last nine games, including the last four in a row. In a return match with Dallas they stunned the Cowboys in one of the year's big upsets. Their final victory was a breathtaking cliff-hanger against the Washington Redskins that gave the Eagles a 9-5 record. It also assured them of a tie for second place in the Eastern Division and earned them a trip to the Play-off Bowl in Miami.

A few months ago, wheeling and dealing as usual, Wolman and Kuharich made two big moves. They traded to get All-Pro tight end Mike Ditka of the Chicago Bears, a massive, muscular man with the disposition of a top sergeant. They also traded for Gary Ballman of the Pittsburgh Steelers, a long-legged flanker back who, rivals swear, can catch passes not only with his hands but with his toes and teeth if necessary. Now, of course, the experts concede that Philadelphia is one of the teams to beat.

All this is not bad for a couple of guys who, in their haste to build a winner, do things and say things that often leave football fans with a powerful feeling that Franklin Field—the home of the Eagles—is a place where everybody is always out to lunch.

Kuharich not only coaches the Eagles but also is their general manager. He is a large, shaggy, serious man with a thick neck, burly arms, and a smile like a rock slide. Though his recent coaching success is impressive, his grammar is awful. From his lips has poured an endless stream of shattered syntax and daffy double-talk. Quite unintentionally, he has

Millionaire Wolman, left, and veteran coach Kuharich have linked their fortunes in a 15 year contract.

They promptly traded away four of the team's most popular players

uttered some of football's funniest one liners. Included are such classics as:

—To a luncheon of fans, "The Eagles are planning not only for the future but for ensuing seasons, too."

—After dealing Sonny Jurgensen to the Washington Redskins for Norman Snead, "Trading quarterbacks is rare but not unusual."

Wolman is the world's only $36-million cheerleader. Chain-smoking through practices, screaming on the sidelines, dancing on the field after a win and weeping in the locker room after a loss, Wolman does everything but run on the punt return team.

He is very big in the construction business. He has erected scores of apartment buildings and shopping centers in the East, is working on a 100-story office building in Chicago, and has broken ground for a $250 million "city within a city" redevelopment project in Camden, New Jersey. Accustomed as he is to instant success, Wolman leaped into pro football with both feet—and landed in controversy.

Once, after a game, he dived into the stands and got into a fistfight with some fans who had been heckling his team. When a sportswriter referred to a member of the Eagles' front office as a "dandy executive," Wolman reached for his telephone. "My god," he screamed at the writer, "people will read that and think he's a homosexual." An incorrigible practical joker, he once hired a fire engine to pick up some friends at their home, and still another time tried to surprise a business associate by putting a horse into his hotel bathtub. Failing that because the bathroom door was too small, Wolman settled for four-dozen chickens, alive and scratching.

The impression left by all this is that Wolman and Kuharich must be a couple of ding-a-lings. They are not. They are bright, likeable and resourceful. Kuharich is utterly devoted to his job. In season or out, he has been known to spend 18 hours a day with game films, diagrams, scouting reports, notes and the countless other things that football coaches dream up to drive themselves berserk. Above all, Kuharich is honest. You can believe him if you can understand him. The trouble is, few people—including some of his players—can understand him.

"His lectures take some getting used to," one Eagle says. "He tries to impress you with big words. You have to filter his sentences in your mind and put them together like a crossword puzzle. Still, he does manage to get his point across."

On the field, Kuharich seldom dispenses tough talk, and rarely uses profanity. Most pro football coaches will holler at a player with the kind of language that would make even a beefy, earthy linebacker blush.

"Joe's not the gung-ho type," said Jim Ringo, the Eagles' center and a veteran of 15 NFL seasons. "He doesn't panic, and he doesn't fly off the handle. In the toughest of spots he will talk calmly and expect you to listen calmly. One thing about him you have to say, he is always trying."

Take the week last year when the Eagles were getting ready for their second game with the Dallas Cowboys. It was a tense time. On the practice field, memories of that 56-7 lacing hung in the air like roadway billboards. Predictably, the Eagles spent most of the week working on pass defense, hoping to slow down the Cowboys' awesome Don Meredith-to-Bob Hayes touchdown strikes. Not so predictably, the Eagles also worked on kickoff returns. Mostly this is a routine exercise. But Kuharich ordered it practiced every day, time and time again. One wag suggested it was because the Cowboys would score many touchdowns and the Eagles would be spending most of the afternoon running back kickoffs.

The truth is, Kuharich had seen something in the game films. He had seen that Dallas did not always cover well on kickoffs. It wasn't much, but it was something Kuharich thought might help his team.

On Sunday, Dallas' ferocious defense held the Eagles to one first down in the first half and only six in the game. But halfback Timmy Brown ran back two Dallas kickoffs—one for 93 yards and a touchdown, the other for 90 yards and a touchdown. Those runs lifted the Eagles to a shocking 24-23 win.

The Eagles won other shockers, too. Trailing the San Francisco 49ers by two touchdowns, quarterback King Hill improvised in the huddle. It was fourth down and Hill pretended to drop back to punt from deep in his own territory. Then he lofted a pass to end Fred Hill and the Eagles went on to score. Later, the 49ers' John Brodie slipped in the mud while trying to pass. The ball squirmed out of his hands and into the arms of an Eagle; this set up the winning touchdown, giving the Eagles a 35-34 victory.

Against Washington, with second place squarely on the line, the Eagles were trying desperately to hold on while the Redskins mounted a scoring drive in the waning moments. A Washington runner fumbled and linebacker Harold Wells of the Eagles scooped up the ball and lumbered 65 yards to put the game out of reach, 37-28.

With such victories, critics had a field day. "Kuharich," said one reporter, "is the only man who knows how to coach the other teams on how to lose."

Over the years, Wolman and Kuharich have grown accustomed to this kind of reaction to their efforts. To be sure, they have been called everything from unthinking to unreasonable. Yet they have shown that if they are un-anything they are unshakable.

For instance, from the day that Wolman hired Kuharich three years ago, [*Continued on page* 20]

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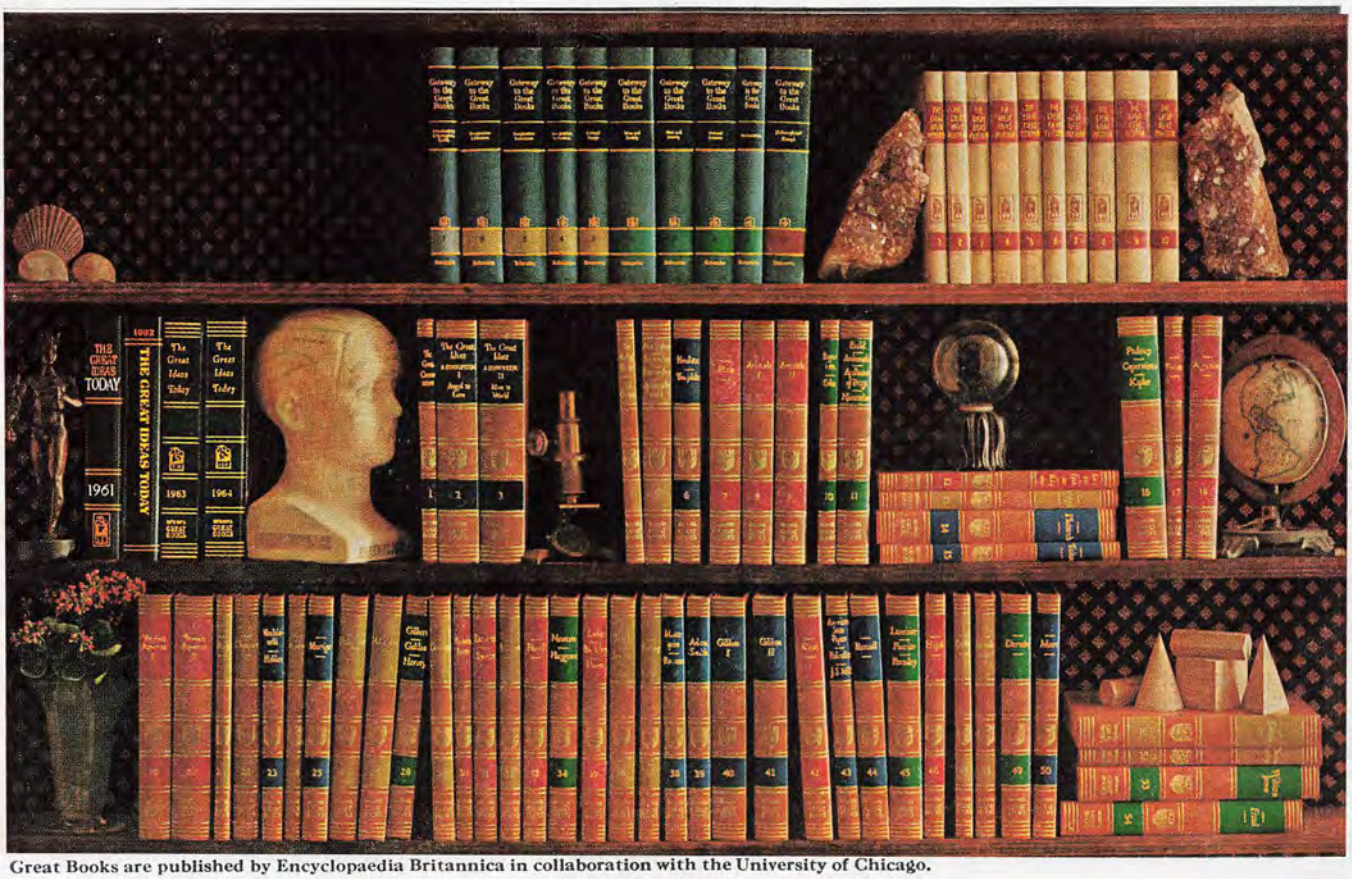

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GREAT BOOKS

[*Continued from page* 16]
both have been the targets for a barrage of disbelief, second guesses and just plain laughter. Wolman paid $5.5 million for the Eagles, who, had they been a better team, would have been terrible. They had just finished dead last in the National Football League. But Wolman wanted them. He liked the idea of going from a part-time fan to a full-time fan.

The first thing he said was that he was going to search America for the finest coach money could buy. He searched and searched—discarding such candidates as Paul Brown and Norm Van Brocklin—before deciding that Kuharich was his man.

In Philadelphia, the news was greeted like a tornado warning. It was quickly pointed out that Kuharich had coached in the NFL before. Indeed, in six years as a pro coach he had enjoyed only one winning season. As a college coach he had none in four at Notre Dame and is the only coach in the history of that school to have lost more games than he won. Critics were doubled with laughter. They said Kuharich would last about as long as it took to get him on the next train out of town.

But the last laugh is Kuharich's. First he signed the most unbelievable contract that any coach has ever had, then he went on to bring Philadelphia a winning team. He is in the fourth year of a 15-year contract that is paying him $75,000 a year.

"I thought," said Wolman simply, "that Joe would coach better if he didn't have to worry about his future."

Joe hasn't worried about his future. To watch him in operation is to wonder if he worries about anything except safety blitzes and down and out passes. Friends say he has no hobbies and no interests other than football, yet he sometimes acts as if talking in riddles and making people mad were his barrel of monkeys.

Once, invited to a men's club luncheon to answer questions about his team, Kuharich got up and left when the questioning started. "Your halfbacks should run so fast," a disgruntled fan shouted after him.

At a meeting of the city's Touchdown Club, Kuharich was the featured speaker. His opening line was an ear bender. Somebody asked if it was hard selecting which rookies to cut. "It certainly is," said Joe. "We talk for hours with our assistants. But, after all, every coach looks at a player with three different eyes." While his audience was still gasping, Kuharich came back with another. Somebody asked who would be the starting quarterback that week. "We never make up my mind until Friday," he said, dazzling his listeners into silence.

Another time, Kuharich decided he would punish a daily columnist who had written uncomplimentary things about the Eagles. Larry Merchant, the columnist, arrived at the Eagles' dressing room and found a uniformed guard there. "Sorry," said the guard, "but Mr. Kuharich says you are not allowed in here."

Merchant was angry, but not helpless. His column the next day did nothing to help Kuharich win friends and influence fans.

Because he has not found much popularity in Philadelphia, Kuharich usually insists that it does not matter to him. Yet there are times when he reveals that it matters enormously. For instance, he will not allow the public address announcer at Franklin Field to use his name on the loudspeaker during pregame introductions (a custom at league games) because to do so would be to bring down from the stands a shock wave of boos and catcalls.

Wolman's life as an owner has been equally controversial. His most amazing outburst happened at a game with Washington. The Eagles were getting cleaned and pressed, 37-0. Wolman sat in the press box with assistant coach Fred Bruney, who was working the spotter's telephone. In the stands a group of hecklers were loudmouthing the Eagles something awful. After the game Wolman walked through the stands. He paused to glare at the hecklers. Words were exchanged. Fists began to flutter. Suddenly Wolman was in the middle of a Pier 6 Donnybrook. Fists flying and legs pumping, Wolman and the loudmouths tumbled down several rows of seats while women and children scattered. Wolman's wife, who was nearby, rushed up screaming, "Jerry! Jerry!" But Jerry was too preoccupied to hear.

Police arrived and broke up the battle, which lasted nearly two minutes. Wolman emerged with a small cut under his eye and a large rip in his $300 suit. Eyewitnesses said Wolman was the winner. But the next day he received a telephone call from league headquarters, which takes a dim view of having its fans punched in the nose, and was privately censured for his role in the brawl.

The people who dislike the Eagles' dynamic duo are the ones who remember some of the trades Wolman and Kuharich made in their first year with the Eagles.

For a while it appeared that Jerry and Joe were trying purposely to make people mad. Longtime Eagles fans were shaken down to their knees by a series of deals that stripped the club of four of the most popular players in the city's history: passcatcher Tommy McDonald, quarterback Sonny Jurgensen and defensive backs Maxie Baughan and Irv Cross. In return, the Eagles got Norman Snead, who has had trouble establishing himself as a first-rate quarterback, and they got people with names like Frank Molden, Lynn Hoyem, Aaron Martin and Fred Brown.

What makes so many fans turn so purple is the feeling that Wolman and Kuharich were simply unloading players who were hard to handle or who had dared to disagree with them.

McDonald is a showboat and a cutup. Jurgensen likes late hours and bright lights. Baughan and Cross wanted more money, and when they complained in public—calling Joe a tightwad—Kuharich would have swapped them both for a dozen chin straps, which, come to think of it, is just about what he got for them.

Having made the deals, Kuharich was forced to rebuild the Eagles from the shambles of what was left.

He still had two outstanding players in end Pete Retzlaff and halfback Timmy Brown. But for the most part he had a roster full of nobodies. It looked for the Eagles like a long, blues-in-the-night journey back to respectability.

For two years it was just that. The team had 6-8 and 5-9 records. But Kuharich kept plugging away. He took a rookie lineman, 300-pound Bob Brown of Nebraska, and devised running plays to take advantage of Brown's incredible block-

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ing power. In one of his shrewder deals, he palmed off an injured lineman on the Detroit Lions and in return got Floyd Peters, a fierce tackle who immediately shored up the defense. He made other deals, some good and some awful.

Through it all, Kuharich insists he is the same coach at 9-5 as he was at 5-9. And he is—crotchety, abrasive, regal and incomprehensible. But something impressed even his sharpest critics: Kuharich's club played like hell for him. Call it by any of the sports page jargon: The Eagles scuffled hard as any club over the last nine games, gave Kuharich a tough 60 minutes every Sunday, didn't go through the motions of just another payday.

"You could see it in small things during that big game in Washington," said Sandy Grady, one of Philadelphia's most noted writers. "Jim Ringo going all the way on one leg, Tim Brown pleading to wear his uniform even though he was hurt and couldn't play, and King Hill refusing to leave on a painful ankle. Cynics may say they were fighting for their jobs, but it cannot be taken from Kuharich that he had a winner, and a tightly-knit, fiery one."

One day I asked Kuharich if he thought that the barrage of criticism the Eagles had taken after their horrendous loss at Dallas might have prompted them to come back fighting.

In one of his rare temper tantrums, Kuharich got so mad he stomped around, snorting and sputtering like a brewery horse. "You know what you're intimating?" he hollered. "You're intimating that newspaper stories won the games. Why, that's hogwash. The thing that won the games was dedicated and diligent application. We projected. We strove toward our common goal. We executed our assignments and we reaped the benefits."

His words rang mightily in my ears. When the ringing stopped, the meaning was a little clearer. Kuharich was saying in his own way what Casey Stengel once said in his way: "We done good."

Floyd Peters is a veteran defensive tackle who thinks a great deal about football. "Personally," Peters told me, "I think the critics helped wake up everybody on the team. It's not easy to hear people laughing at you, and not want to come back fighting to prove yourself to them. Basically, that's pretty much what we did.

"It wasn't the meetings and the rah-rah stuff after we got murdered by the Cowboys," he continued. "Players distrust that stuff. I knew we had something going when I heard the young guys talking on defense. At first it was just college twaddle. You know, 'Let's get 'em, gang!' But when I heard them talking behind me about how to play the game—where to key, whom to watch, how to handle the pass coming up—I knew we were moving.

"Another thing," said Peters, "is Joe himself. Some of the players cuss him out, of course. But we all respect him. I've played for three other head coaches, and Joe knows as much about the game as any of them. More importantly, he doesn't give up easily. It's nice to know that your boss still believes in you when you're getting your brains beat out."

Maybe another reason the Eagles played so well was Wolman himself. His construction business must have run by itself those last nine weeks because Jerry seemed to spend night and day with his team, pounding his players on the back and screaming his approval from the sidelines. One day he even put on a sweat shirt and ran out to catch passes during a practice.

"If I thought it would help," he said, "I would suit up for the games. And I'd use my wife on goal-line stands."

Wolman has always thrown himself into the things he does. He was born in Shenandoah, a small town in upstate Pennsylvania. When he was 16 he quit high school to work as a truck driver for his father's not-too-prosperous produce business. He met a dark-haired girl with looks like a starlet, named Anne Unterberger, and they were married.

Sixteen years ago Jerry and Anne were going broke running a fruit store in Wilkes-Barre. One day they closed the store, packed their belongings into a rattle-trap used car, and headed for the main highway.

"We didn't know where we were going," Jerry said. "We just told ourselves we would pick up the first hitchhiker we saw. Where he was going, that's where we would go." The hitchhiker was a college student en route to George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Jerry and Anne just looked at each other. Washington was as good a place as any.

Two weeks later Jerry was working as a paint salesman and Anne was cooking meals on a hot plate in a $6-a-week room. For a year Jerry peddled paint to builders. He didn't need to be hit over the head to see that he was in the wrong end of the business. He found a vacant lot, borrowed some money and put up a small apartment building. He turned a profit, borrowed more money, and put up another apartment building. Then he dived into the business head first. Money began to trickle in; soon it began to come in tidal waves.

Today the Jerry Wolman Construction Co., of Silver Spring, Maryland, has created 25,000 apartment units, some 5-million square feet of office space, and dozens of motels and shopping complexes. In Philadelphia alone Wolman owns Connie Mack Stadium, where the baseball Phillies play; the Yellow Cab Co., for which he paid $7 million last summer; a 17,000-seat sports arena which he built himself, and part-ownership of a new National Hockey League team.

He left the $6-a-week room long ago. He and Anne and their children, Helene, 16, and Alan, 15, now divide their days between a $150,000 ranch house near Washington and a luxurious apartment in Bala-Cynwyd, a fashionable Philadelphia suburb on the Main Line.

Clearly, hard work is Wolman's only hobby and he's about as much a playboy as was Herbert Hoover. He wears superbly tailored Continental suits, but prefers a sweater and slacks. He owns a set of golf clubs which he doesn't use, and his family plans vacations which he doesn't take. His day begins at 5 a.m. and ends at 1 a.m. He juggles about two dozen building projects simultaneously, moving between the construction sites in his own two-engine airplane or in a telephone-equipped Cadillac. Though his affluence is staggering, he is still the same friendly little guy who used to sack potatoes in the store and go out of his way to keep the customers happy.

Once, last winter, he was awakened at 3 a.m. by a telephone call from a lady tenant who had somehow found his number and wanted to tell him his new housing development was no damn good. "My heater has conked out," she said. "My husband is ill, and the house is cold. Send somebody over here."

Wolman didn't bother to change his pajamas. He tossed on an overcoat and drove 20 miles to the development. He cleaned out the fuel line, relighted the pilot, and got the heat going. The lady thanked him. "But you can tell Wolman what I think of him," she said. Wolman smiled and said he would.

This is the kind of attitude that helped Jerry land the Eagles. When the team was put on the market, Wolman—who used to hitchhike 100 miles as a boy just to see the Eagles play—was the high bidder. But he needed approval from other league owners, who screen prospective lodge members as if they were applicants for the Manhattan Project. A former FBI man, who headed up the league's screening team, told me, "I've investigated all kinds of men who wanted to buy into the NFL. They all had a skeleton or two in their closets. Wolman is the only one I investigated about whom nobody had a derogatory remark. It's incredible, when you consider how many deals this man has been involved in, and how much money he has made."

The history of Joe Kuharich reads a little like Horatio Alger, too. Joe's parents were born in Yugoslavia. His father, Anthony, was 15 when he came to this country. The first stop was the coal mines of Pennsylvania. When a cave-in barely missed killing him, Anthony Kuharich left not only the mines but the state. The next stop was South Bend, Indiana.

It was here that little Joe encountered destiny. "I was six or seven years old,"

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he said, "and I'd walk five miles every night just to watch Notre Dame practice football. Knute Rockne—Knute Rockne, mind you—would pat me on the fanny and rub my hair, and say, 'Hi, son.'

"By thunder," said Kuharich, "I just *knew* that someday I would play for Notre Dame. I even dared dream that someday I might coach there, like Rockne himself."

Well, as Harry Golden would say, it could only happen in America. Kuharich got a football scholarship after graduation from South Bend Riley High School as a 150-pound guard. He played three years for the Irish, growing to be a 200-pounder, and graduating in 1937. He joined the pro Chicago Cardinals and played until 1945. Then he turned to coaching, moving to the University of San Francisco, where he produced some powerful small-college teams whose personnel included Gino Marchetti, Ollie Matson, Dick Stanfel and Ed Brown, all of whom later became top pro players.

Kuharich went back to pro ball himself. In 1954 he was named coach of the Washington Redskins. He had mediocre teams, although in fairness to his overall record of 26-32-2, he was severely hampered by owner George Preston Marshall's stubborn refusal to hire Negro athletes.

In 1958 Joe heard his alma mater calling him. Notre Dame had just cashiered Terry Brennan and was courting Joe to take over the gridiron program. Joe went back. He was there for four much-publicized years, 1959-62, and had no winning seasons.

But it wasn't the losing Saturdays that Joe minded. It was the Sundays. "I missed pro ball more than I realized I would," he told me. "To me, the loneliest Sunday in the world is a Sunday when there is no pro ball being played. I knew I had to leave Notre Dame. I had to return to pro ball."

Return he did. His resignation made headlines because many people said Notre Dame had taken one look at his 17-23 record and had given him a choice: resign or be fired.

"Nonsense," he crackled when I mentioned this to him. "I could have stayed. Probably for the rest of my life. Father Joyce (athletic moderator) and Father Hesburgh (president) were classmates of mine. I was as close to those two as anyone can be, and they wanted me to stay. There was no pressure."

Kuharich left South Bend to become supervisor of NFL officials. One year later, Jerry Wolman walked into his life.

There is a story, usually repeated in a whisper around the league, about how Kuharich got his job with the Eagles. It was all due, goes the story, to Kuharich's friendship with NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle—a friendship that dates back to the days when Kuharich was head coach and Rozelle publicity director at the University of San Francisco.

To be sure, when Kuharich became unemployed at Notre Dame it was Rozelle who created a new job, supervisor of officials, and gave it to Kuharich. When Wolman came seeking the Eagles, goes the story, he needed the commissioner's blessing. Rozelle is supposed to have made a stipulation: Kuharich goes with the franchise.

Not long ago I asked Wolman if he had ever heard this story. Wolman got so mad the muscles in his neck began to bulge. "That's so far from the truth it's pathetic," he roared. "Hell, Rozelle wanted to keep Kuharich, because he thought Joe was doing such a good job.

"Look," Wolman went on, trying to calm himself but finding it difficult. "I talked to 25 or 30 coaches. Most of them were giving me that big talk stuff, trying to snow me. You know, 'Oh, Mr. Wolman, I'll give you a championship within a year. I'm the greatest coach you ever saw.' A bunch of bull snot. You have to have on hip boots when you talk to some of those guys.

"Joe, he just looked at me in the middle of our talk and said, 'You know, Mr. Wolman, right now the Eagles are not a good team. I'm not certain, even with some breaks, whether they can be a good team in three or four years. It takes time to build a winner. It takes hard work. I'd like to be part of that building. Football is my life. Nothing else interests me.'

"Right then and there I knew I'd found my man," Wolman said. "Hell, Joe never even asked me how much the job paid. I had to tell him. He never even mentioned contract. He just wanted to know how soon before he could start."

For Kuharich, the fuss over his long-term contract has been a source of puzzlement and irritation.

"The whole thing is based on jealousy," he said. "Absolutely. There was nothing said in Dallas when Tom Landry got a 10-year contract, or in New York when Allie Sherman got the same thing. You can't build championships when you change quantities every two or three years. Why, I should think the fans would be pleased that management would want to do something like this."

Kuharich feels so strongly that he is here to stay, he considers the first 15 years just a warm-up.

"I'm 50 years old," he said, "but I take calisthenics with the team and run two laps after a practice. I had a physical examination and the doctor told me I have the heart of a 21-year-old. As a matter of fact, as long as I live, I'll be in Philadelphia, as coach and general manager."

Kuharich and Wolman talk in cautious circles when you mention going from second place to first place. "You don't win a title overnight," said Wolman. "Art Rooney's been trying in Pittsburgh for 40 years, hasn't he?"

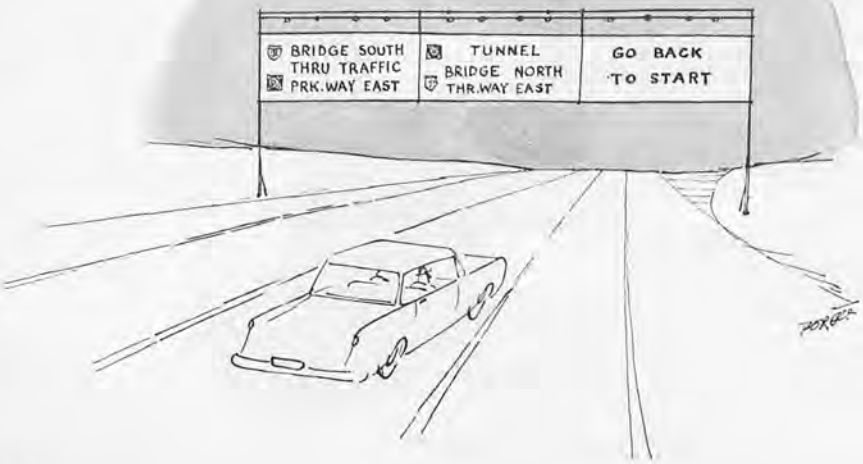
But the Eagles have young, surging talent and this season they are one of the teams to watch. Norman Snead, who suffered at quarterback because he lacked genuine targets for his passes, is now being helped by Ditka and Ballman, who can catch passes in their sleep. Bob Brown and Jim Ringo give the running backs excellent blocking. And the defense proved that it learned its lesson in that sweaty fiasco in Dallas. Jim Nettles and Joe Scarpati, small as defensive backs go, nevertheless are quick, alert, and vicious tacklers. Dave Lloyd, the middle linebacker, thinks the Eagles are for real because, "We don't have a superstar like Johnny Unitas. Nobody to lean on. So we have to do it all ourselves. Everybody has to bang hard."

Moreover, there is Wolman and there is Kuharich. The NFL is not a charm school. Kuharich's personality has been unwaveringly cantankerous. His speech patterns have been confusing. So what? Despite some profitless trades, he won. He beat the best in his division.

As for the press and public, that looks like a 100-year war. Or, at least 15.

In Philadelphia they say it is too bad that Joe lacks the candor, directness and the knack for the terse line that has gained Phillies manager Gene Mauch respect if not affection. As someone once suggested, maybe Wolman could hire Mauch as his court pundit during the cold months. Kuharich could win the games and Mauch could explain how he did it. **—Ron Smith**

TRUE



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DAPPLED DAMES

Fashion has rediscovered an art originated by Australian bushmen and other aborigines thousands of years ago: body painting. Defiling the lovely female form with splashes of dazzling pink, green, yellow, blue and purple paint is touted as the latest "in" thing for swingers who are with it. Women are alleged to be rushing to the colors, propelled by mischievous cosmetic-makers who sell such a bucket of colored grime and a paint roller to apply it for about six bucks. Dissatisfaction with their appearance, not always unjustified, is natural to women, but the body-painting fad obviously got rolling without male consultation. Apparitions like walking kaleidoscopes are bound to make a man wonder if somebody dropped an LSD cube into his coffee. A girl daubed with green, orange and blue stripes is suitable for hanging on the wall as a piece of psychedelic art, but not as an object of romantic attention. We go for the latter. Poor mistaken girls who paint themselves into a corner know not what they do. Fortunately, the lurid gunk is removable with soap and water and a man can point this out ever so gently. Male suasion can encourage a slow disaddlement of the foibled female when nothing else can. Get along, Old Paint.

HI HO SILVER

Just a minute ago we pulled all the dollar bills from our pocket and scanned them hopefully. Neither one of them bore the words we hoped to see: "Silver Certificate." Each was an ordinary Federal Reserve Note, exchangeable at face value for about 49 cents' worth of some product or other. The old Silver Certificates were exchangeable at the Treasury for about three-fourths of an ounce of silver, a metal that has been zooming in price since the Treasury took the lid off a while back—after destroying all the old bills they could get their hands on. As a result, a brisk trade in Silver Certificates of $1, $5 and $10 denominations has been stimulated by operators who pay a premium of 15 to 20 cents on the dollar for old bills in any condition. If you have some of the old fellows stashed away in a crock somewhere, you can turn a profit of a buck or two if you act fast.

MOTOSPITALS

In these columns we have given the back of our hand to hospitals and doctors who blithely assert that nothing can be done to stop skyrocketing charges that are expected to reach $70 a day for a hospital room in two or three years. Before "Dear Sir, you cur" letters start flowing in, skinning us for being mean to hospitals, we wish to state that a few hospitals and medical staffs—a very few—*are* doing something about it, according to *Medical World News.* The idea is so simple and common sensible that it would occur to anyone but a hospital chief yammering for funds to put up a 20-story addition: put ambulatory and convalescent patients, not well enough to go home but not sick enough to require nursing, into a nearby motel or hotel-like wing of the hospital. This costs the patient from $12 to $16 a day (less than one-third the cost of a hospital room), deprives him of no needed service, and frees hospital beds for sick patients who desperately need them. Does the plan work? You bet it does, in a few trailblazing hospitals. Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh operates a "medical motel" with all facilities at the patient's doorstep. The motospitalized patient's bill is cut drastically and 70 hospital beds are free for patients who need them. Similarly Duke University Medical Center in Durham, North Carolina, leases a block of 20 rooms in a nearby motel and offers limousine service. The plan has worked so well that the Center is considering a permanent self-care unit. A housing complex that will include 86 motel rooms is under construction at Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston. Barnes Hospital in St. Louis and North Carolina Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem have blocks of lower-cost, hotel-like rooms for suitable patients. One handicap to putting the brakes on hospital costs is that Blue Cross and similar insurance plans generally don't pay anything unless the patient occupies a regular hospital room. This is a big reason for needless overuse of hospitals. But who says nothing can be done about it?

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Barry Blum, 13 years old, philosophizing after winning the national marbles championship: "I'd say, put marbles first, rather than spend money on going to a movie with a girl."

SANITIZED GIRLIE SHOW

Beauty pageants strike us as phonied-up girlie shows, considerably less honest than burlesque. A fish net dropped into a city street would scoop up a dozen pretty girls capable of becoming Miss This-or-That if sprayed with gimmicks that flake off before an audience—piano-thumping, recitations of noble purpose, participation in good and beautiful works, humble awe at the imminence of queenship. So we were amused to read about a legal hassle between promoters of rival beauty pageants. One promoter claimed that Miss Such-and-Such was a name registered with the U.S. patent office and that a company that expected to sell scads of stuff on the strength of the moniker would suffer great financial loss if a Miss of the same name roamed the boondocks giving sales spiels. We used to think that U.S.A., Universe,

(Continued on page 28)

TWO GREAT MOMENTS IN FOOTBALL!

"End Run" & "Goal Line Stand" Reproduced on Artists' Canvas 16″ x 12″

Both Paintings for $1.00 and 5 Bands from Any 10¢ White Owl®

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 26)
America, Texas, United States, were geographic or cosmic designations. Not so if you put "Miss" in front of them and register the name. They become trade names for commercial products, like Ford for automobiles and Ivory for soap. Beauty pageanteers appropriate great gobs of territory without the consent of the governed. How about giving geography back to the country by requiring reasonably descriptive names such as Miss Broadgrin, Miss Prance, Miss Torso, Miss Bluelids, Miss Derriere, Miss Longlash, Miss Minimind?

KARATE BOOMERANG

Karate can be pretty rough on the practitioner as well as the victim. Take the case of a young fellow who came to his doctor, scared to death because he passed bloody urine. This is often a sign of serious disease, but the doctor could find nothing wrong, nor any clue until he learned that the red urine occurred only in the afternoon. Every day, when the patient came home from work, he took exercises to strengthen his hands to chop the hell out of an enemy, karate fashion. He chopped the little-finger edge of his hands against a wooden stool as hard as he could, 120 times a minute. He also punched his clenched fists against a piece of blanket spread on a concrete floor. About an hour later, his urine was bright red. It turned out that the strenuous hand-banging busted up a lot of his blood cells and the red coloring matter seeped into his urine. The symptom disappeared when he gave up karate and, for all we know, took up sprinting as a substitute defense.

HOLIDAZE

The Daughters of the American Revolution, or at least a spokeswoman for that gusseted organization, has emitted another burst of stilted grandiloquence. Apropos of bills pending in Congress to make national holidays fall on Mondays, giving a three-day weekend (count us for it, Senator), the D.A.R. "vigorously protests this downgrading of our national heroes" because Washington's birthday, for instance, would fall on the third Monday in February. Now, now, ladies, unruffle your pretty feathers and let the Sons of the American Revolution, if they aren't too henpecked, take your feet out of your mouths. Downgrading? Washington is even more heroic in our eyes if he wins us a three-day escape from the rat race. And every American hero is born on Monday once in seven years, isn't he—or is it every eight years because of leap year? Anyhow, Washington was actually born on February 11 and he never blasted the country for changing the calendar after his birth. Neither did Martha, who thereby set an example for the D.A.R.

IS YOUR NAME SLIPPING?

Men named Charles aren't what they used to be. In number, anyway. Fashion in men's names changes. Some of us may feel dated because we're named Charles, George, Edward or James, once very popular names which aren't even in the top 10 today. Our authority is a table of the 10 ranking names in New York City, cited by Elaine Cummings in *Trans-Action*, a sociology journal. In 1898 the most popular male names, in order, were John, William, Charles, George, Joseph, Edward, James, Louis, Francis, Samuel. In 1964, all but John, William and Joseph had disappeared from the list. Today's favorite name in Michael, which has pushed John to the No. 2 spot. The rest, in order, are Robert, David, Stephen, Anthony, William, Joseph, Thomas and Christopher. Through the years, John seems to be the most durable name of all. Some of our best friends are Charlie and George. We can't understand what happened to them.

BOUNCY OLYMPICS

Are new track and field records set because men are stronger, faster, better trained than they used to be? Or because better equipment and facilities give them an edge over oldtimers? It's always good for an argument. But technology will deserve a nod if any new records are set at the Olympic Games in Mexico City next year. Tracks there will be surfaced with a springy plastic called Tartan, invented by the 3 M Co. The stuff is resilient, impervious to rain, can't be chewed up by spikes, and won't even skin a knee. A Greek named Coroebus who won a 200-yard dash in 776 B.C., forerunner of the Olympic Games, would have done better on a faster track. He ran on a dirt track. The Greeks didn't have a word for Tartan.

RAINBOW ROADS

The time is coming when roads will be paved in color and a color-blind driver will be in a real pickle. The U.S. Bureau of Public Roads has set color-coded standards for highway paving: red for stop zones, green for turning lanes, yellow for keep off, orange for deceleration. Cement-makers are happy about it but asphalt salesmen, whose product can't be tinted, are disgruntled. Ultimately the whole idea may have to be scratched because women drivers will naturally follow the lane that matches their dress.

TRUTH IN TAXING

"Truth-in-lending" legislation aims to make sellers tell customers exactly how much they are paying in hidden interest and other charges for "Easy Payments, $5 a Month." There's a lot to be said for compulsory honesty and we wish more politicians would exhibit it in their public utterances. President Johnson, asking for a 10 percent surtax on income taxes, said "a family of four with income of $10,000, now ordinarily paying a tax of $1,100, will pay at most an added tax of $9.25 a month." Since $1,100 is a year's taxes, added taxes for the year would be $110. LBJ's figure of $9.25 a month is correct but not right. It is the sort of selling practice that truth-in-lending bills aim to discourage.

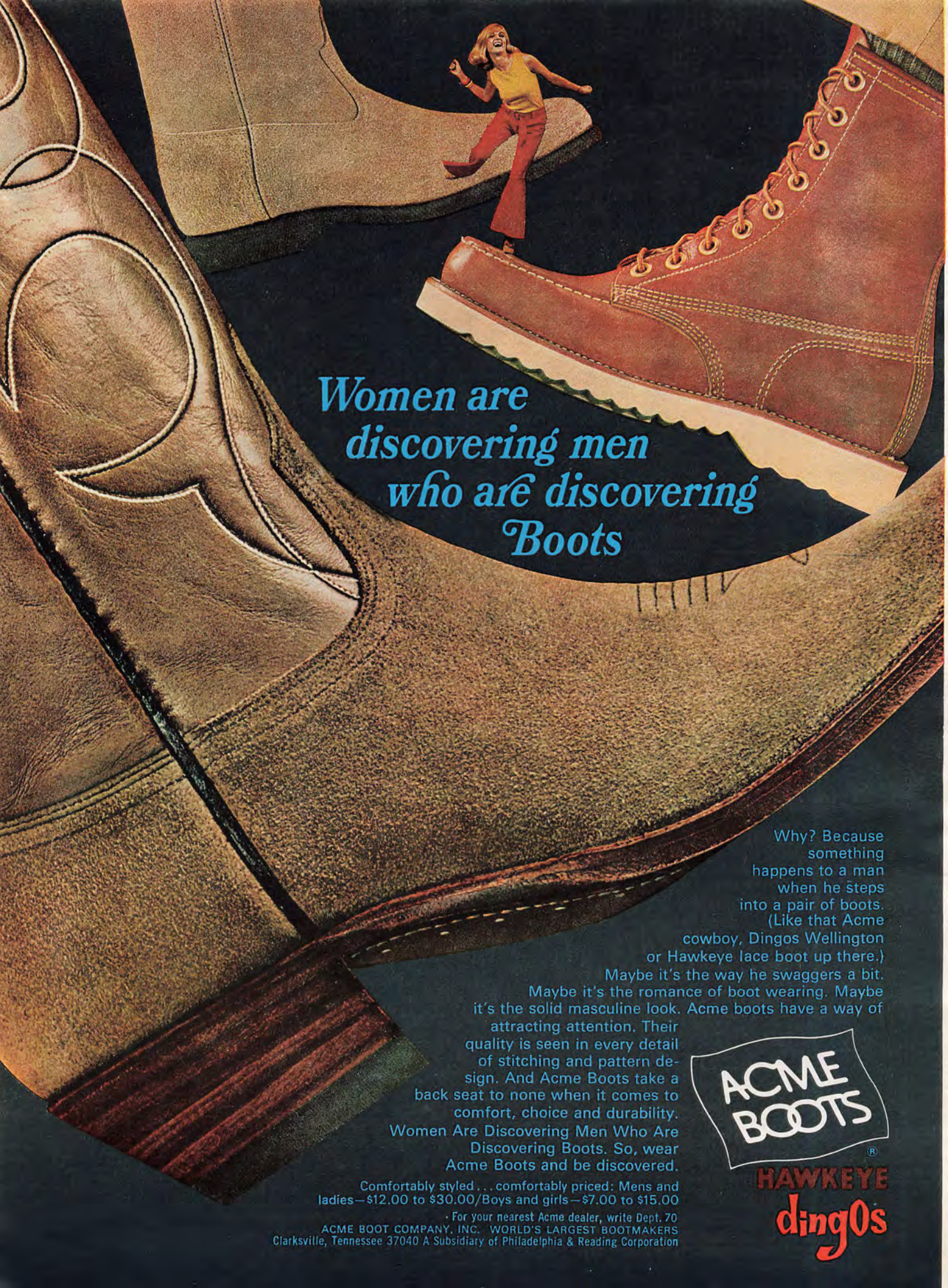
DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The town of Picoaza in Chile elected the Honorable Pulvapies as its mayor. It's the name of a foot powder, written in by voters who during a municipal campaign saw ads urging them to "Vote for any candidate, but if you want well-being and hygiene, vote for Pulvapies."

If you'll settle for shaggy-looking short grass that needs only a couple of mowings a season, you can get it by spraying your sprouting lawn with a chemical called maleic hydrazide, according to Prof. E. C. Roberts of Iowa State University.

—THE EDITORS

'68 Buick. Now we're talking your language.
GS-400 comes with a 400-cubic-inch, 4-barrel, 340-hp., V-8. If you like a responsive car, we're talking your language.
Heavy-duty springs and shocks. The way it handles is hard to describe. Experience it firsthand.
The full line of GM safety equipment is standard. Items such as backup lights and parking lights. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?
GM


Women are discovering men who are discovering Boots
Why? Because something happens to a man when he steps into a pair of boots. (Like that Acme cowboy, Dingos Wellington or Hawkeye lace boot up there.) Maybe it's the way he swaggers a bit. Maybe it's the romance of boot wearing. Maybe it's the solid masculine look. Acme boots have a way of attracting attention. Their quality is seen in every detail of stitching and pattern design. And Acme Boots take a back seat to none when it comes to comfort, choice and durability. Women Are Discovering Men Who Are Discovering Boots. So, wear Acme Boots and be discovered.
Comfortably styled . . . comfortably priced: Mens and ladies—$12.00 to $30.00/Boys and girls—$7.00 to $15.00
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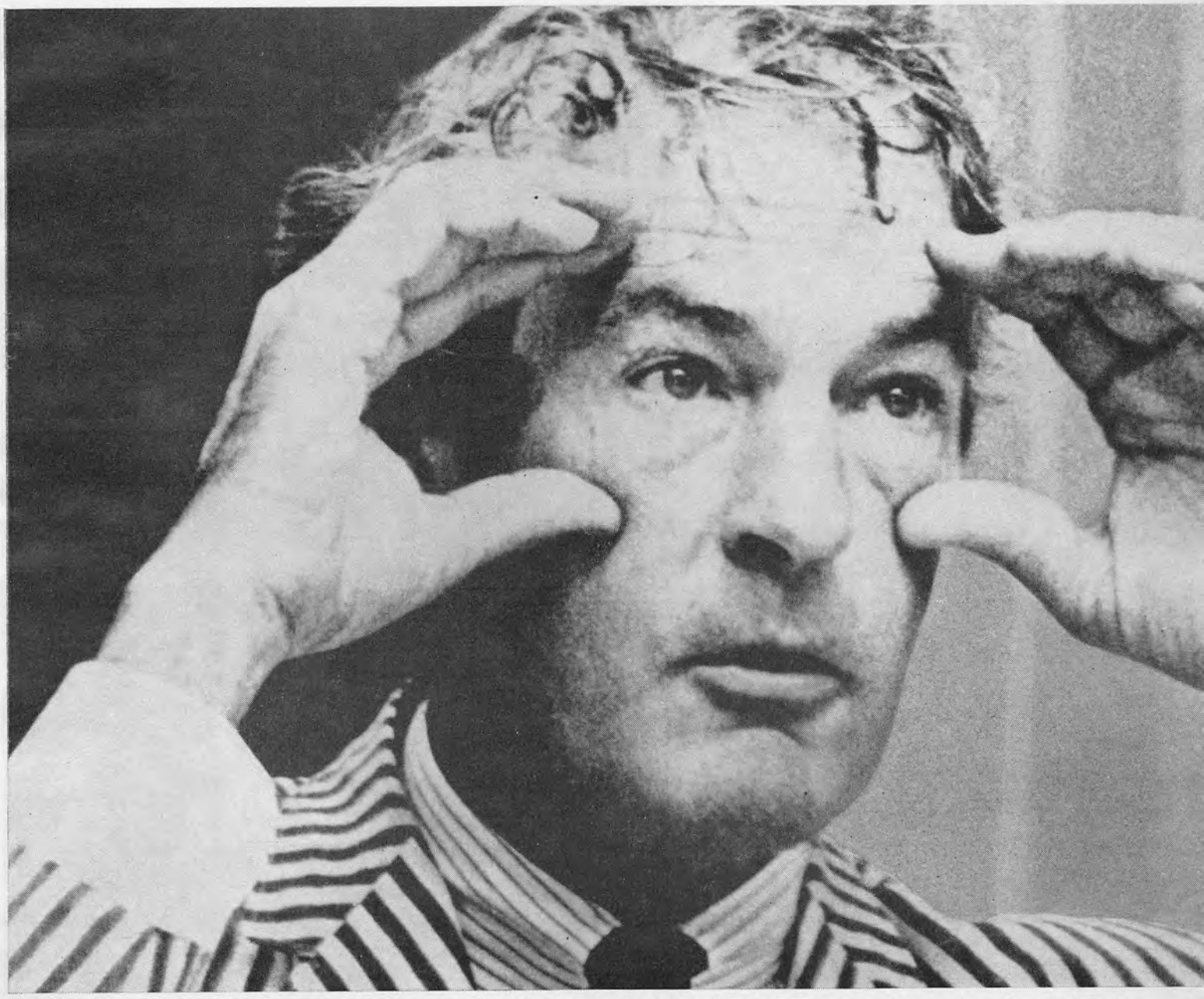
BY JAMES PHELAN

This middle-aged acid head has completed the transition from Harvard professor to weirdo evangelist. He has founded the League for Spiritual Discovery, proclaimed LSD its "religious sacrament" and become the

HIGH PRIEST OF THE HAPPY HIPPIES



Disheveled but articulate, Leary peers into the future, where, he told a Pennsylvania state committee, he sees (over)

It's not all "trip outs" for Leary. Offstage he has to get up the bread, too

■ All the colors in the world whirl, flash, explode on the big theater screen like a giant kaleidoscope and then melt into red amoebas pulsating in green and yellow gunk. There is music from plinky lutes and whining flutes. Incense winds through the air. The incense is a put-on—part Oriental motif and part decoy to mock the narcotic squad's undercover men. The narks are out in force, disguised in hippy garb and sniffing the air like bloodhounds on the scent for the odor of marihuana.

Out front, rapt and silent, 1,500 hippies stare at the exploding colors and wait for their guru, or leader, to bring them his ancient wisdom and his brand-new assault on their parents' world.

The guru appears from the wings, a lean, barefoot

the LSD Society beginning.

At a Greenwich Village theater "celebration,"

man with pouches under his eyes and graying hair worn long down his neck. His garb is a Nehru thing like white pajamas. He seats himself cross-legged on a cushion and lights four candles.

Before he can speak there is an unscheduled happening. A burly, bearded guy from the audience lumbers up onto the stage. In his wild fur jacket he looks like some Tibetan yak-dung peddler and he's stoned to the ears on LSD. He crouches alongside the guru and whispers earnestly. The guru smiles. "He says he has discovered that he is God," the guru tells the audience. "Keep in touch," the guru calls as the man who thinks he is God lurches off the stage.

The music fades and the guru speaks again. "We are gathered again tonight," he says. "Do you remember the last time? Was it centuries ago in the catacombs of ancient Rome . . . ?"

Well, maybe. But this was 1967 and the catacomb was the Village Theater in lower Manhattan, with taxis whining by and narks prowling the aisles. The stupefying colors, the music, the marihuana-masking incense, comprise a "celebration" of the League for Spiritual Discovery. The league is a new cult founded by the guru in white pajamas, a 46-year-old onetime Harvard professor named Timothy Leary, and the "celebration" is an attempt to create artificially in two hours what occurs inside one's head in a few seconds when high on LSD.

Leary discovered the strange powers of LSD some seven years ago while [*Continued on page* 84]

Leary attempts to reproduce in a few hours what occurs in one's head in a few seconds when high on LSD.

ANDREA DORIA

Eleven years ago, the "unsinkable" Andrea Doria *went down, 45 miles off Nantucket Island. Today the sleeping hulk still resists all salvage efforts. The ship remains*

THE OCEAN'S MOST TANTALIZING TREASURE

BY FRED DICKENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL BOYLE

■ She lies on her starboard side, still graceful in death, the white of her superstructure tinted ghostly-green in the light which filters down through layers of plankton and 225 feet of water.

Schools of fish circle slowly about the bridge and boat deck or follow the sweeping lines of the dark hull to the letter on the bow plates which spell out *Andrea Doria*. Occasionally they start as sudden sounds come from the ship—the clanging of debris against a bulkhead, water rushing in and out of portholes, strange creakings from the shadowy hold.

Those who have visited the *Andrea Doria* on the sandy bottom of the Atlantic Ocean 45 miles southeast of Nantucket Island agree that it is a moving and awesome experience. The stricken queen of the Italian Line is still commanding and far from silent in her grave.

Eleven years after her sinking in one of the major marine disasters of modern times, she clings jealously to the treasures within her, firing the imaginations of would-be salvors while coolly defying them. Periodically, since her final plunge, ambitious plans to salvage the ship or valuable items aboard have been announced only to be abandoned in the face of the extremely difficult problems involved.

Built in Genoa, Italy, for $29 million and furnished for $2 million more, the ship was launched in 1951 as one of the most luxurious afloat. Public rooms were decorated in fine woods, silks and tapestries. The talents of Italy's leading painters, sculptors and woodcarvers were combined to make her a "floating gallery of modern Italian art."

A life-size bronze statue of Andrea Doria, the 16th-century Genoese admiral, was placed in the main salon to gaze benignly upon the gaiety of trans-Atlantic crossings.

She was, of course, "unsinkable," with 11 watertight compartments which would keep her afloat in any emergency.

Almost immediately, trouble began to plague the ship. On her maiden voyage, a giant wave rolled her over 28 degrees, sending passengers and furniture crashing. Many were injured. The *Doria* shuddered and righted herself and the incident was hailed as proof of her indestructibility.

But on the night of July 25, 1956, the *Doria* was moving through fog-shrouded water toward New York with 1,134 passengers when disaster struck in the treacherous area off Nantucket known as the "crossroads of the Atlantic." A few "last-night-out" parties were still in progress and some people danced in the ballroom; many had gone to bed.

Suddenly, out of the fog, loomed the 11,000-ton Swedish motorship, *Stockholm*, outward bound. Though helmsmen of both ships spun wheels frantically, collision could not be avoided. The prow of the *Stockholm*, specially reinforced to crush through ice fields, sliced into the *Doria's* starboard side with stunning impact, inflicting a fatal gash.

The larger ship reeled and within minutes was listing heavily as tons of water rushed in. "Mayday" messages crackled through the air and ships of every size in the area including the giant *Ile de France* turned from their courses to speed to the rescue.

Though 54 lives were lost, the rest of the passengers and crew members were saved, many by the *Stockholm*, which managed to limp back into port with a smashed prow. The *Doria* herself, however, could not be saved. At 10:09 the next morning, she slipped beneath the waves at a point marked by the U.S. Coast Guard as Lat. 40°-29.5 N, Long. 60°-50.6 W. [*Continued on page* 89]

GERMS AND GAS: THE WAR THE WORLD IS READY FOR

- Every big nation is stockpiling chemical and biological weapons.
- The U. S. spends more for their development every year.
- They have been used in Viet Nam, in Yemen.
- They are available everywhere.
- There are even people who say they might be deadlier than The Bomb . . .

BY MICHAEL PEARSON

■ On a morning in 1966, in a Columbus, Ohio, laboratory, chemists wearing gas masks, hoods, white uniforms and rubber gloves placed 56 monkeys one at a time in a special compartment. For a minute, the mouth and nostrils of each animal were covered with a rubber facepiece connected with a hose to an aerosol cloud machine.

Later, in observation cages, the monkeys grew listless, hung their heads and clasped their arms around their bodies. After two weeks, few of them could stand. In little more than three weeks, 42 of them had died. For the aerosol cloud they had breathed had been impregnated with the germs of Rocky Mountain spotted fever, a disease often fatal if its victims are not treated with antibiotics.

The Columbus experiment was one of many which are staged regularly around the world, in laboratories and in open country. They are all part of the chemical and biological preparation being done for the secret war that, although it may never be fought to its fullest horrific limits, is being actively planned not only in America, but in Russia and other nations.

Its weapons are both bizarre and terrifying: Gases that cannot be detected but kill in minutes, that paralyze or hallucinate or transform men into cowards or —like those the U.S. Army has employed in Viet Nam—that cause vomiting or choking or weeping. Germs that can promote a range of diseases in men or animals. Chemicals and infectious funguses that can wither food crops or defoliate jungles.

Currently in the United States, chemical and biological warfare—called CBW—is the subject of fierce controversy. Twice in recent months, groups of scientists have made appeals to the government against use of these weapons. Their last approach to the White House consisted of a formal petition bearing 5,000 signatures, no less than 17 of which belonged to winners of the Nobel Prize.

But it is not the Viet Nam war in isolation that is causing scientific concern. Its background has explosive elements that have bred suspicion about the Administration's true intentions. The annual expenditure of the United States on preparations for CBW has trebled since 1961. Although the situation is confused by the fact that the figures include other chemical munitions—such as smoke and flame materials—there is no doubt that the CBW research effort is far greater than it was in the 50's.

The weapons that one administration after another has asserted America would not use first are being constantly improved. Fort Detrick, the Army's top-secret center of biological research at Frederick, Maryland, has nearly 600 scientists working on disease organisms with more than 100,000 animals. Among Detrick's drab-brown brick buildings is an elaborate cloud chamber for exposing animals in quantity to aerosols contaminated with specific diseases. Near Dugway, in Utah, the center maintains a vast territory, staffed by 900 people, where experimental attacks are conducted in open air on animals and occasionally, under rigid control, on human volunteers.

All the field experiments at Dugway are classified, but brief details are sometimes published—such as the occasion when human volunteers were infected with Q fever, a disease that resembles a severe attack of flu, from a contaminated aerosol cloud released half a mile upwind of them.

In addition to the activities of Fort Detrick's scientists, more than 50 American universities and colleges are working on CBW research projects with the help of Defense Department financial grants.

At Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Denver, Colorado, the Army's gases, ranging from deadly nerve gases to mild antiriot agents, are produced and stockpiled in metal casks. So far, only three—all nonlethal—have been approved for use in Viet Nam.

Elaborate blueprints, outlining CBW attack techniques, are printed in military manuals to insure that ". . . each officer and NCO possesses a full knowledge of . . . those principles, tactics and techniques . . . which are commensurate with his level of command." There is even a special code laid down for warning friendly troops of CBW attack on enemy forces located near them.

CBW development in Russia is even more active. Every unit of the Red Army down to battalion level has specialized chemical troops. Soviet stocks of Tabun, a lethal nerve gas, are estimated in the thousands of tons—more than enough to liquidate the populations of hundreds of American cities. Russian military authorities have stated that they regard the use of biological weapons as a highly efficient war technique. In 1956 a Yugoslav scientist, Col. Adam Milkovich, reported to the Moscow Institute that studies of losses of life suggested that, compared with conventional or atomic weapons, "a biological war would have the greatest effect of all."

It is the knowledge of the deadly weapons that already exist in the [*Continued on page* 70]

PRODUCED BY DOUG KENNEDY

JOHN GROTH'S VIET NAM

Ernest Hemingway described Groth as "the greatest combat artist to survive World War II." Groth survived Korea, too. At 57, he went to Viet Nam to record his third major war in pictures—and in his own words

"...I am neither a hawk nor a dove. I am a reporter and an artist, hopefully in the tradition of Goya. I've seen many men die in combat—and each time something inside me dies with them. Sherman was right. War is hell. But it is also ennobling for some young soldiers. Our men in Viet Nam believe in what they are fighting for. Over and over again I heard them say: 'Our morale is great. What's the matter with those peace marchers back home?' I could not give them an answer to that question...."

"Pint-sized VC are a tough and aggressive foe even after capture. I seldom saw them in 'black pajama' uniforms."

"1st Marines carrying casualty on improvised blanket litter to copter landing area. Within minutes he'll be whisked to base hospital operating table."

"Marines and villagers at 1st Battalion's field headquarters hit the dirt as 105 artillery shells (ours) fall short. War is tragic enough without the irony of killing your own. In this case no one died."

"A dead VC, killed in search-and-destroy mission south of Da Nang. Most were flushed from tunnels and foxholes."

"Solemn-faced Vietnamese children are omnipresent. Only the very young ones ever smile. The children are old at 10."

"At least half the time on search-and-destroy missions we were struggling, thigh-deep through water and mud of leech-filled rice fields and swamps."

"As in all wars, kids hang out where soldiers congregate, in this case outside the Da Nang PX. They try to sell anything, including their older sisters."

"A Combined Action Company patrol, trying to secure a village and help the populace, checks identity cards of unfamiliar faces. In this war, the best bet for survival is: never trust anybody."

"A column of flame tanks heads toward battle. But the men are never so engrossed that they miss a chance to evaluate every passing item in skirts—or pajamas."

"Soldiers traditionally (and sentimentally) adopt mascots. And as this hard-nosed sergeant said: 'It's a long war—and I want them to be on our side when they grow up.' "

Near the town of Lautoka, the train pauses to pick up some passengers; barefoot youngsters can run as fast as they ride. Engine was built by John Fowler & Co., Leeds, England, in 1928. During the cane crushing season (May-December) it has no trouble pulling 200 tons of cane on a string of 40 cars. Once a week it also hauls the payroll to field stations. A special car, fitted with an ancient iron safe, carries the money. Two-foot gauge tracks often appear to be lost in grass, yet derailments are uncommon. Engineer, left, is an aging Indian named Subrayan whose handlebar moustache and policeman's cap are his badges of office. He stoutly refuses to operate a diesel engine.

FREE CHOO CHOO IN SLEEPY FIJI

■ The smallest coin in the Fiji currency has a hole in the middle and is, in the happy tradition of these happy South Pacific isles, practically worthless. But it doesn't even take one of these zero-coins to pay the zero-fare on what may be the only nonscheduled, steam-powered, narrow-gauge, non-union, all-coach, no-ticket, no-timeable railroad in the world. Sitimasi-vanua, "the steamer of the land," runs 120 miles along the exotic shoreline of Fiji's main island, Viti Levu, oh, say twice a week. At 15 mph. Passengers may get aboard, or get off, anywhere along the line by simply hailing the engineer. An ancient, British-built engine, its fires often fed by any trackside refuse that will burn, draws two open-air coaches seating up to 100 babbling Fijians: on their way to market or a wedding; going fishing or just for a ride; coming from work in a gold mine or the sugarcane fields. Sugar is what makes the choo choo free. In addition to hauling the happy islanders, the railroad's real purpose is to pull thousands of tons of cane to the crushing mill for its owners, the South Pacific Sugar Mills, Ltd. Progress is catching up with quaint Fiji, however. The steam locomotive is giving way to diesels, just as the innocent islands are giving way to the jet age. Fiji lies 3,000 miles southwest of Hawaii and 2,000 miles from Australia—which makes it a vital crossroads of Pacific air travel. It is, like Hong Kong, a British Crown Colony. (The newest, most British way to go there is on BOAC's South Pacific service.) Call it a vanishing outpost of empire—a place that progress may someday spoil. In the meantime, it doesn't have to care if the trains run on time. ■

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

prize of the peaks

The handsome Stone sheep lives in watchful isolation. Bagging a big trophy ram is one of a hunter's great moments

BY NORBERT R. DARGA

Author, left, and his guide with trophy ram.

■ Of all of the big-game trophies of North America, none has the glamor of the wild sheep of the western mountains. What is the magic of this animal that makes it the most prized in every man's daydreams? A deer hunter pushing through the woods in Michigan, Maine or Mississippi may shrug his shoulders at the elk, moose and bears in other parts of the continent. But he has probably often pictured himself sneaking up on a big ram on a mountain peak.

It begins in boyhood. You read the stories the sheep hunters tell: bare mountaintops, and the ram silhouetted on the skyline. The lifetime daydream begins. Years pass. That *someday* sheep hunt seems to become more remote. You come to realize that not everyone reaches the mountaintop, much less finds the ram. The peaks are far away, and a ram costs time and money. . . .

The mountain sheep is, for one thing, just plain inaccessible. The rams travel where man is always an intruder. Even when a hunter finally reaches the skyline, the cagey trophy he stalks is often still just out of reach on the next ridge.

The more I read and heard about rams, the harder I held onto my own dream of a sheep hunt. Then, last year, my turn came. *Someday* was *now*.

Where to go? There are 5,000 miles of sheep mountains running from Mexico north into Alaska. I chose carefully. *Figure that your first sheep hunt may be your only sheep hunt*—I posted this motto in my mind, right next to my daydream. *And go for the big ram.* I studied the record book to pinpoint the areas that are currently producing the exceptional heads. I contacted other hunters. I wrote letters to outfitters and guides. I considered the three main kinds of sheep: bighorn, Stone and Dall. Everything I learned pointed to the Stone sheep—and the Cassiar Mountains of northern British Columbia.

"Few hunters have penetrated into this great game country," wrote Tommy Walker, an outfitter with 3,500 square miles of territory south of the Stikine River in the heart of the Cassiars. You can get into the territory only by plane, the game is undisturbed, the sheep are plentiful, and the Indian guides are excellent. But the hunting is tough. An exceptional ram will cost days of hard climbing at elevations up to 7,500 feet.

There was both challenge and warning in Walker's letters and brochures. Could I, a 34-year-old who spends most of his time in a swivel chair behind a desk, become a sheep hunter overnight?

My two-week hunt would begin in mid-September, the latter part of the season. I did not wait until then to find out how my lungs and legs would take the high mountains. I started running, mornings and evenings, and by the end of a month [*Continued on page* 60]

Camp in the foothills. Moose and caribou live here. Beyond—up high—is Stone sheep domain.

New Hot Seat For Jet Jockeys

BY H. M. MASON, JR.

■ If you find yourself in serious trouble in a high-performance jet aircraft, a pull of the ejection trigger will catapult you out of the plane and seconds later your parachute will automatically open. Every year Air Force pilots make many such emergency bailouts, landing successfully 90 percent of the time. The ejections that fail nearly always occur when they're begun 100 feet or less above the ground at a speed below 100 knots—during takeoff or landing. Then delay in ejecting means crunching against the ground still strapped in the seat, or trailed by an unopened chute.

Engineers at Weber Aircraft Co., Burbank, California, spent two years working on an escape system to get pilots out of zero altitude, zero-airspeed situations. Maj. James C. Hall, U.S.A.F.R., volunteered to make the first live test of their device. Strapped into an F-106 ejection seat near the reservoir's edge at Hansen Dam, California, Hall squeezed the ejection triggers and a standard ballistic charge fired his seat upward. Then a 4,500-pound-thrust rocket ignited and slammed him with a 14-G force. In two seconds Hall, now 130 feet in the air, was kicked out and away from his seat. In two more seconds a short-barreled gun fired a 13-ounce steel slug attached to a line that whipped out a small drogue chute. The drogue inflated and sucked out his main canopy. Exactly three seconds later, Hall was drifting down from 350 feet under a fully deployed parachute.

Since this successful test the Air Force has installed its new low-altitude jet seat in its high-performance jet fighters. Pilots of these jets, who are caught in trouble at zero-zero, can blast themselves free and float back to earth under a life-saving nylon canopy. ■

Left, Maj. James C. Hall, Air Force Reserve, is strapped into ejection seat as he prepares to make first live test of new escape system. Right, 4,500-pound rocket thrust propels Hall skyward like a human cannonball. At 350 feet his chute is open and he drifts down to a safe landing in reservoir where aide helps him pull in chute (below).

In Nebraska's Pine Ridge country—where turkeys are newly introduced—hunter approaches his downed 20-pounder.

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Return of the Thanksgiving Bird

Suddenly wild turkeys are almost everywhere. Hunting one for your holiday table may not be easy, but it will make you feel like a modern Pilgrim

■ Pent-up excitement was shattering me and everything seemed unreal. It was dawn of a late-April morning this spring, but snowflakes filtered down. The place was northwestern Nebraska, but the plains I'd pictured were instead steep young mountains with pines marching up their slopes. With heart hammering the chill ground, I was trying to snake on my belly through creek-bottom brush within shotgun range of a target wholly incongruous here. Wild turkeys in *Nebraska?*

It hardly seemed possible. Yet there at the foot of the ridge a huge tom strutted.

The wild turkey, largest North American game bird, is also the most difficult to bag. Its wariness is legendary, its senses awesomely acute. The saying of a southern turkey-hunting friend whirled through my mind: "A wild gobbler can see the grass grow, hear the running of the sands of time."

I took cover behind a rotted cottonwood log, eased my cedar-box call from my pocket. With shaking hands I scraped the chalked lid across the edge of the hollow box. The sound imitated the talk of a questing hen in a mood for love.

"*Perk, perk, perk, perk, perk.*"

The slightest deviation in timbre from the real thing would, I knew, arouse the tom's suspicions. But now in reply it showered down a veritable deluge of eager gobbling.

"Damn!" I thought. "He's coming in!"

Wings drooped until their tips touched ground, tail fanned, head held in close and wattles surging scarlet, the gobbler moved toward me in full strut. The huge bird paused to pirouette, turning its 20-pound bulk with grace. I estimated the range at 50 yards—too far for my shotgun, the legal weapon here. Thirty-five would be maximum. I wondered if I'd be shaking so hard I couldn't hit its head. Aiming elsewhere with shotgun on a big-boned, thick-breasted gobbler is most precarious.

The turkey dawdled, savoring anticipation and desire. Breath sucked in, immobile, I waited, not daring to use the call again. The old tom was too close, it would detect the fake and flee.

Most turkey hunting is done in fall. Then the birds concentrate in flocks, with a kind of caste system: old gobblers together, young gobblers likewise, hens by themselves. In spring, during mating season, the flocks break up. Lone gobblers seek harems, and a few states allow brief hunting for them. It is then a hunter can practice, as I was, the exciting art of luring a tom with a love call.

Now the bird started slowly toward me again. One step, two, three—I tried to still my breathing and my trembling.

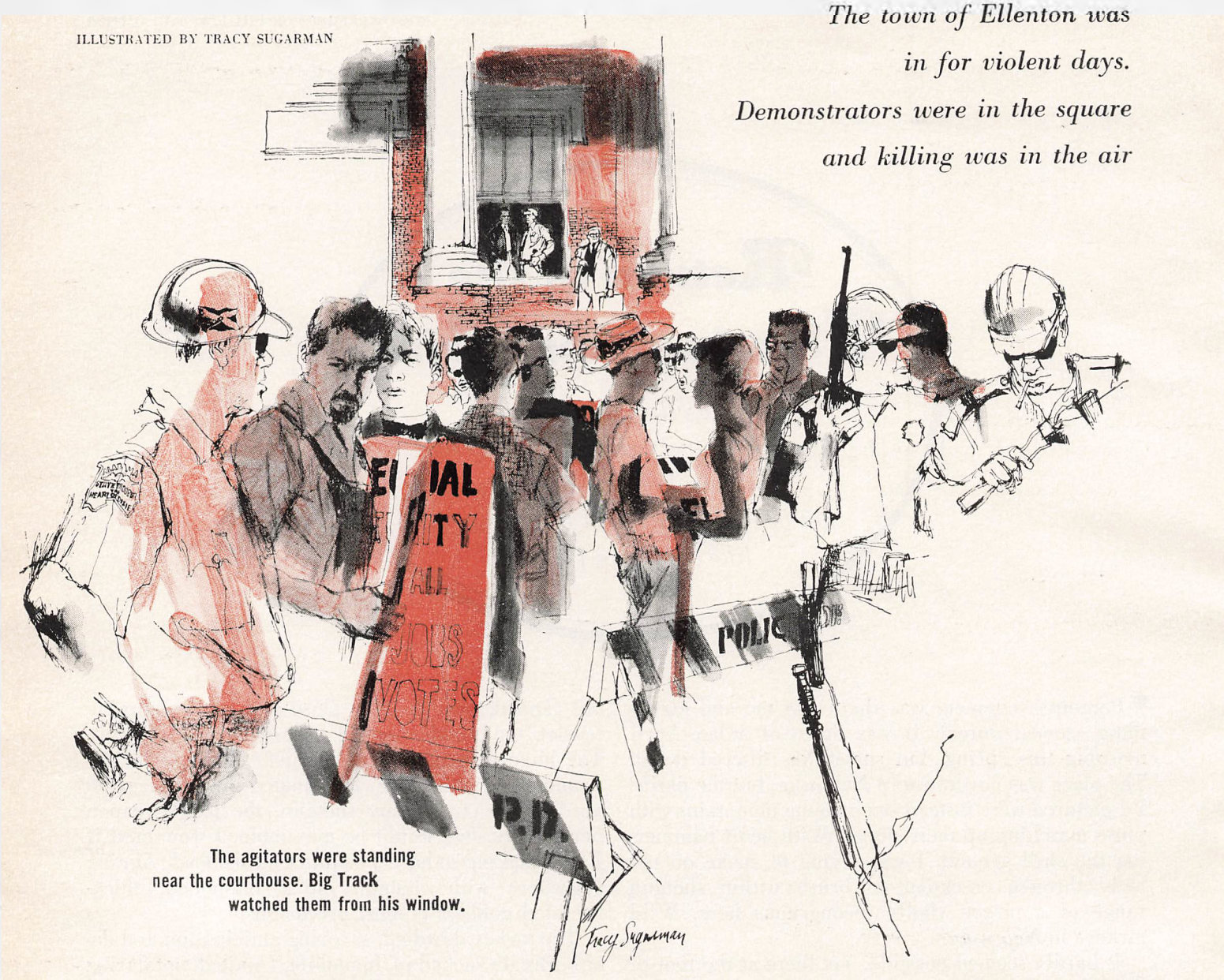
"He's mine," I thought jubilantly. "A few more steps. . . ."

Up on the pine ridge a small, quavering sound wafted down to puncture confidence. "*Perk, perk, perk.*"

Competition! The tom [*Continued on page* 94]

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

The town of Ellenton was in for violent days. Demonstrators were in the square and killing was in the air



The agitators were standing near the courthouse. Big Track watched them from his window.

THE KLANSMAN

In two installments: **PART II**

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

The Klansman is the story of Ku Klux Klan atrocities in northwest Alabama in 1965, and of how these atrocities affected the lives of many persons, including BIG TRACK BASCOMB, *the sheriff of Atoka County;* BRECK STANCILL, *a tree farmer; and* LORETTA SYKES, *a Negro girl who lives on Stancill's land. In Part One of the novel, in the October issue of TRUE, Loretta became the victim of a Klan-arranged rape in the Atoka County jail. When this crime was covered up by Sheriff Bascomb, a possible "killing situation" resulted between the Klan and Breck Stancill. Here, in the concluding installment of the two-part condensation, the killing situation develops, with Sheriff Bascomb caught in the middle.*

■ On Monday, April 12, 1965, Breck Stancill was up at sunrise fixing his breakfast. Nineteen years had passed since he returned to Alabama minus the right leg he lost at Iwo Jima. In these years he had converted the three thousand acres of mountain land he

Condensed from the book *The Klansman*, copyright © 1967 by William Bradford Huie. Published by Delacorte Press.

inherited into a model tree farm on which he netted $10,000 a year. That is, it was a model for those farmers who compromise between profits and protection of wildlife. By destroying all food and cover for wildlife and growing only resinous trees, Breck could have made more money. Instead he allowed many old hardwoods to overtop his young pines; and on some acres he encouraged a moderately heavy undergrowth. He even planted a few patches of grain. This gave him less marketable timber, but it gave him deer, squirrels, foxes, wild turkey, quail and thousands of song birds. His own log cottage, in which he lived alone, had been made as comfortable, book-filled and gadget-assisted as any home.

After breakfast Breck followed his usual workday routine. He saddled his palomino, put him in the horse trailer, and hooked the trailer to the Chevrolet pickup. In the truck were pine seedlings and tools for planting, thinning, pruning, clearing underbrush, poisoning insects and marking trees for harvest. He also carried his lunch and a thermos of water. His Irish setter jumped into the seat with him, and he drove toward the selected work area. Sometimes he used two or three old Negroes who could still work to help him plant or clear. More often he worked alone. He spent much of his time on the horse, riding firebreaks, looking for insects or disease, or marking trees to be harvested by the Atoka Lumber Company gangs with their power tools.

About 150 acres of Breck's land was still blighted by the primitive existence of old Negroes who were also part of his inheritance. They once had worked in cotton fields when the Stancills owned 13,000 acres. But cotton and people had migrated, and the old Negroes were the unemployable residue. In 19 years, as the Negroes died or left, Breck had reduced the number of his Negro shacks from 60 to 40, and his Negro "tenants" from 200 to less than 100. He gave the old Negroes free rent and free land for gardens, and they each drew $55 a month in welfare payments. The Ku Klux were trying to "run these old nigger relief hounds north," but Breck had promised the Negroes they could live out their lives and be buried on Stancill's Mountain.

Around 4 p.m. Breck was on the east slope of the mountain pruning five-year-old trees. Because of the noise of the power saw he didn't realize anyone was approaching until a man was within 20 feet of him. Breck cut off the motor.

"Mr. Stancill?" the man asked.

"Yes, I'm Breck Stancill."

"I hope I didn't startle you."

"Not seriously. My dog should have told me you were coming. I suppose he's looking for quail."

"My name is Clay Wilbanks. I'm an agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Here are my credentials."

Breck glanced at the photo and noted that Wilbanks, like himself, was born in 1924. Wilbanks was tanned and wiry, and he wore faded khakis, GI shoes and a hunting cap.

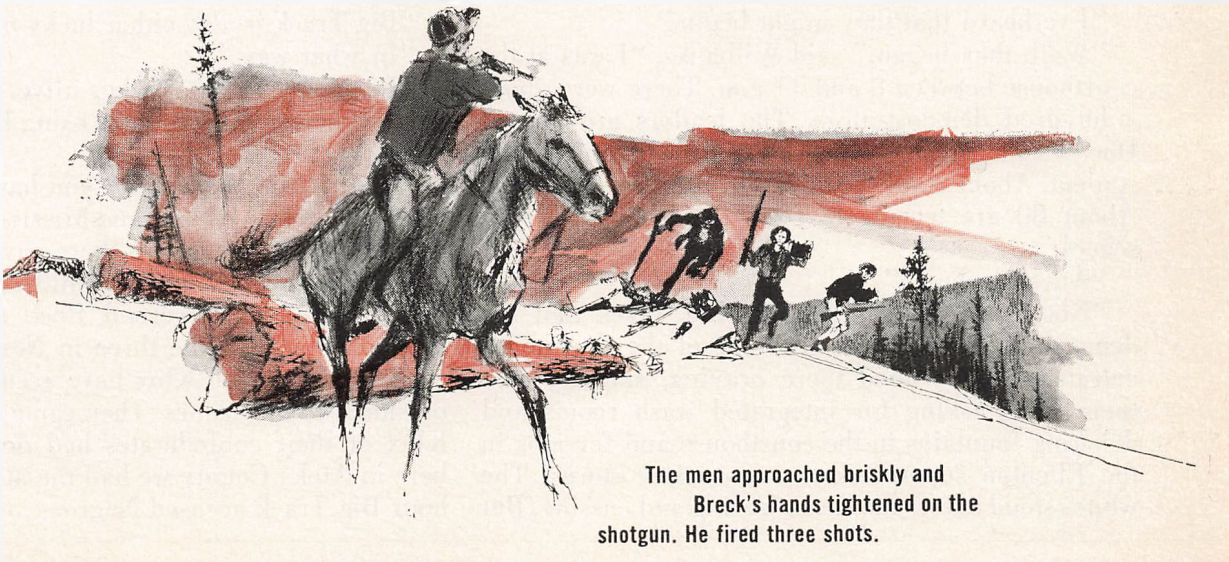
"I've never thought of FBI agents as woodsmen," Breck said.

"Oh, yes," said Wilbanks, "we have to be woodsmen, too. Lately I've spent a lot of time in the woods, working on cases involving the Ku Klux Klan."

Breck looked at him more closely, then asked: "What is it you want from me?"

"Well, first," began Wilbanks, "let me say that I didn't drive up to your house, and I have contacted you in the woods so that we can talk without anyone knowing we have met. Two hours ago my partner let me out of a car on the road east of here. Since then I've been circling and listening, looking for you. I feel sure no one has seen me."

"That's an impressive amount of trouble for a man to go to," said Breck. "My pickup is about a hundred yards from here. On it I think we can find two camp



The men approached briskly and Breck's hands tightened on the shotgun. He fired three shots.

In the unpainted Negro church, Allen looked determined when he got up to make his speech.

stools and a jug of water. I suggest we go and sit down."

When they were seated Wilbanks said: "I believe you are aware of the crime committed here last night?"

"You mean the assault on Loretta Sykes? Yes, I'm aware of it."

"And I assume you know that racial demonstrations began this morning in Ellenton?"

"I've heard that they might begin."

"Well, they began," said Wilbanks. "I was at the courthouse between 8 and 11 a.m. There were about a hundred demonstrators. The leaders are one of Doctor King's men and a Presbyterian ministerial student. About 20 of the demonstrators are outsiders. About 80 are teen-agers from the Ellenton Negro school."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Not up to the time I left. Big Track had the demonstrators roped off near one of the courthouse entrances. They stood there praying, singing, with their signs asking for integrated wash rooms and drinking fountains in the courthouse and for jobs in the Ellenton supermarkets and variety stores. The whites stood across the street jeering and cussing. But nobody was throwing anything. The TV cameras are there. So the networks will start showing it this evening. Big Track will be the star of the TV show. If the demonstrations continue, Big Track may get more publicity than Bull Connor or Jim Clark or even George Wallace."

"That figures," said Breck. "Big Track won the Congressional Medal of Honor in Korea. So they'll keep the cameras on him."

"Big Track is also either lucky or smart."

"In what way?"

"In having Loretta Sykes alive. She wasn't murdered. She can talk. So he's using her."

"How?"

"Well," said Wilbanks, "you have noticed that in other places in Alabama and Mississippi, where there have been demonstrations there have been atrocities. Like Medgar Evers. Or the children in the Birmingham church. Or Reverend Reeb and Mrs. Liuzzo around Selma. Or the three in Neshoba County. At every place the Ku Klux have accused Negroes and outsiders of the crimes. Then came the truth: the Ku Klux or their confederates had done it. Last night here in Atoka County we had the atrocity. Within an hour Big Track accused Negroes and outsiders. And

The deaths on the mountain had to be avenged. Four young men "had given their lives for the cause"

here comes the difference. This morning Big Track went to the hospital and recorded Loretto Sykes saying it was Negroes and outsiders. He has given the recording to TV. So now Big Track has the demonstrators at a big propaganda disadvantage. He calls them rapists, and says he's going to arrest some of them. And he could never have done it without Loretta's cooperation."

Breck Stancill and Clay Wilbanks sat there in the woods looking at one another. The sun was sinking, so its light filtered through the treetops in broken beams. The two men resembled one another in dress and manner. Breck was a little heavier. His face was not as boney, and his hair was lighter and grayer at the temples. Breck asked: "What did Loretta tell the FBI?"

"Nothing," replied Wilbanks. "She told us she had told the sheriff all there was to tell."

After another pause Breck asked: "Mr. Wilbanks, where do you come from?"

"I was born in Pontotoc, Mississippi," he said. "I was a platoon leader in the Fifth Marine Division at Iwo Jima. After the war I graduated from the Ole Miss Law School. I've been an FBI agent for 12 years, assigned to Mississippi and Alabama."

"That practically makes us cousins, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Wilbanks. "It makes us such close kin that if I had been in your place last night, I'd have told her to tell Big Track whatever he wanted to hear. And I'd have told her to tell the FBI nothing."

Breck grunted. Then he said slowly: "Since we are old Marine buddies, both trained in jungle fighting, I'll ask you this. When you approached me a few minutes ago, how close did you get to me before I knew you were in these woods?"

"Twenty feet," said Wilbanks. "And if I were blind in one eye and couldn't see good out of the other, I couldn't have missed your back with a shotgun loaded with buckshot."

"Do you know how easy it is to set fire to a woods? Have you ever watched wildlife fleeing a forest fire? Have you ever studied what fire can do to a model 3000-acre tree farm?"

"I understand forest fire."

"You mean you have a detached understanding of forest fire. From your safe distance the fire looks terrible, but it also looks beautiful. The red glare against the night sky, the exploding brands, the shooting Roman candles. But if you've planted those trees with your own hand and nursed them for 15 years, you bleed as you watch them burn. It's almost like watching your Marine buddies being slaughtered in a trap while you're pinned down and can't help them."

"I know about your trees," said Wilbanks. "You give each tree tender, loving care. You call every deer, fox and squirrel by its name. I know about your house. Did you notice that helicopter over here about three hours ago?"

"I saw the Forest Service helicopter."

"My partner and I were flying with the Forest Service. We mapped the place where Big Track said the rape was committed. So we also mapped your place. That gravel road leaves the highway and snakes three miles up the spine of this mountain to your house. Nobody lives between you and the highway except your old Negroes. Then there's your home sitting up there defiantly on the rim. One Molotov cocktail against its high-pitched cedar roof would light a bonfire everybody in the county could watch. So as one old jungle fighter to another, I'd say you've pitched camp in the worst terrain for one man to try to defend I ever saw."

"Then why did you sneak up here to see me?" demanded Breck. "Your precaution proves that you know you are jeopardizing me. If Loretta Sykes or I know anything, what can we accomplish by telling it to you? You can't punish a rapist. Since you can't help us why must you jeopardize us?"

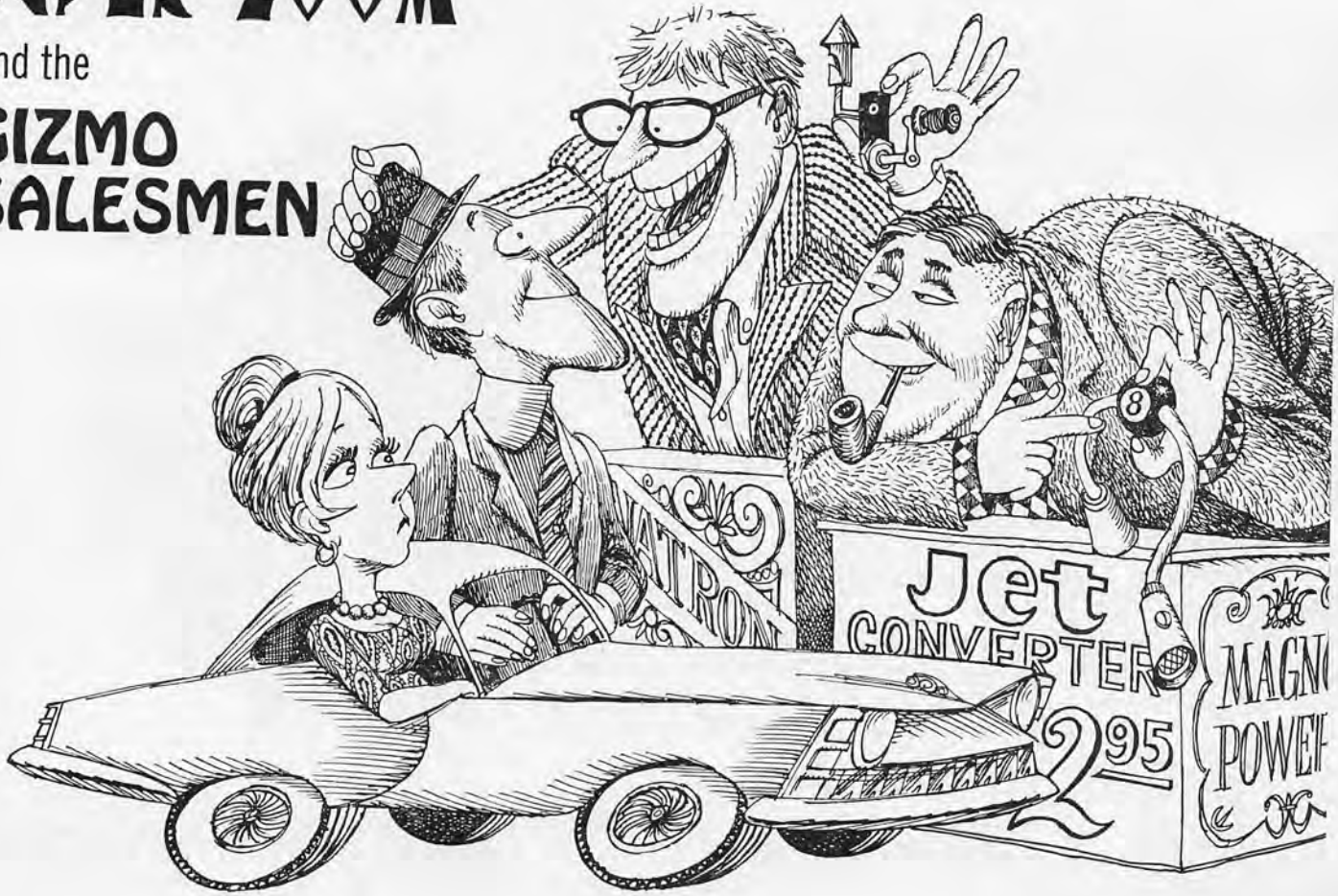
"I can answer those questions," said Wilbanks. "First, we *are* helping you. There is a dangerous Ku Klux Klan organization in this county. It has 47 members. One member [*Continued on page* 103]

The Klansmen came toward the cell dressed in their robes. The fight was brief and brutal.

BY JOHN TOMERLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

SUPER-ZOOM and the GIZMO SALESMEN



■ There is an American folklore story as appealing to thwarted fair play and justice as a yarn about Billy the Kid or Jesse James. According to this story, a poor but dedicated inventor was laboring in his workshop when he stumbled upon an amazing discovery—one that would revolutionize the automotive industry with a tremendous increase in engine efficiency. Convinced that the world would greet his device with joy—and perhaps a small monetary reward—he rushed forth to announce it.

As every folklore student knows, our inventor was in for some surprises. Far from receiving the thanks of a grateful public, he was met with ridicule. Banks rejected him. Men of means turned him from their doors. Stock issues were denied him. Gradually he became aware that a sinister force was out to get him—none other than that most fearsome of American ogres, that creature of the automobile manufacturers—the Detroit Troll!

Thwarted at every turn, forced into bankruptcy, driven to ill health and facial tics, our inventor succumbed at last to the Michigan monster and sold out his formula. Today it lies buried in private files, and motorists are doomed to getting only 12 or 14 miles to the gallon instead of 50 or 60; to having their cars' engines wear out after only 40,000 or 50,000 miles, instead of 500,000.

This simple tale, superficially so believable, underlies a multimillion dollar industry based on selling "instant progress" assists to the American car owner. The industry has been in existence since before World War I, but it has never been more aggressive than it is now. Today the motoring public is offered a veritable catalog of "miracle" ingredients, "secret" formulas and "wonder" gadgets for its automobiles. One advertiser boasts of spark plugs that will give phenomenally more horsepower, more miles per gallon, and will last the life of your car. Another promotes an "energy chamber" that will increase mileage "up to 68 percent." A liquid additive will

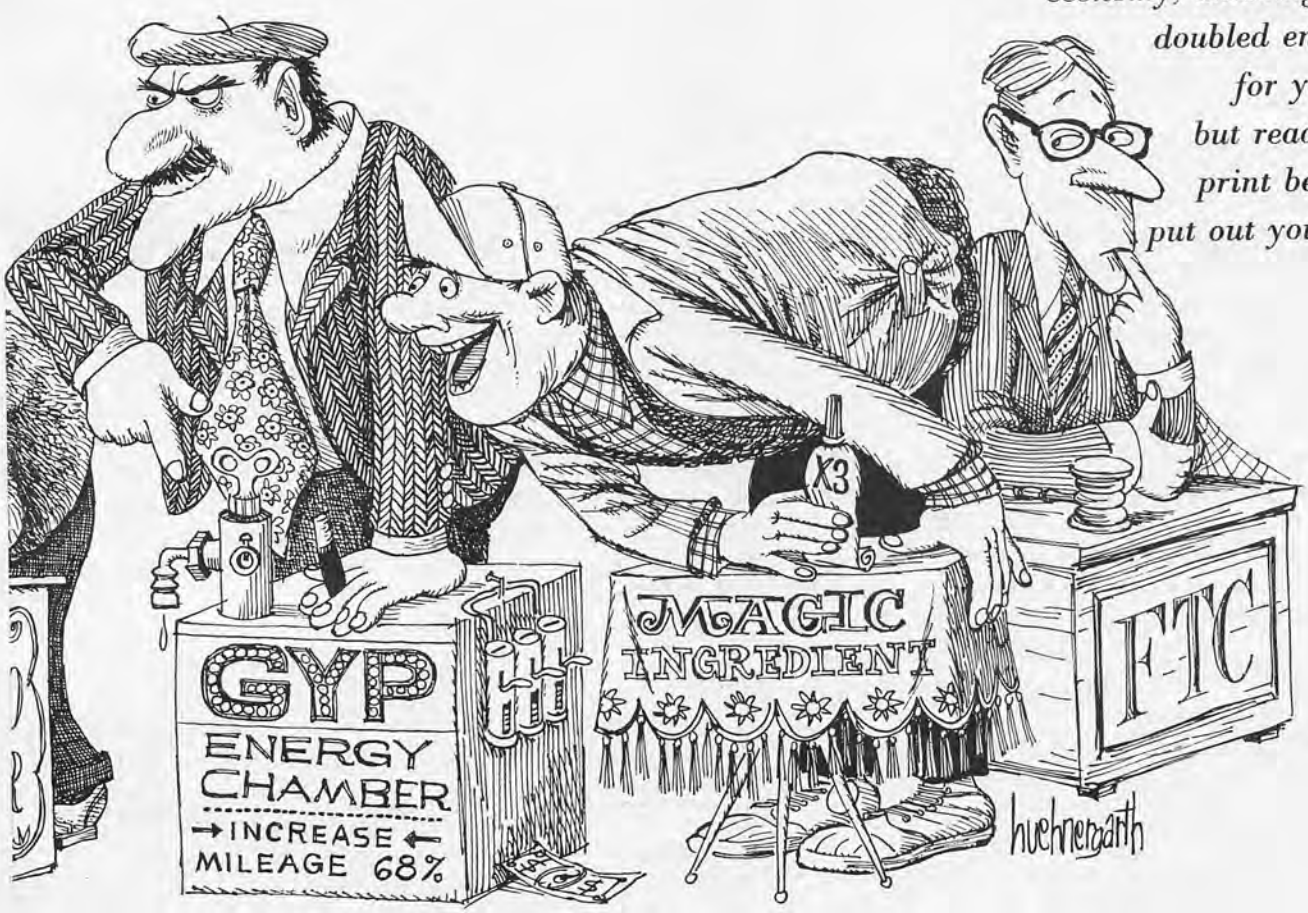
save "up to 35 gallons of gas each month." A simple powder will "double the life of your car's battery." A set of gyroscopic wheel stabilizers can add "up to 10,000-20,000 EXTRA miles" to the tires on your car. An oil filter will eliminate the need to change oil, and so simple a device as a crankcase drain plug will let you "fill your gas tank once a month . . . change your oil once a year."

The National Better Business Bureau estimates that more than 50 companies are presently engaged in "revolutionizing" the automotive industry. They sell everything from miniature cells of camphor and charcoal, alleged to "ionize" gasoline, to a "night-driving" light—a small, violet lamp mounting inside the windshield and presenting oncoming drivers with the eerie vision of an approaching purple glow, in the best style of a UFO. The Bureau estimates that the recent campaign for just one of these items went out to more than 3 million addresses. According to the trade magazine *Petroleum Age,* one such promotion reputedly grossed $1.5 million in return orders.

It is not difficult to understand the appeal of these gadgets. The legend of the Detroit Troll always has had its believers; and they go on clipping out coupons and sending in checks, both in protest against supposed machinations of the auto-makers and in hope that someday these believers will grab the brass ring. They are not necessarily gullible, just optimistic. The average car owner, even if he's fairly sophisticated, can find reason enough to try one of these products. In the past, Detroit has been known to lag in the adoption of some technological improvements: disk brakes, fuel injection, modern suspension systems, for example. After all, this *is* an age of scientific breakthroughs, and someone *might* come up with a wrinkle that really works. If it costs only $5.95 to find out . . . why not?

One morning, not long ago, I received in the mail a gaudy, four-page [*Continued on page* 78]

Mail-order ads promise fantastic economy, amazing pickup, doubled engine life for your car— but read the fine print before you put out your money



BY RALPH LEE SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY FRED BURRELL

All The Twiggys Want To Be Sophia

■ Give the average man a choice and he'll take Sophia Loren over Twiggy every time. Oddly enough, that applies to women, too. They may think Twiggy is cute and like the way she looks in mini-skirts. But they're not spending big money to get a figure like the one she has.

Ask Dr. Robert Alan Franklyn. Doctor Franklyn is a Hollywood plastic surgeon who charges in the neighborhood of $1,000 for a neat little cutting and sewing job called mammaplasty. $1,000 is a nice round figure, something Doctor Franklyn specializes in. The purpose of his operation is to give something extra to girls whose bosoms are not well endowed. From all over the country, they come tripping into his office and willingly disgorge a handsome sum to get what nature didn't give them. Twiggy indeed!

Ask the Post-Office inspectors. They're kept busy year after year cracking down on shrewd operators who take unfair advantage of gullible Twiggy types who want to look like Sophia. Creams, exercises and gadgets are sold by the million and none of them do the least bit of good. But the money keeps rolling in.

Twiggy is a fad. Sophia Loren, like Venus de Milo, is eternal. What she has, men will always go for. That's why women the world over are willing to spend so much sweat, tears and money in an often-hopeless quest to get it. There are tens of thousands of females in the United States who are firmly convinced that all their troubles rest on this foundation. Whatever goes wrong with their lives, they believe, is due to the size and shape of their breasts.

It's a delusion and it can be an expensive one. Most of these women would benefit more from seeing a psychiatrist than a plastic surgeon. But the delusion continues to hang on.

To get a proper perspective on the bosom situation, you have to put aside your GI vocabulary. There are medical terms for these matters. We have mentioned *size* and *shape*. The problems are called micromasty and ptosis. Micromasty means they are small. Ptosis means—well, it means they hang down.

Maybe you think the only women who do much worrying about micromasty and ptosis are dreamy teen-agers, pathetic unmarried types who are ready to try anything to get a man, or possibly stripteasers and topless waitresses. Well, guess again. Doctor Franklyn's typical patient is 27 years old, married and a native of the Midwest.

Thousands of these women start out by writing pathetic letters to other doctors or to professional medical societies. Here's a sample from the files of one such group. It's from a Louisiana housewife:

"I have one child 1½ years old. Ever since I had my daughter, my bust hangs something terrible. I've asked my obstetrician for *pills* (which he doesn't believe in). I've tried *creams* to enlarge my bust; also I've tried *exercising*. Believe me, none have shown the slightest bit of difference. I enclose pictures of my bust, which measures 34½ inches. Could you *please* let me know if and where I could get ahold of something or someone to help me. I'm not concerned with the cost. My husband doesn't know I'm writing and sending you pictures, but don't get worried, my mail comes in the morning and he doesn't get off work until 5:00 p.m."

There is a note of urgency in most of the letters, and sometimes the women say directly that their problems in life are being caused by their small breasts. A State of Washington divorcee, writing to Doctor Franklyn, blamed her divorce on her chest measurements. "My circumstances have become really desperate," she said. "I am now 28 years old, still young, but feel life is passing me by. More than anything else I would like to remarry. But as long as I am flat chested I don't feel fit for any man. You must help me, Doctor, I am [*Continued on page* 81]

Millions of American women seem preoccupied with the idea that if only they could have bigger breasts, everything (spelled *love, romance, happiness*) would suddenly be theirs. In quest of this illusory dream, they have enriched con men and plastic surgeons with millions of frantic tearstained dollars

PRIZE OF THE PEAKS

[*Continued from page* 47]

of training I knew every crack in the sidewalks in my neighborhood. Twice a day I climbed the 20 flights of stairs to my office. In New York City there is no practical way to duplicate the thin air of the mountain peaks—if there were I would have tried it. The ram I wanted was no longer a daydream. I was determined to be ready for hard reality.

An Air Canada jet took me across the continent with the ease of a drive around the block. At Prince George, B.C., I boarded a chartered amphibious plane for the 350-mile flight north. Now the wilderness takes over—in this part of the world it rolls on for hundreds of miles into Alaska and the Yukon just to the north of the Cassiars. Radio-navigation aids are far away, and rain, snow and fog mask the peaks. The pilot flies low, through the valleys and passes, landmark by landmark. When you put down on Cold Fish Lake and the plane leaves for the return trip, the mountains close around you quietly.

Tommy Walker's territory is bounded by the Klappan River and the headwaters of the Stikine, and through it flows the Spatsizi. From his base camp on Cold Fish Lake, his hunters travel by horse to tent camps in the surrounding mountains. To the west and south of base camp, high valleys reach up into the Eaglenest Range—sheep country. To the north and east, a rolling and windswept plateau drops away to the valley of the Stikine: here lower slopes are timbered, tops are bare and open tundra and the hunting is for moose and caribou.

We set out with our packtrain to the northwest, down the valley in which Cold Fish Lake lies—the sheep mountains to our left, the moose-caribou country to our right. My guide—a bearded Tahltan Indian named Charles Quock—told stories of his 45 years in the raw wilderness. His smile was happiest when he recounted successful kills, and he proved his sharp instincts and keen skills right from the start of our hunt.

The timber and tundra of the Spatsizi plateau is rich in game. The moose were in the rut: the bulls grunting and the cows bawling, all of them gone a little loco with sex. Above timberline, out on the bare plateau tops at 5,500 feet, the caribou were herding up by the hundreds: the bulls sparring with their reindeer antlers, the cows lolling in the snow, all of them distracted by the annual mating. At night during this season the howling wolves sing of easy kills.

Hunter and guide can travel almost anywhere in this plateau country without ever getting out of the saddle. Yes, it gets freezing cold, and snowy, and wet with rain and sleet; muscles grow sore after many hours on horseback.

Our sheep camp was at 5,000 feet, and the peaks around us reached up to 7,500, with steep rock slides and sheer outcroppings. Three hunters—with guides, cook and horse wrangler—were already there. Two of the men had taken their rams . . . and had worked hard for them. After the evening meal we chatted by the campfire in the chill of a hazy sunset. One of the hunters suddenly pointed to the crest of a low ridge across the valley to the west. There—up a slope that a horse could climb—stood a ram silhouetted on the skyline! It was exactly like my long-familiar picture.

We studied the ram with binocular and spotting scope. "Just a curious young one," was the verdict. But, to me, the head of horns looked huge. Would Charles and I just ride up there the next morning, and *bang*? The Indian never said more than he had to. His arm swept up along the ridge lines and he pointed to the nearest high peak: "We hunt on top, for the big rams."

In the first light of the morning only the white-canvas tents showed up clearly in the camp, which was in sparse spruce-and-balsam timber on the east side of Cullivan Creek. In the deep valley the shadow of the mountains would last until later in the day. But the sky light was already coloring the reddish buckbrush and deep-green timber on the western slopes. The gleam of yellowed grasses and white snow patches contrasted brilliantly against the gray rocks and shale of the slopes and peaks.

By mid morning Charles and I had ridden our horses to a pocket above timberline. By lashing rope around a boulder, he was able to tie the mounts securely—and this was the last we saw of them until dusk. We began climbing. Within an hour I knew with painful certainty that I was now sheep hunting. My leg muscles said *no-no-no* to every foot of elevation, and my lungs scoffed at what I demanded of them. Even 40 flights of stairs would have been child's play by comparison. Because of the steep grade, I could not even see the mountaintop to reassure myself that we were making progress.

The Indian climbed on and on. *There is no way to go but up,* I reminded myself. In less than two hours we were on top—where a different kind of agony began. The cold wind turned tired sweat to dampness. A mountaintop is not the smooth platform it may appear to be from a mile away—there were rocky breaks to cross, step by step, on legs that felt like they were made of sponge rubber. But there was an exhilaration, too. The mountain was all safely below us, there was no more *up*. Now, finally, we had an edge on the game—the sheep, if they were there, would be *below* us.

And they were. While we ate our sandwich lunch, we peered down at four rams on a bluff 300 yards away, and with our spotting scope measured them carefully. They were lying down but completely alert, like sentries. Two younger rams with barely three quarters of a curl to their horns watched the higher rocks. An older ram with full-curl horns studied the lower slopes as it chewed its cud. The fourth ram was much older, with very heavy but badly broomed horns, and it was obviously the leader of this little band. Charles compared all the horns inch by inch, then shook the last drop of coffee out of his thermos cup and said, "No, not good enough."

These were the Stone sheep of the stories I had read so many times. They are among the least hunted of three kinds of sheep on the continent because their country is still the most remote. They range from the headwaters of the Stikine as far north and east as the British Columbia border. The Cassiars and Stone sheep are practically synonymous. The Stone's southern relative, the bighorn sheep, lives in the hundreds of miles of mountains that stretch down into Mexico, and its closer relative, the Dall or white sheep, travels the Canadian and Alaskan mountains to the north.

[*Continued on page* 66]

Too Good To Be TRUE

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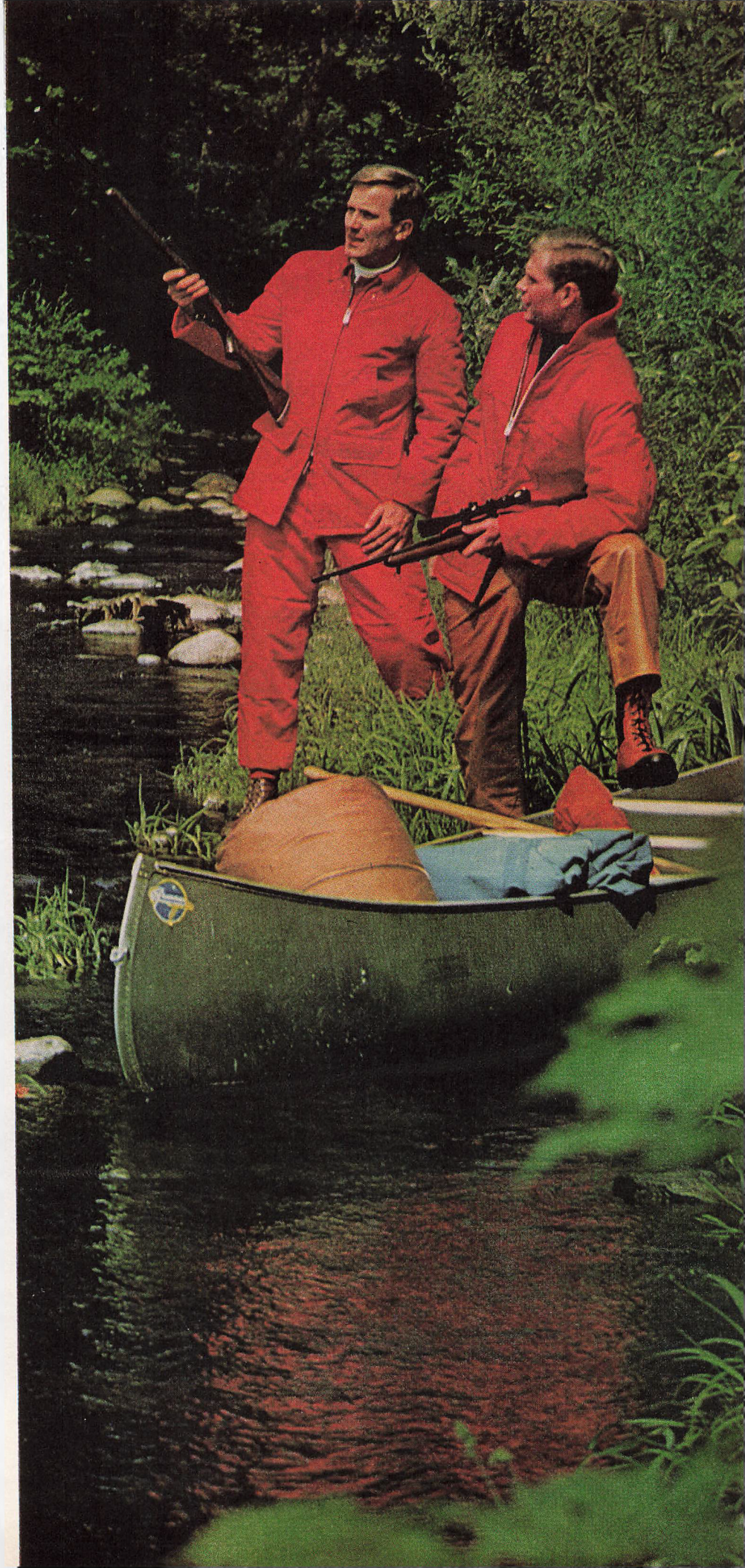
PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALAN FONTAINE

hunters, how do you travel?

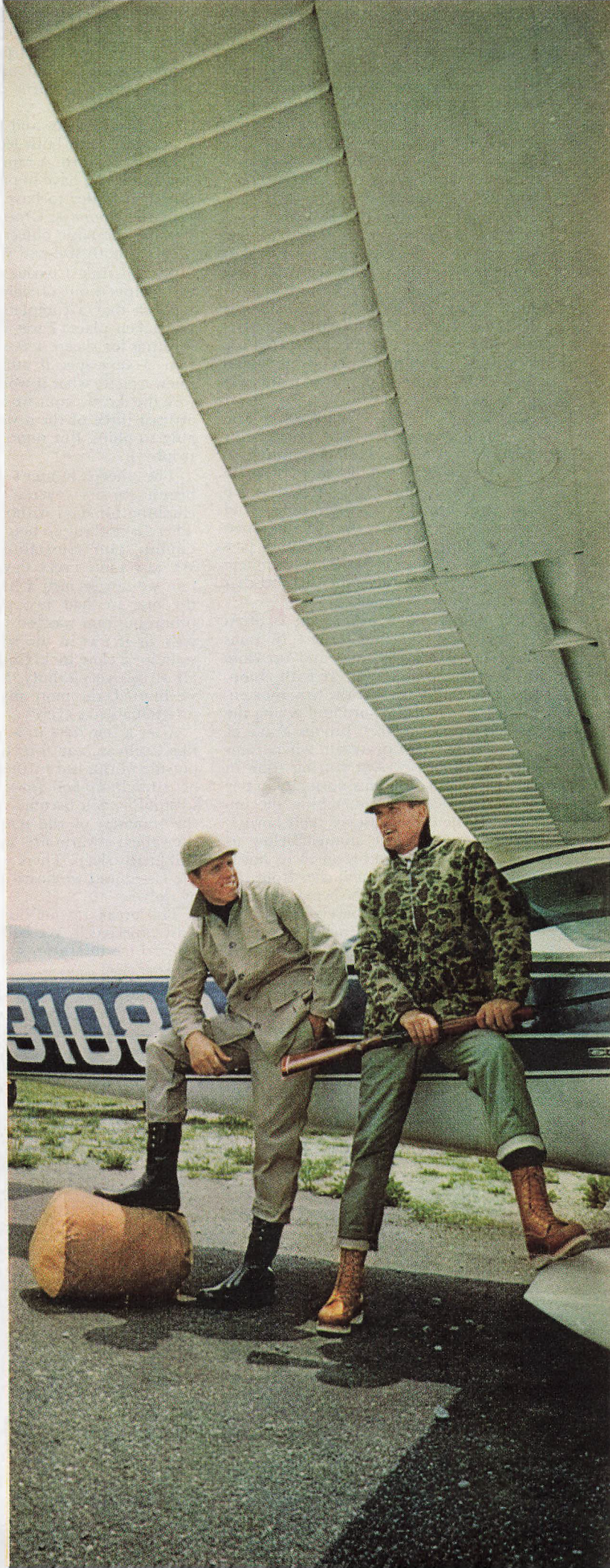
Jeeps, canoes, packhorses and airplanes transport today's outdoorsmen into remote game areas as never before. Mobility is the name of the sport –fly in, fly out and don't let the country stop you

Hunter far left wears wool shirt by Pendleton, $16; split cowhide trousers, by Robert Lewis, $40; and low-cut Dingo boots, $12.99. Man holding dog wears Explorer shirt by Woolrich, $14.95; plaid wool slacks by Miller, $12, and Hawkeye boots by Acme, $16.99. Their transportation is a four-wheel drive Kaiser Jeepster. Hunter at far right wears Byhorn insulated coat, $29.95 and Brush Helper hunting pants, $16.95, both by Red Head. His boots are Litentuf Subzero Pacs by B. F. Goodrich, $13. He holds Ruger No. 1 single-shot rifle, $265, fitted with zoom-power Super Marksman 3X-9X riflescope by Tasco, $39.95. Companion wears Ted Williams jacket, $24, and pants, $16, by Sears, Roebuck. His rifle is Safari-grade bolt-action .300 caliber Browning, $229.50, with 2X-7X variable riflescope also by Browning. Canoe is 15-foot standard-weight aluminum model by Grumman Boats, $225.



Clothes are as important to the traveling hunter as to the leisurely tourist—and the right gear can make both traveling and hunting easy, comfortable and successful

hunter far right wears Wildfowler jacket by Red Head, $29.95; Hawkeye boots, $22.99; deluxe hunting pants, $17.95, and cap, $3.50, both by Game Winner. He holds Winchester model 1400 automatic field gun, (12, 16, or 20 gauge) $144.95. Companion wears heavy duck-faced pants, $17.95, coat with corduroy collar, $26.95, and cap, $3.50, all by Game Winner. His Calhoun model boots are by Red Ball, $15.95. Vantage sleeping bag is by H. Wenzel, $49. Opposite page. Cowboy at far left wears permanent-press shirt, $4.99, and pants, $5.99, both by Big Yank; Paladin-style hat by Knox, $18. He holds Sako Finnbear "Sporter," .270 caliber, $220.30, with 4X-12X variable riflescope by Redfield, $124.95. Other man wears preshrunk Levi's—jacket, $7.50, trousers, $5.25; Boulder Vibram boots by Browning, $32.95. He is holding a 350 Remington 600 magnum rifle in .350 caliber, $144.95, with All-American 2½X riflescope by Lyman, $42.50. Tent by Hettrick, $29.95.



[*Continued from page* 60]

The rams we watched had the dark brown and gray coloring typical of Stone sheep. (The name derives from A. J. Stone, the Canadian naturalist who first studied the species in the 1890's.) Like its relatives, the Stone is a stocky animal, usually weighing slightly more than 200 pounds at maturity.

Compact is really an even better word to describe the mountain sheep. A Stone ram carries its weight in a body that is about five feet long. The legs are short and solid, and the animal stands slightly more than three feet high at the shoulders. With this low center of gravity and rubbery pads on its hoofs, a ram is a wizard at climbing rocky heights and steep slides—and crags that can literally kill a human hunter.

Even to its magnificent horns, the ram is a compact creature. The horns grow from the top of the skull, beginning in heavy bases that can be more that 15 inches in circumference. They sweep back and out, then curve down and around to the jaw line, circling and tapering back up to tips that sometimes pass the ridge of the nose. This complete circle of the older ram is the full curl that the trophy hunter seeks.

But nature's compact design is often the frustration of the hunter. In rams whose horns grow around and up close to the eyes, the tips interfere with vision. The ram tends to rub off the tips, shortening the length of the horn and giving the tips the look of a worn broom. Some of this "brooming" can result when rams fight over their ewes at rutting time in midwinter, but the rams normally batter each other head-to-head, taking the impact near the heavy bases of their horns.

The oldest ram we studied below us during our lunch had broomed its horns off at least three or four inches from the tips. The bases were very heavy, but the curl of the horns were barely full. They might have measured 35 inches from base to tip around the outside of the curl. The second ram was a sharp-tipped full curl that probably would have measured 36 inches, but the horns were slender by comparison.

All that Charles and I had to do was find a ram with both length of curl and thickness of horn. A ram somewhere near 40 inches. You have to press for this much length in order to have a chance to get into the *Boone & Crocket* record book, because the basic object of the measurements is both size and symmetry.

By the time Charles and I had carefully slipped out of sight of the sheep, I realized that a complete transformation had taken place. I was no longer simply hunting for sheep. I was hunting for *my* ram, a very special animal, and I now knew exactly what it would look like. Before the day was out we saw 24 rams, and at least three of them were almost-shootable trophies. But none of them was my trophy.

The sheep hunter's frustration had begun. In its severest form it means climbing for days without seeing a ram. There is nothing so bare as a bare mountaintop. Our frustration was different. We saw rams every day. But each new ram we saw seemed a little smaller than the one we had just passed up. Or a promising ram was too far away across a pass, or it was in the wrong position to stalk for a close look. Charles Quock took all of this very calmly. Not I. The more we hunted, the more my ram seemed as unattainable as ever.

After a few days in a mountain valley like Cullivan, you forget that there is an outside world. But by the end of each day of straight-up-and-down climbing and scrambling you become very conscious of the comforts of the tent camp back in the valley: a warm fire, whisky, food, talk and finally sleep. There were nights when the last sound we heard was the howling of wolves.

The break in our hunt came when I least expected it. We had crawled out on a sharp mountaintop spur to get a good look at the rocks below. From this perch we spotted three rams only 200 yards below us. When they came into focus in my binocular, I took a deep breath, gasped a little and said *wow!* The exclamation was loud enough so that the Indian jabbed me with his elbow. But his attention was caught by something else, and I was puzzled at first when he turned his binocular on the slides of a pass in the far distance, well over a mile away.

Charles said nothing at all. This was exasperating. At least one of the rams below us looked tremendous to me—36, 37 inches, maybe more than that. But the guide was making other measurements. He set up the spotting scope, and then, finally, he counted in a whisper: ". . .four, five, six." He was watching a band of six rams, one very big. It was uncanny the way this man picked out game—with the naked eye, or binocular or spotting scope. Even though his manner now easily convinced me that the sheep below were not for us, I muttered a quiet curse. It would have been a perfect shot, and I would remember it again and again when we climbed during the days that followed.

We stood up, crouched over to keep low and out of sight of the nearby sheep, and headed back toward the top of the mountain. As I turned my bent head to look down the steep shale slide to my right, I caught sight of an eagle barely 50 feet above us. It glided down along the mountainside, motionless except for the slightest side-to-side movement of its head and the faintest flexing of the feathers at its wing tips. Then the bird was gone as suddenly as it came, the silence of the peaks undisturbed by its passing. I paused momentarily to marvel at the sight, but the Tahltan did not slow his step. The eagle, the wolf, the grizzly are simply fellow hunters to a man whose people have always lived by hunting. And now Charles was completely absorbed with the rams up the valley.

When we moved off from the three rams we were careful not to spook them. The band of six rams we had seen across the pass were so far away that they were only brown and gray specks, even through a 25-power spotting scope. But to have alarmed the three sheep into flight could have meant spooking the bigger band in turn. Sharp-eyed and always wary, rams will run at the sight of other sheep fleeing danger.

Charles wanted to follow up this larger band and at least get a closer look. He was convinced there were two big rams in the group, one of them very big.

The Stone has also been called the black sheep, in contrast to the pure-white Dall of farther north. The rams we were watching varied in color from medium brown, to dark brown and gray, to a near-black. The only coloring that did not vary was the bright white of the rump patch. Seeing rams against the slatey gray of the shale slides, I had been having difficulty singling out individual sheep even at closer ranges. But Charles was now talking about inches of horn, from a distance of over a mile.

When we had worked our way along the mountaintop to a point above the pass and diagonally across from the band

TRUE

"I wish I had somebody else's record to stand on."

of rams, we sat down for more glassing. The sheep were feeding leisurely along the precipitous slides and sheer rock outcroppings. By directing my untrained eye to this boulder and that snow patch, Charles finally pinpointed the biggest ram for me. But how big? How much horn?

"The ram is big," says Charles. Period. It took me a while to realize it, but the northern Indian is not simply close-mouthed by nature. While he is shy with strangers, what there was of this in Charles Quock disappeared day by day, campfire by campfire. But, in fact, the short Tahltan sentence is more a matter of language. For one thing, a man speaking in another man's tongue will use it in its simplest terms. And, from what I can tell of it, the mountain Indian's language is a simple system to begin with —skipping the embellishments and fine distinctions of the outside world.

If the ram is big, well then, the ram is big.

To my eye, we could ease down into the pass away from the sheep, and then up and along the mountainside above

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

them. But Charles saw outcroppings and steeps that I could not measure. He calculated that it would be dark before we reached the band, even if they didn't travel far or see us during our stalk. Today was not the day for these sheep, he concluded. "Better we leave alone—they will wait for us," Charles assured me.

To this point we had been pressing our luck considerably by passing up trophies. Now our gamble was rewarded by the band of rams up the valley. But we still ran the risk of a bad break in the weather. A severe snowstorm would slow down, perhaps even block, our hunting; and a storm could also scatter the rams.

Long before first light the next morning I woke to the sound of heavy rain on the tent roof. I stirred several times during the hours before dawn, and by daybreak I was wide awake and wondering if the rainstorm might mean a radical change in the weather. A balmy wind was blowing and great banks of fog hung low on the peaks.

It was wet going as we rode up the valley through the rain-soaked brush. The rain slacked off by midmorning and the wind grew colder, moving the clouds of fog back and forth like curtains. When we got well into the head of the valley we stopped and began glassing the slopes for our band of rams. The valley was absolutely quiet, and in the stillness the only sound was the pattering of the rain.

We looked hard and long, trying to peer through the whirling mists. Finally the cloak of fog was swept off a high rocky spur, and we saw a lone sentinel ram perched on the skyline. We quickly moved out of sight of the sentinel, tied our horses, and paused to take stock. Because of the fog, we faced the risk of climbing right up into the midst of the rams and spooking them out of the valley.

But Charles believed the fog would continue to lift and pointed out a shallow draw that would keep us out of sight of the spur. We had to gamble that the rams were on the spur and that if they moved they would move away from us. About 1,500 feet above us there was a bluff that faced the spur across a small basin. Climbing the draw took almost two hours, and when we crawled over the last few feet of gravel and wet snow to look into the basin, we held our breaths.

A young ram stood out in the open, feeding. A thousand yards away five of our six rams were grazing on the grassy patches of the spur, just barely visible in the thinning mist. Suddenly the young ram made a quick dash. Had the sheep winded or heard us? Our gamble was lost if it had—the ram would likely spook the rest of the band. But the ram stopped, fed a little, then disappeared down the next draw. We hugged the ground and

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lay still for the next 15 minutes, just waiting.

The rest of the day was a long, numbing wait. We worked our way along the slope and up to a point just below the top of the bluff. It had grown colder and windier as we climbed, and here at nearly 7,000 feet the temperature was in the 20's. Snow flew, and wisps of mist brushed the spur.

There was no way to approach the rams. They would have to move down into the next basin before we could stalk them. The band spent a leisurely afternoon. They climbed on the bare, jagged rocks along the skyline. They grazed on lichens and the small grass patches of the mountain top. They lay chewing their cuds. Through the spotting scope we studied the biggest ram in detail, but we could do absolutely nothing about the trophy. The sheep weren't going anywhere.

In low tones we talked—about hunting, about the Cassiar country, about life out in a citified world that puzzled Charles Quock. The Indian had never been out of this country: my descriptions of Manhattan might just as well have been of another planet.

Finally, at 4 o'clock, we left our rams. At 6 we were back on our horses, still stiff and unwarmed after the steep descent. At camp we fed on fried liver and baked ribs from a sheep one of the other hunters had killed. The meat was delicious, but I ate with little appetite. For me there had been something ominous about the casual ease of the rams—as though they were resting up for a long trek into some far valley. Not so for Charles: "Tomorrow they be there, Bert."

Tomorrow was a completely different kind of day—blue skies, bright sun and summerlike warmth. The thick buckbrush was drying out as we rode up the valley, and raking against our boots and horses it gave off clouds of pollenlike dust that stung the nose and eyes.

When we left our horses at the head of the valley I carried only the down liner of my jacket, climbing in my shirt-sleeves. It was still hot work as we headed up the base of the spur, angling around the backside of the rocks. Charles expected that the rams had moved over the spur later the day before, but we saw no sign of them above us.

Halfway up we found fresh tracks in the loose scree—the rams had come down during the night. When we reached the bare-rock base of the spur we edged around and glassed the basin for a long while. No sheep. The rams had either gone on over the mountain—or back up on top of the spur. We were in a bad position to climb the side of the spur—the shifting breeze would be coming from behind us. The end point of the spur was an ascent for pitons and ropes.

We decided to play a game with the breeze. We climbed straight up the side of the spur—500 feet of elevation so steep that we were on our hands and knees much of the time. This was no switchback trail. We went up, up, up. Without a pause. If the sheep were on top of the rocks, we had to get to them at the same time they got our wind. With my rifle sling tight across my back, I grasped for breath and lunged from one handhold to the next, dodging stones that Charles kicked loose above me.

The Indian was certain that the rams were above us. Already winded, I now wondered with alarm whether I would be able to shoot well, or at all, once we got up on top.

In 15 minutes we reached a gravel wash just below a notch in the rocks. Charles stopped. When I came up next to him, he clamped a hand on my shoulder, holding me back. Then Charles made a dash up into the notch. He was out of sight in seconds. Just as quickly he was back in the opening, and I was scrambling to get up to him.

"Second from the front!" Charles repeated his order. I stood bewildered for an instant. I had my rifle ready now, but all I could see at first was a lone ram silhouetted on another skyline, much higher up. I could hear my pulse ticking away the seconds. *Where? What? How?*

The Indian had run right into the rams out on the small, grassy platform in front of us. He was only 25 paces away when they saw him, stood up, and then started down off the spur. When I reached the platform the rams were strung out in a line crossing a shale slide 50 feet below us and 200 yards out. They were heading almost straight away from us.

"Second from the lead!" Now the order from Charles made sense. I knelt to shoot and in my scope I picked out the biggest ram easily. The sheep were moving at only a fast walk, but bright sunlight from the skyline flashed in my sight. I centered the crosshairs in the white rump patch—*steady*—and fired.

The animal spun around at the impact of the .30-06, then stumbled down the slide. Now the ram stood facing me at a slight angle. This time I shot for the neck just ahead of the shoulder. The ram dropped to its knees and tumbled in a sprawling roll 50 yards down the slide. "Dead!" I cried, and I could still hear the echo and ringing of the report in my ears.

I stretched out full-length on the ground and the mountain felt like it belonged to me. Charles Quock grinned a smile I will remember as long as I live. There, down on the slide, was my ram. I breathed easily, luxuriously. I lit a pipeful of tobacco—and that pipe had never ever tasted so sweet before.

When we reached my ram, we measured out the inches of horn like a treasure of gold pieces. The tape stretched 38½ inches around the curl, 14 inches around the base. Months later I would get an official taxidermist measurement of 160 points—just five short of the record book.

But at that moment—when Charles and I put the tape on *my* ram—any exceptional total of inches would have given me the same thrill and satisfaction. From that happy moment on—and even if I never stalk this magnificent animal again—I was a sheep hunter.

—Norbert R. Darga

TRUE

"But I gave you all that information at yesterday's accident!"

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Wake-up services—for a fee, they rouse you in the morning by telephone—are merely the modernized version of a practice that began 150 years ago. The "knocker-up" of north English cities in the early 1800's did a brisk business. His clients were the Industrial Revolution's wage slaves. When factory bells rang each morning at 5:30, the sound might not reach heavy sleepers in the workers' houses. An overslept hand arriving for the 6 o'clock start more than five minutes late would find the gate shut in his face, and have to wait for admission until the 8:30 breakfast break, thus losing a quarter of his 12-hour-day's wages. Hence the knocker-up, a private enterpriser serving as many as 100 customers. Despite his name, he didn't knock on doors; he hurried through the streets in the predawn darkness holding the tool of his trade—a long wand like a fishing pole with a spray of wires at the top. These he rattled against second-floor bedroom windows. Extra-heavy sleepers provided a cord which dangled through the slightly opened window; the knocker-up's jerk pulled a thread knotted around the sleeper's big toe. The knocker-up charged twopence per week, equal to about five cents in our money. His trade died—until revived by modern telephone companies—in the latter 1800's, from two causes. Alarm clocks became cheap enough for workers to buy, and a 10-hour working day didn't begin until 8 a.m. when everybody was up anyway.

Bathing in champagne rates as both the rarest and costliest form of self-dunking. It is also healthful, though that was not the reason why two female bathers made social history with alcoholic bubble baths. When Cora Pearl, toast of mid-19th-century Paris, received a silver bathtub from a rich admirer, she had it filled with champagne and sported in it before friends. She wore the voluminous bathing dress of that era, but the respectable world gasped in horror: how wicked could one get? An answer, of sorts, came only a generation ago. At a gala party staged by New York theatrical producer Earl Carroll, a nude show girl sat in a bathtub—common white enamel from which guests imbibed champagne, or what passed as such, Prohibition being then in force. The scandal of it sent the theater man to jail and the show girl into nightclub bookings. Probably neither of the ladies got the real benefit of the champagne. Carbon dioxide—CO_2—bubbling from a carbonated fluid in which the body is immersed, apparently is absorbed through the skin, doctors find, slowing the pulse rate and lowering blood pressure while producing a pleasant stimulation. But for anybody who would like to try it, the same effect can be obtained much less expensively from soda water plain, or a dip in a fizzing mineral spa pool.

White blackbirds are a whim of nature that occasionally confuses bird watchers. For no known reason, any ordinary-looking bird can be born with inward lack of a certain chemical substance. When two such birds, male and female, meet and mate, their offspring turn out to be albinos—colorless except for red blood, and thus externally white. There are, now and then, white crows; best known are white robins, though identifying a white bird's species by appearance isn't easy. The opportunity, moreover, comes seldom, for probably few albino birds grow to maturity. Their whiteness is too conspicuous; their blood-revealing pink eyes, like those of human albinos, presumably are weak; like white cats, they may tend to be deaf. A bird that is hard of hearing and can't see well doesn't have much chance of eluding animal predators . . . or human collectors.

The most unabashed striptease dance performed anywhere today probably is one that takes place in a little-known region of Rio de Oro, bordering the western Sahara desert. Life is hard in that sparse land for the Ouled Tidrarin, a nomadic sheepherding people of Moorish descent. If a year of abundant pasturage lets them come out a little ahead, they celebrate. Outside their camps, unmarried young men and women form two facing lines a little distance apart. A man dances forward and puts down a gift—sugar, tea, perfume, a trinket or other benefit obtained in trade from the year's surplus—and then returns to his line. A girl who wants the gift dances out, lets her clothing fall to the ground, and goes nude to pick up the gift and resume her place. Another man comes forward with his offering, and another girl responds. With each successive disrobing, the men's excitement mounts. At last the gift exchange is completed, restraint is cast off with the clothing, and nature takes over in a finale that no western striptease burlesque show may yet duplicate. *By Lou Ruppelt, Madison, Wis.*

Playful animals discovered coasting long before man made a sport of it. Otters take advantage of winter snow and summer mud on sloping stream banks, and go happily bellysliding down. Polar bear cubs, frequently joined by their mother, likewise coast on arctic snowdrifts. Less well-known is an animal version of "shooting the chutes" on water. A humming bird was seen to nestle down on a rivulet trickling across a lawn from a faucet, ride the current till it slowed, then fly back repeatedly for more rides. Eider ducks in Iceland found an ebb-tide current swirling around a sandspit; they bobbed along on it to the outer side, then landed and walked across the sandspit—sometimes running, in haste—to plop in and enjoy the trip again. Biologists are coming to believe that animals have more fun than humans suspect.

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GERMS AND GAS: THE WAR THE WORLD IS READY FOR

[*Continued from page* 37]

world's stockpiles that has stimulated the scientists' strident pressure on the White House. Haunted by the fear that large-scale operations could have a snowballing effect in the elements of man's environment, they believe the United States is setting a dangerous example in Viet Nam.

Unlike nuclear munitions, whose high cost limits their ownership, CBW weapons are so cheap that any country could use them. "They're the poor man's atom bomb," says Columbia University's Professor Seymour Melman. "And by using chemical weapons in Viet Nam, America is setting a standard that can be imitated by smaller nations.

"Because of this, the probability of a biological attack is far greater than it was. These are weapons of desperation, and there is an enormous danger of people in small countries being in a situation of desperation—the North Vietnamese, for example, if the United States ever invaded.

"The result could be catastrophic, not merely in terms of escalating war, but in the reaction of nature—a world plague, for example, for which there is no medication. The R Factor in bacteria—which gives resistance to antibiotics—has now been found to be contagious. Organisms that can be treated with medicine today may not always respond in the future."

The fear of escalation in the use of these weapons by smaller nations has been heightened vividly by Red Cross reports of Egyptian poison gas attacks on mountain communities in Yemen, where the United Arab Republic has been intervening heavily in a civil war. A Red Cross team, following up a raid made by UAR bombers on the remote village of Gahar on May 10 of this year, found evidence that 75 people and about 200 domestic animals had been killed by gas. Other reports from other attacks indicate that the toll from the deadly palls of vapor the bombers leave behind has now run into the hundreds. The gases used were said to be of both mustard and nerve type. Although Cairo has denied the use of gas, in June the Israelis captured an Egyptian gas machine during the Middle East War.

As scientists see it, the step from using poison gas to trying the more effective agents in the biological armory is not a great one. They are by no means alone in their concern that some aspiring conqueror will take it.

In 1960 a report published by the Senate Committee on Science and Astronautics warned that, with the use of these weapons, "attainable at moderate cost to any nation on earth . . . a very powerful nation . . . could be toppled by a latter day David or a smaller nation by quiet sustained effort. . . ." A study prepared for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee took a similar line, stating the view of "many students of warfare" that these agents "constitute a serious future threat to our national security. Some even believe that the magnitude of this threat approaches that of the nuclear weapon."

Seen against these somber predictions, the Army's use of chemicals in Viet Nam, where napalm bombing and Viet Cong atrocities are regular features, seems restrained. So far, according to government statements, U.S. troops have used nothing stronger than the kind of tear gas employed for riot control by the police.

But the issue is not quite so simple as it appears, because the line between what Secretary of State Dean Rusk has described as "military" chemical weapons which have not been authorized for use in Southeast Asia—and "civilian" weapons is very narrow. "You can use a nonlethal weapon lethally," asserts Harvard's biology Prof. Matthew Meselson, one of the architects of the scientists' petition to the President. "In Viet Nam, there have been massive tear-gas raids followed by antipersonnel bombing with B-52's."

The point of separation does not truly hinge on the word "lethal," even though it is employed as a distinction by government spokesmen. In February, for example, Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance testified before the Disarmament Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "It is clearly our policy," he said, "not to initiate the use of lethal chemicals or lethal biologicals."

Many CBW agents, however, are not lethal. Rift Valley fever rarely kills. The gases that merely paralyze or disorient are claimed to permit complete recovery.

But it is because of the scope for argument about the morality of using any CBW weapon that the campaigning scientists want all such materials, except for jungle defoliants, banned in Viet Nam.

The Army usually has employed the three nonlethal gases it has used in Viet Nam in actions where the Viet Cong were intermingled with civilians. One occasion, which inspired a worldwide scream of protest when it was reported two months later, was on January 27, 1965.

Troops of the First Cavalry Division surrounded a village in Phu Yen Province where American prisoners were reported held. Enemy guerrillas in the village were using civilians as human shields during the firing. It was obvious that an attack with traditional weapons would kill a lot of people in addition to the Viet Cong. So a tear-gas raid by an Army helicopter was ordered.

In fact, there were no American prisoners, but the moral indignation aroused by this use of gas, even though it was nonlethal, made the Administration nervous. As a technique of war, it had emotional links with the first chlorine gas attacks of World War I. As a result, U.S. field commanders in Viet Nam were ordered to act with extreme caution.

Then, on a September Sunday six months later, Lt. Col. L. N. Utter, commander of the Second Battalion of the Seventh Marine Regiment, faced the problem of clearing enemy guerrillas from an elaborate network of tunnels in the Quinhon area—a problem enormously heightened by the knowledge that hundreds of women and children were concealed with the Viet Cong.

The colonel decided to use tear gas. Marines checked the draft direction of the various tunnel entrances, then threw in 48 canisters of gas—each about the size of a beer can.

Nearly 400 women and children and 50 Viet Cong emerged, as one press report described it, "weeping and sniffling but otherwise unharmed." By contrast,

TRUE

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66 people were killed later when U.S. troops used high explosives to clear a tunnel near Chulai airfield.

Colonel Utter was placed under investigation for using the gas without proper authorization. Meanwhile, Gen. W. C. Westmoreland, the commander of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, while engaging in a behind-the-scenes conflict with the Defense Department, insisted that for all its emotional significance gas was by far the most humane way of handling the Viet Cong when they were encountered among villagers.

By October, Westmoreland had won top-level concession to this viewpoint. He soon announced that "there would be no disciplinary action against the Marine officer who chose to use tear gas rather than lethal flame throwers . . . to remove women and children from Viet Cong tunnels." On the general's specific authorization, paratroops used gas in the "Iron Triangle," a Viet Cong stronghold 35 miles northwest of Saigon.

Since then, the Administration has stood stoutly by its decision on gas, asserting that the nonlethal agents cannot be compared with poison gases—a view fiercely contested by scientists.

Technically all three gases released for use in Viet Nam are in the antiriot class. In the case of two of them—Agent CS and the stronger Agent CN—there can be little argument. Their effects last for only a few minutes, and except in heavy concentration, when they also induce vomiting, they cause nothing worse than choking, stinging eyes, itching, severe headaches, dizziness and nausea.

However, the third gas—Adamsite, coded by the Army as Agent DM—is in a different category. It induces vomiting, coughing, sneezing and pain in the chest in its victims for 30 minutes to five hours. Its main military appeal is that with its longer duration it immobilizes far more effectively than do the other two agents. But it has to be dispensed with care and an Army technical manual warns that it should not be used in operations "where deaths are not acceptable."

It is the existence of four other gases, standardized by the Army, that particularly concerns the government's critics. Although they have not been approved for use in Viet Nam, the war poses many problems that could be solved with these CBW weapons. Three of the gases are highly lethal. One, listed as a blister agent, is a purified version of the mustard gas that caused so much damage in World War I. Two are nerve gases. The fourth is an incapacitating agent.

The nerve agents have revolutionized the whole concept of gas warfare primarily because such small quantities produce death. A droplet the size of a pinhead can kill a man in upwards of a minute. To achieve the same result with mustard gas would require seventy-five times as much. It is in liquid form that one of the Army's gases—so secret that it is known only by the coded letters VX—has its most deadly effect. Converting fast from gas to liquid, it smears both ground and equipment, as well as the interiors of buildings, and retains its power to kill for several hours.

The nerve agents are both invisible and odorless, with the result that victims are rarely conscious of an attack until too late. Masks are only a partial defense, for these agents can be absorbed through the skin almost as easily as through the nostrils. While the blister gases achieve their results by chemical burning, the nerve agents destroy the coordination of the muscles, especially those used in breathing.

What begins then with a streaming nose and a tightening across the chest develops into gasping for breath, fading of the eyesight, heavy sweating and nausea. As the attack continues, the victim involuntarily urinates and defecates, his body jerks in convulsions, his head drops, his mind becomes confused in semidelirium. At last, still twitching violently, he sinks into a coma and dies.

According to Brig. Gen. J. H. Rothschild, formerly head of the Army Chemical Corps and Research and Development Command, now retired, the death is not so agonizing as it sounds. "Though a person under the effects of a nerve gas looks as though he is suffering greatly," he wrote in his book *Tomorrow's Weapons*, "men who have been accidentally exposed to them, and have recovered, say that they do not remember suffering at all."

Although the nerve gases attack through the skin, a man need not be defenseless. There is an antidote in the form of a chemical called atropine that specialists have been using for years in examining eyes. Atropine has been found to neutralize the effect of the nerve agents. But it has to be administered fast—usually by self-injection. The time limit is between one and five minutes after the attack has started.

Tabun, the first of the nerve gases, was discovered by Dr. Gerhard Schrader, a research chemist in the laboratories of the giant German I.G. Farbenindustrie. Searching for a product that would kill insects without causing other damage, he was working with organic phosphate compounds that in only a very narrow range are highly toxic to man and other mammals. Schrader stumbled on a chemical compound in the poisonous group, although he did not realize his discovery until he ran routine tests on mice. The results revealed the immense lethal potential he had uncovered. He did, of course, get his insecticide, but he also had Tabun. Many of the postwar pest-control products, such as Parathion and Tepp, destroy insects in much the way the nerve gases kill human beings.

The German army built up big stocks of Tabun, which at the time was infinitely superior to any gases possessed by the Allies. Hitler is reported to have ordered its use on the Normandy beachhead, but to have canceled the order on being assured that his Panzer tanks could repel the invasion.

At the end of the war the Red Army removed the Tabun plant, together with all stocks, to Russia. Since then, it has become the Soviet's standard nerve gas. The United States, working from German research reports, adopted Sarin, a gas four times as toxic as Tabun.

Because weather conditions are usually vital in chemical and biological attack, a whole art of warfare has been developed around meteorological studies at experimental areas such as the Dugway proving ground in Utah. Gases and disease germs can be delivered in shells, bombs, rockets, land mines and the warheads of missiles. They can be sprayed from land vehicles, submarines, fumigating machines—one type in Viet Nam, known as "the Mighty Mite," can blow smoke or gas at 185 mph.—and aircraft.

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The fact that, in Viet Nam, the United States now has 18 planes equipped for spraying is a source of concern to scientific critics. Although these aircraft have been used so far only for spraying weed killer in defoliation operations, their role could be switched easily to more lethal products.

Wind is important in a CBW attack because it controls direction of the "chemical cloud"—a term that is misleading because the cloud is invisible. But thermal currents play a more vital role. A CBW attack can be effective in wind speeds up to 30 knots. Yet the worst type of weather for a chemical operation is a day when clouds cover less than a third of the sky, so that the sun is shining most of the time, with a breeze of less than five knots. It is then that turbulence and rising air currents, which tend to carry off the gas, are strongest.

In a branch of war in which timing is calculated in seconds, the planners also assess the physical state of the targets of an attack. Troops who are tired have more resistance to chemical assault than those who are rested. An exposure of 15 seconds is enough to cause great damage with certain gases against unmasked personnel—and under the best conditions it takes the average soldier nine seconds to mask.

The studies of gas attack have bred a CBW lobby which urges not only that these weapons are more efficient, but that they are more humane. "Why is it," asked General Rothschild in his book, "that we accept methods of war which will burn a man to death or blast off his limbs or part of his face . . . yet say that gas or biological warfare is unacceptable?" Dr. Clifford E. Rassweiler, a past president of the American Chemical Society and an adviser to the Pentagon, has demanded, "What's so terrible about germ warfare?" He went on to list its advantages, with those of gas, over other weapons: no fallout, no broken buildings, no mutilation, no drawn-out death agony and, for that matter, not necessarily any death.

In 1960 members of the Senate Committee for Science and Astronautics were impressed by the argument. In their report, they emphasized that the Battle for Iwo Jima in World War II cost 25,000 American casualties—of which 7,000 were fatal—and 21,000 Japanese lives. "With gas," they claimed, "the same result would have been obtained . . . but the airfield would have been intact and 25,000 American casualties would have been avoided."

It is for the "incaps" (incapacitating agents), known as psychochemicals and physiochemicals, that the advocates of CBW techniques have advanced their most insistent arguments. Portraying possibilities of a new form of warfare in which there was no killing, Chemical Corps officers claim that these gases immobilize the victims of attack, cause no pain and permit complete recovery.

In a vivid demonstration with a secret compound before the Science and Astronautics Committee, Fort Detrick officials once gassed various test animals including dogs. In less than a minute, the legs of the animals crumpled. They lay helpless, their eyes open and their hearts beating. Then a biologist gave some of them an antidote. The treated animals were on their feet within three minutes.

There was further explanation of the potential of the hallucinogenic drugs as war gases—products like mescaline, made from cactus, peilocin, derived from a mushroom, and inevitably LSD. The idea of transforming defending troops into the same mental state as "switched-on" Calfornian hippies has obvious appeal. A film of an experiment with a cat and a mouse in a cage was screened for the committee. The cat, preparing to kill the mouse, changed dramatically after an injection of LSD, its aggressive intention toward its natural prey replaced by terror of it.

The Army keeps a shroud of strict secrecy over the chemicals it has developed to produce both effects, but one of them is clearly among its standard seven gases. A military manual declares that the gas, coded as BZ, has "critical limitations" and that it causes "hallucinations . . . disorientation . . . giddiness . . . a slowing of physical and mental activity . . . and maniacal behavior (sometimes)."

Earlier this year, according to a story in the Washington *Star* that has not been confirmed by the Pentagon, the Army mounted an exercise at the Dugway proving ground with the gas. Soldier volunteers were put through routine military operations—firing weapons, standing guard, executing simple battlefield orders—while they were attacked with a BZ cloud. The gas, it was reported, put a number of them "out of action . . . and did it without harming a man."

One soldier, detailed as a guard, was approached by a stranger who said he did not know the password. "The guard," said the *Star*, "tried to remember what to do about it, couldn't, got tired of the whole problem and sat down and went to sleep."

The conception inspired by these "incap" gases of a war without death, in which whole populations of cities could be temporarily immobilized while occupying troops moved in without firing a gun, is mocked by critical scientists. "The idea that these drugs are harmless is a public-relations gimmick," commented microbiologist Dr. Issar Smith, of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York. "They just don't know."

However, a Manhattan psychiatrist, Dr. Sidney Malitz, considered this danger minimal. "People attacked with LSD, for example," he said, "would probably recover completely. It is repeated doses that cause the damage. But there might be prolonged psychiatric problems."

Criticisms that the "incap" gases are impractical as weapons because they are unpredictable, as is the case with LSD, are discounted in the Pentagon. A spokesman points out that military use would be concerned not with the effect of any of these gases on one person, but with trying to alter the behavior of many.

The moral issues surrounding the use of chemicals are complex, but they are small in comparison with those raised by the specter of germ warfare—even if the diseases induced are nonlethal. If death is the aim of a germ attack, the power that lies in a microbiologist's hands today is horrible in its enormity. By contrast, the lethal potential of the nerve gases is mild. A single fluid ounce of an aerosol cloud liquid, for example, could be infected with a trillion organisms of

tularemia, a disease often fatal to man, unless treated, if as little as 10 germs are inhaled. A grenade could contain enough of these "bugs" to kill hundreds of millions of people.

A biological attack is not, however, without problems. Organisms cannot be stockpiled for more than a few months, and in an aerosol cloud they die at the minimum rate of seven percent a minute. Even so, under suitable conditions, an infected cloud traveling 25 mph. would remain potent for nearly 400 miles. Since an estimated 30 percent of the people in the target area would contract the disease, its potential as a weapon is obviously overwhelming.

In a test of dispersion, an American destroyer steamed along the coast for 150 miles on a steady course. An aerosol impregnated with zinc cadmium sulphide—a harmless substance traceable because it is fluorescent under ultraviolet light—was streamed from tanks on the afterdeck into an onshore wind. The resulting cloud reached a distance of 450 miles inland and covered an area of 34,000 square miles.

The biological warfare specialists are ingenious, and their techniques are developing. An impregnated aerosol is not the only form in which disease germs can be packed for delivery. Masses of mosquitoes infected with yellow fever could be shot in by missile. Even wild birds could be contaminated. In 1965, at Dugway, sparrow hawks, black-billed magpies and pigeons were infected with Rocky Mountain fever germs. The experiment proved that certain birds had "the potential of providing infective blood meals for feeding ticks. . . ." The ticks would spread the disease in humans.

To forestall immediate recognition of disease-bearing microorganisms, and rapid treatment of the people infected by them, their characteristics can be altered by breeding. They can be camouflaged by the removal of key features to foil laboratory analysis. They can even be made resistant to antibiotics.

Another line of research concerns the portal of entry through which a disease germ attacks the body. If it is the usual one, the body's resistance is high. If it is unusual, the defense mechanism is reduced. Anthrax, for example, is normally contracted through breaks in the skin, but natural resistance is so high that the disease is rare in man. Yet anthrax in-

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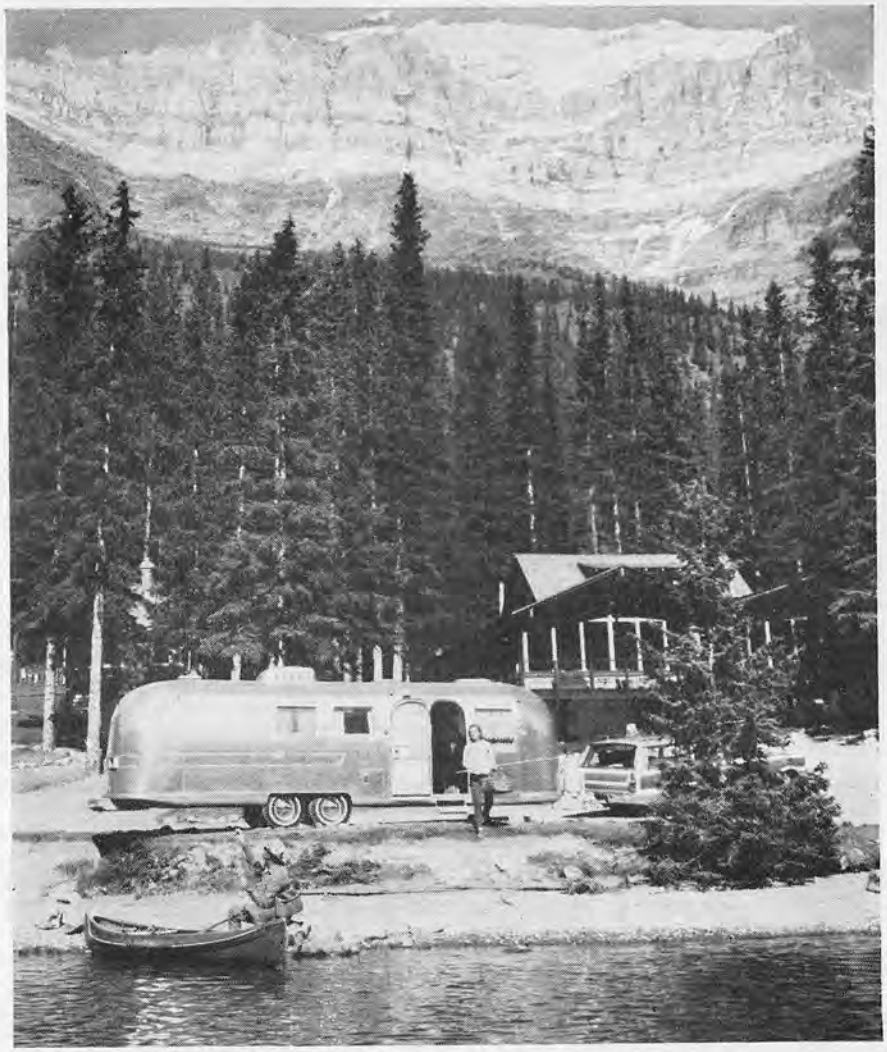

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haled in an aerosol would have an estimated mortality rate of 80 percent unless treated early.

Because the efforts of most scientists are directed at preventing disease, it is not strange that some of them feel the study of how to spread it is unethical. "This kind of biological engineering," says microbiologist Dr. David Dubnau, who has recently helped to form the Committee for Academic Integrity, "is a prostitution of our science." Clearly the men and women who are working at Fort Detrick, often in some danger, do not feel the same way because much of the knowledge they are discovering also has peacetime applications. "I can only think of one geneticist who has left us," commented a CBW official in the Pentagon, "and that was for personal reasons."

The number of organisms suitable for a biological attack on man, animals or plants is large. The Army Chemical Corps has put the figure at 160. It includes germs that cause such diseases as Q fever, encephalitis, brucellosis, typhoid, cholera and glanders, and it also includes toxins, which are the poisonous excretions of certain organisms.

For many of these diseases and toxins there is no known medication—which, if they are nonfatal, can be regarded as an advantage in a war agent. A pamphlet issued in 1964 by the U.S. Army Chemical School at Fort McClellan, Alabama, lists the specifications needed by the ideal organism for germ warfare. It should be virulent, infectious at the attack stage, remain potent in storage, be stable in aerosols and have minimal immunity among the people in the target area. But it should not be contagious, since a self-perpetuating epidemic could be hard to control and might be a danger to advancing troops.

In this half world of death and disease, the germ that produces brucellosis, a fever causing heavy sweating, loss of weight and headaches, is cited as a highly suitable agent. Since it is highly infectious, a large proportion of the inhabitants of the attack area will contract the disease within three to 21 days. Because there is no adequate medical treatment, they will be ill for up to four months, but very few will die.

It is not strange that the precautions at Fort Detrick are rigid. All personnel entering the cloud chamber building must remove their clothes and don special laboratory uniforms. All doors in the contamination area are exposed to ultraviolet light for its antiseptic effect.

The scope for biological attack is far wider than for gas warfare. Germs resistant to chlorine could be introduced into water supplies, and others into cosmetics, food and milk. They could be fed into buildings through air-conditioning systems. Cattle could be infected with a whole range of diseases ranging from East African swine fever to anthrax and glanders. Crops could be attacked by fungal diseases such as rice blast and wheat rust. It is significant that a woman Ph.D. at Fort Detrick has recently been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for her contribution to the development of a rice blast fungus.

Seen against this background, scientific fears that the Army might be tempted to use more of these agents are understandable. Faced with the problem of defoliating enormous areas of jungle and enemy rice fields in Viet Nam, the Army could have employed disease. It would have been more difficult to control than chemicals, but it would have been far more effective, because its infectious spores would be spread by the wind.

TRUE

"Is it any particular one, or are they *all* driving you to it?"

So far, according to the Pentagon, American forces have kept defoliated some 500,000 acres. In most cases, the purpose has been to remove ambush cover near military camps and beside roads and waterways. Highway One, for example, which runs up the East Coast of South Viet Nam, was a highly dangerous road to travel before the fall of 1965. Thick jungle foliage, providing ample concealment for VC attack units, fringed the roadside.

Traffic on the highway consisted mainly of military transports and civilian food trucks. Both types of cargo had their value to the Viet Cong. Their attack technique was simple. The first sign of trouble to be seen by the lead driver of a truck convoy would be a mud wall or deep holes across the road in front. As he braked to stop the convoy, the guerrillas opened fire with mortars from the nearby cover.

Today, following systematic defoliation missions flown by low-flying C-123's with special spray tanks, Highway One is as safe as any road can be in a country torn by war. There are no longer any ambush points, for the dense foliage has been stripped back. If the Viet Cong want to attack, they must do so across open country.

The jungle defoliants are hormonal weed-killers. Identical with the products that millions of Americans use on their lawns every year, they achieve their effect by stimulating stem development. Even trees become deformed with giant branches outgrowing roots. The leaves turn brown, then drop. Two applications are needed. The result, after 90 days, is 80-percent visibility in what had been lush jungle. The effect lasts for nine to 12 months, when the operation has to be repeated.

The newest area to be defoliated is just south of the Demilitarized Zone that divides North and South Viet Nam. Before it was treated, the Viet Cong could move in force across the zone, unseen. Now, American and South Vietnamese troops in the area are no longer caught by surprise.

Far more delicate politically is the crop destruction program. Working technically under the control of the South Vietnamese, who maintain contact with local province governors, U.S. forces have laid waste 150,000 acres of rice fields on Viet Cong supply routes. Sometimes, when the rice plants are leafing, defoliants are employed. On other occasions, the fields are treated with a dessicant such as the arsenic-based cacodylic acid, which withers the plant by absorbing its moisture.

The petition by 5,000 scientists to the President asked him to halt the use of gas and anticrop chemicals in Viet Nam because of the dangerous precedent that was being set. But it made no reference to jungle defoliants. Some of the signatories, however, view the defoliants with concern for their effect on the balance of nature.

"Anyone with any knowledge of ecology," asserts Dr. Arthur Galston, of Yale's department of botany, "knows

that activity on this scale will result in something drastic. . . . In wild nature, species challenge each other. If one is more vulnerable to defoliants than another, it will be unequal to the competition and there'll be a change in the nature of the plant cover.

"These sprays are . . . washed into rivers and eaten by fish or even by man. There is a level at which they're toxic. As for dessicants like cacodylic acid, these without question are poison. It says so on the bottle.

"But the main danger . . . is soil erosion. Soil is held together by roots and mucilage, a kind of glue excreted by microorganisms that receive sustenance from the roots. If you slow down the root growth . . . some of the microorganisms will die and cease to produce mucilage. The soil particles will then pack too closely and the roots will be starved of oxygen. The Defense Department says they know what they're doing, but I don't believe they do."

Certainly the Defense Department is confident it is causing no ecological damage in Viet Nam. It claims that its operations are not killing the plants, but merely repressing primary growth. "There is no danger of soil erosion in Viet Nam," a Pentagon microbiologist asserts.

The stated aim, both of the Johnson Administration and of the campaigning scientists, is an international agreement to eliminate stockpiles of chemical and biological weapons. Last December, in the United Nations, the United States endorsed a resolution calling for strict observance by all states of the Geneva Protocol. This banned the use in war "of asphyxiating, poisonous and other gases," and of bacteriological techniques. The Senate has never ratified the Protocol, but government spokesmen have declared that American policy conforms with its principles. Yet last February, Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance said, "As long as other nations, such as the Soviet Union, maintain large programs, we believe we must maintain our defensive and retaliatory capability."

It is the issue of defense that should concern Americans most greatly. There is no question that the Russians regard civil defense very seriously. The DOSAAF (the Soviet civil defense organization) has set as its goal 20 hours of training, including practical exercises, for the entire Russian population. "It sells protective masks at its stores throughout the country," a Senate committee report states. "Some 30 million people have already completed training."

In America the picture is different. Civilian defense equipment has been designed—gas masks, carry-cot containers for babies, special "immunity boards" that could be constructed in shelters to filter out chemical and biological agents, kits for detection of biological agents in water supplies. But few of these devices have passed beyond the prototype stage. Dr. Alan W. Davidson, head of the Public Health Service, has warned that "from the standpoint of civil defense, we have at present neither all the individual components required nor the operational plans necessary . . . for the detection, early warning and identification of chemical and biological agents. . . ."

The civil defense policy, if there is one, was summarized by this comment from the Office of Civil Defense in the Pentagon: "The radioactive threat is so much greater than that of chemical and biological attack that that is where the emphasis of our effort must lie."

If there is danger of escalation in chemical war techniques, as the scientists contend, the Administration has more than humanitarian or moral reasons for caution. It has sound practical grounds. For America itself seems to be highly vulnerable. —Michael Pearson

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SUPER-ZOOM AND THE GIZMO SALESMEN

[*Continued from page* 57]

pamphlet extolling the advantages of the "G. T. Energy Chamber." Glancing over the headlines (the pages themselves were black with small print), I learned that this device would squeeze up to 500 miles of driving from a tank of gas, save up to 50 gallons each month, cut gasoline costs to as little as one cent a mile, and enable its user to "drive across six states of the Union" on a single tankful.

I was skeptical. Says who, I wondered, and read on: "First tested . . . in the same test-laboratories used by Ford, GM and Chrysler. . . . Banned from the tracks by every major oil company [as] TOO EFFECTIVE! . . . yet used by such large fleet owners as Avis, General Electric and RCA. Test cars from Hertz had been equipped with it."

Amazing! But why hadn't this invention been installed by a car-maker?

"THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE! If you were to look under the hood of one of those $20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti of Aston-Marton, you would see. . . ."

Presumably inside a Maserati *or* an Aston-Martin (the copywriter seemed to have difficulty spelling), there is a unit designed to do what the energy chamber does, but on a grand dollar scale. By comparison, the G.T. Energy Chamber cost only $6.95. How could a man hope to get in on such a deal?

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Hurriedly I tore out the coupon, scribbled a check and thrust the order into the mail. Then came weeks of waiting. Had my order arrived before the deadline? Had I beaten out all those big companies? Could I be spared an energy chamber without jeopardy to the nation's defense?

But one day a box arrived bearing the insignia of American Automotive Units, Inc. The box contained a tiny control, with instructions for inserting it into the fuel line. Though the ad promised the job could be done in three to five minutes, it took the better part of an hour. It was an enjoyable hour, filled with the thrill of expectation and rewarded by the pride of accomplishment. There was only one thing wrong, and I didn't find that out until later.

I drove with the gadget in town. I drove with it on a trip to Canada. I measured and calculated, checking and double-checking fuel consumption against that previously established, and the best figure I ever got, by driving far more carefully than usual, was an increase of less than 10 percent in miles per gallon. There was only one conclusion: in comparable driving the device was not improving my gas mileage. To find out what was wrong, it seemed advisable to seek the assistance of qualified experts—not necessarily automotive experts.

A query to the National Better Business Bureau elicited the word that it maintained a file on the product. The Bureau's investigative summary of July, 1966 said: "The Hertz Corporation and Radio Corporation of America . . . reported that they could find no record of any use of this device on their vehicles. . . . General Electric Corporation reported, '[the] device has been installed on less than one half of one percent of the company's fleet . . . with highly inconclusive results. . . .' Reference to 'Avis' is to a Bridgeport Avis licensee which permitted the manufacturer to install [the device] on several of its cars last year. A March, 1966 report . . . from the rental agency was that the gadget had been removed from these cars when customers complained they couldn't get any power or speed out of the cars."

This result wasn't surprising. The energy chamber is simply a specialized valve, alleged to reduce fuel pressure when the automobile is decelerating (thus avoiding a waste of gas). All fuel pumps already have mechanisms to serve this purpose; and a modern carburetor will do the job even if the fuel pump malfunctions. In short, not only does the energy chamber provide no energy of itself, but it can be of no benefit to an engine unless both fuel pump and carburetor are out of whack.

To be honest, one must admit that a few of the claims in the pamphlet could be substantiated. It's possible, for instance, to cut gasoline costs to as little as one cent a mile (drive a miniature foreign car), to get 500 miles on a single tank of gas (put a BIG tank in the car) and to cross six states on a single tankful (take the turnpike north from New York, through Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire—about 230 miles). It is also true that the energy chamber is banned from oil company economy runs—as are *all* nonstock components.

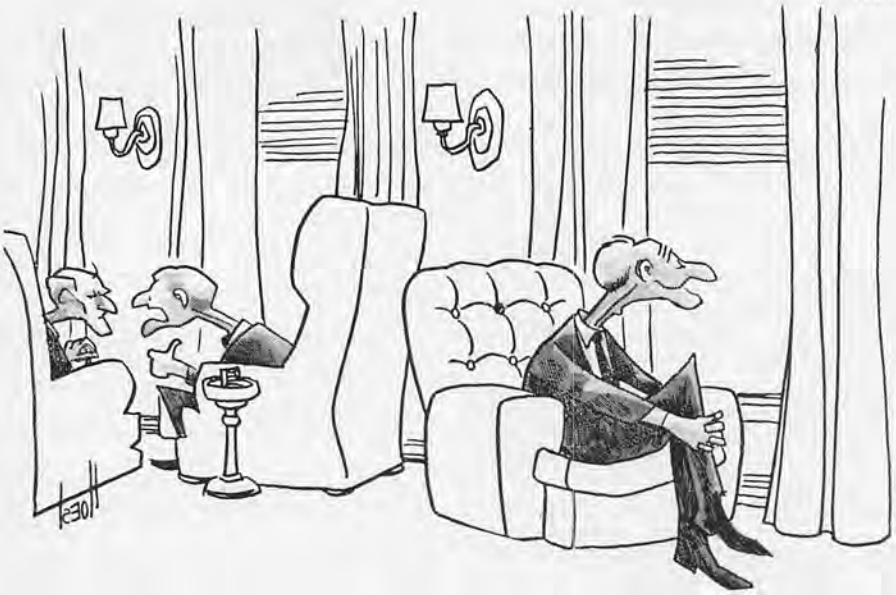
A further look into the field of mail-order automotive products brought out a certain consistency to much of it. Virtually identical ads and claims have been used in recent years to promote both a wide variety of items and sometimes the same item sold under different names.

The ads seldom appear in major publications; they are much more likely to show up as individually addressed promotion pieces sent through the mails. The names and addresses of the recipients have been compiled by mailing-list companies, which lease their use.

It's easy to confuse one ad with another. Sometimes the wording is interchangeable. The "Turbo-Jet Converter" for example, was said to give "more surging power, more blazing pickup, more miles to the gallon than you ever dreamed possible." With it, "you may only have to FILL YOUR GAS TANK JUST ONCE A MONTH!" The converter, which claimed to help run a car "half on gas, half on air . . . turning ordinary air into an endless storehouse of power . . . ," sold for $3.98—and turned out to be a hollow tube about two inches long and 3/8 inch in diameter, weighing less than a quarter of an ounce. Clipped to the wire between the coil and the distributor, it was supposed to produce "a new force—the 3-Layer Spark! It actually sets air on fire!" As everyone acquainted with internal combustion engines knows, they *all* set air on fire—when it is mixed properly with fuel. The NBB Bureau submitted samples of the converter to an independent laboratory for testing, and the lab discovered not gains, but "some small losses of ignition energy."

Another example was the "Unitron," whose sales pamphlet repeated a number of these claims word for word. Yet the mailing piece was a classic of its kind. "Rolls-Royce Owners Please Disregard This Message!" was the only front-page copy. Inside we learned that Rolls had "already incorporated the scientific principles of this great new invention into their cars as standard equipment." The prestige theme was carried out in a line drawing of the World's Fair Unisphere (with the United States Steel trademark

TRUE



"There's no talking to him anymore since he's been named in a paternity suit!"

featured), and a photo of a space-research centrifuge from the Vandenberg Missile Center. An additional photograph, of a closed fist, and the advice "installs in just seconds" gave the impression that buyers would receive a mechanical gadget of some sort.

What they received, for $4.95, was a 6½-ounce can of fluid and a small plastic filter to go into the fuel line. According to the NBB Bureau, many of those who paid their money were disappointed. Not even the offer of extra cans of the fluid for $1.50 each (or $12 a dozen) mollified them. Some complained, after the installation, that they obtained no better mileage. Others said they'd obtained nothing—no Unitron, no money back and no answer to their letters.

The "Dynatron" was promoted with parallel claims, though the similarity between it and the other gadgets ended there. The device (sold as "Magna Power" before a plastic filter for the fuel line was added to the kit) is a crankcase drain plug on which is mounted a slug of magnesium alloy. The ads for it, picking up from Unitron, alleged the plug would "convert the very same atoms found in ordinary gasoline into a surging new source of power for your car. Utilize the 70 percent of the potential power in gasoline which is wasted. FILL YOUR GAS TANK ONCE A MONTH. . . ."

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a fresh, completely new fragrance
note that lasts and lasts!

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COLOGNE $3.00, $5.00
AEROSOL DEODORANT $1.50
SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD $2.00
RUBDOWN BODY LOTION $3.00
DEODORANT STICK $1.25
SPRAY COLOGNE $2.50
GIFT SETS $3.75 to $9.50

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

Expert observers in the direct-mail field say that the source of these campaigns, and others, is a Mr. Monroe Caine, of Scarsdale, New York—although he has his competitors. Caine's operations have been run from addresses all over the eastern seaboard (it is symptomatic of people in this business that they move around a lot). His history in the field of selling has a certain fascinating flair. He has vended such diverse goods as pocket radios, floor polishers, reducing drugs, skin creams, lawn restorers and a shade tree that would "soar roof high in only a few months' time." These items had at least one aspect in common: all were grounds for indictments for fraudulent promotion. In October, 1961, several corporations headed by Caine and his associate, David L. Ratke, pleaded guilty to charges of untrue and misleading advertising, and were fined $10,000.

It was Caine and Ratke, along with two other men, Louis and Abraham Wolf, who guided the Turbo-Jet Converter promotion in the late 1950's and set the style for so many subsequent campaigns. In November, 1959, all four were indicted by a federal grand jury on 11 counts of mail fraud in connection with the converter. They were convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment in 1961. Two years later, the U.S. Court of Appeals reversed the convictions because of errors in the trial. A retrial has yet to be held.

Fraud convictions are hard to get. One of the thorniest problems in prosecuting the case is that of proving intent. Does the man selling the gadget *know* it doesn't work? A man named Winthrop Johns developed the Magna Power (later Dynatron) drain plug, and in the beginning, at least, he appeared sincere about it. He claimed that the magnesium slug, operating on the sacrificial metal principle, would neutralize harmful sulfur deposits created in the engine by combustion. The oil, no longer carrying free sulfur, would stay in better condition. He told the NBB Bureau in a letter written in 1959: ". . . Figured over a 10,000 mile period, [an engine] with Magna Power will show a two or three mile per gallon difference, [whereas] the engine without Magna Power has the normal deterioration of spark plugs and the resulting overload of the points in the distributor. . . ."

Even chemists who doubt the ability of a very small piece of magnesium to treat six quarts of engine oil adequately would find little to resent in this modest claim. It wasn't until the product became known as Dynatron that the ads crossed the line into the ridiculous. ("50 percent more miles per gallon." "3 to 4 times more engine life!") By this time, Sol S. Budd and Bernard L. Silver (both "well known" to the NBB Bureau) had become involved in the company selling the plug. Were they aware that the gadget couldn't perform up to the claims made for it—or were they, like the inventor, guilty only of a little overenthusiasm? Answering these questions in court, and proving knowledge, aren't easy to do.

One of the complicating factors is the difficulty in getting the mail-order operators to hold still. They change names—the name of the product, the name of the company, and sometimes their own names—and move to new addresses with the ease of birds. Typical was the maneuvering of the Unitron bunch. Monroe Caine claimed that the genius behind the product was, variously, a Dr. J. E. or J. W. or J. R. or John Richard Sweetman, a "world famous" rocket authority. In fact, J. R. Sweetman had been selling a gas additive called "Has-To-Go Engine Conditioner" from Sweetman Laboratories in Paterson, New Jersey, before Caine found him. Sweetman had not previously identified himself as a rocket expert. A check of *Who's Who* in several specialized categories of scientists doesn't show him listed. Although he was making a preparation for car engines, he was not a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers. When Caine began to promote the product, it became known as Unitron and the company's name was turned into Sperry Dynamics Corp., which had a nice ring to it. But the Sperry Rand Corporation felt the name crowded its own and got an injunction, whereupon Caine changed the name of the firm to Penn-Owens, Inc. Then the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. became interested. Ultimately Caine's Unitron company evaporated entirely, though one of its principals, Kenneth Fino, is now at the offices of a concern called G. T. Energy Chambers in New York.

At present, both the Post Office and the Federal Trade Commission are said to be trying to put together cases built on the more flagrant mail-order automotive frauds. But a personal investigation could not find one of the current crop of

"As a matter of fact, Graham, you're not going to be replaced by a machine."

doubtful gadgets that had yet been suppressed effectively. W. J. Haggerty, a Post Office official in Washington, D.C., declined even to say there was any activity being carried on in this field by the department. From other sources it was learned the Post Office is afraid that publicity would run afoul of recent court decisions on "prejudice to the jury."

The manufacturers of automobiles and authentic automotive components are equally shy in this area. The industry's policy appears to be to say nothing about the gadgets being sold to modify their cars in an effort to achieve results that they themselves, with their enormous research facilities, are "unable" to obtain. Back of this position is the feeling that any criticism of a gimmick must be avoided for fear of lawsuits. The origin of the fear undoubtedly is to be found in the celebrated AD-X2 controversy of 15 years ago.

In 1948 and again in 1952, the National Bureau of Standards ran tests on a battery additive alleged to "end . . . the major cause of battery failure," "increase the capacity of your battery," "double the life of your battery," and have other beneficial effects. AD-X2 is a compound largely of sodium and magnesium sulfates (commonly used under the names Epsom Salts and Glauber's Salts), and the Bureau of Standards branded AD-X2 "worthless." Both the Post Office and the FTC filed suit against the makers, Pioneers, Inc. After exhaustive hearings, the charges were dropped but the firm countersued for $2,369,064.52.

It did not collect even the 52 cents. Although the firm agreed to dismiss its suit, the case produced at least two enduring effects. First, according to the NBB Bureau, there has since been a strong upswing of exaggerated claims by mail-order automotive merchandisers. Second, faced with a situation in which even the government appears to have backed down, the car-makers are shutting their mouths and playing it safe. In some respects the dread Detroit Troll is a reluctant dragon.

The consumer, then, is left to interpret ad claims for himself. Even the wariest buyer can be fooled, for the promoters have worked out some clever techniques. One of the standard methods used is the test-data dodge. The product is publicized as having been tested by "nationally famous" laboratories, or "by the same laboratories used by Ford, GM and Chrysler." The term "nationally famous" depends on interpretation, and the use of the laboratories is more likely to refer to makes of cars that have been tested in them at some time than to the companies that built the cars.

In one variation, a legitimate test may be run, and only part of the data reproduced for advertising. An ad for the Frantz "Miracle" Oil Cleaner (actually a roll similar to toilet paper inside a canister) quotes results by the well-known Faber Laboratories—but includes no information on the conditions of the test, or even *what* was tested.

Road test results can be even more subtle. One outfit tested its gas-saver on a car, and produced notarized statements showing an increase of 20 percent in "miles per gallon." What the promotion neglected to mention was that the test without the device was made in the United States, while the test *with* it installed in the car was made in Canada—where the Imperial gallon is 20 percent larger than ours.

Careful study of their wording can be the key to understanding certain claims. An outfit called the Cavco Company, for example, sells its "Power Flyte" fuel ignitors with unimpeachable honesty, but some of its ads require a little pondering to ascertain what they are really saying. The fuel ignitor is a surface-discharge spark plug (several makes of which are on the market), and differs from the standard air-gap plug in that the spark, instead of leaping from one electrode to another, is sent across the face of a semiconductor. The ads for Power Flyte use deprecatory terms in comparative references to air-gap plugs: "Throw away those old, power robbing, gas gulping spark plugs. . . . Get up to 31 more horsepower, eight more miles per gallon." In other words, *new* Power Flyte fuel ignitors will work better than *worn* air-gap plugs—and this is the truth. *New* air-gap plugs, of course, will also work better.

The surface-discharge plug is not a fraud. It has uses in certain applications (most major spark-plug companies make them), but it is not the "revolutionary new development" that the advertisers for Power Flyte imply. It was developed about 1911, primarily for use in aircraft engines.

The most commonly employed type of documentation is the customer testimonial. It is also the easiest to come by. Simply find a man who will let a "Perpetual Motion Pep Pill," or "Eternal Life Spark Plug," or "Cosmic Ray Ignition Booster" be tested on his car—and a little twiddling with the carburetor during the course of the testing, with and without the device, will yield the desired results. This routine dates back to the pitchmen who, for demonstration purposes, used an engine rigged to cut out on two cylinders whenever the gadget they were selling was removed.

But trickery is not essential to getting endorsements. A very human urge in most of us wants to use such driving aids as "Gyro-Scopic Wheel Stabilizers," which promise to "double the life [of] your tires . . . make your car run straight and true even if you have a blowout at high speed . . . make even a rough, 'washboard' road seem smooth and level . . . make your car grip the highway like a $10,000 sports car. . . ." Never mind that there are no gyroscopes employed in Gyro-Scopic Wheel Stabilizers (they are simply moveable lead weights in a metal frame to be mounted under the lug nuts of the wheel). Never mind that the device seems better adapted to balancing the hub than the wheel and tire (Walter J. Michels, an associate professor of mechanical engineering, tested the stabilizer on a wheel and reported achieving dynamic balance—but admitted that balancing faults in a brand-new tire "could not be entirely corrected"). Never mind that adding lead weights to balance a wheel hardly qualifies as a "fantastic invention." Once they're put on, a lot of people will swear they do everything the sellers, Albert R. Charles Co., Norwalk, Connecticut, claim.

Every man is sometimes certain that his car runs better after an oil change. It's a question of heightened attention. A sharp mechanic remembers to alter the position of the driver's seat a little after doing a tune-up. The shift changes the "feel" of the car, and persuades the owner that the mechanic has done a great job. There's nothing illegal in this—it's just good psychology.

On this basis, a lot of people who buy "miracle" gadgets for their cars probably get their money's worth. Getting your hands greasy on Ol' Betsy, in joining the vanguard of the future, can be a lot of fun, and the afternoon of quiet pleasure you spend *may* be less expensive than going to the ball game. For many men, the gizmo actually will mean better mileage. Most of the time, they slash around town with teen-age jump takeoffs and get 10 miles to the gallon. With the "gas-saver" in place, they'll drive as though they were squeezing out miles in the Economy Run—and get 16.

You just can't beat a folk legend.

—**John Tomerlin**

ALL THE TWIGGYS WANT TO BE SOPHIA

[*Continued from page* 58]

desperate." It had obviously never occurred to her that something besides flat chestedness might be her problem. Doctor Franklyn says that her outpouring "typifies the letters and phone calls I get all the time from women in torment."

Doctor Franklyn, who ought to know, estimates that 70 percent of all American women do not believe they have the chest measurements dictated by taste and fashion. In her late 20's or early 30's, a married woman with children may begin to feel that she is becoming a has-been who can no longer compete with, and is threatened by, the physical attractiveness of younger girls. When vague or not-so-vague problems come along in her marriage, she is a ripe candidate for panic. Instead of realizing that problems always arise in marriage and in life, and that they have nothing to do with her bosom, she promptly loses touch with reality. Watching in secret agony as her husband glances with normal male appreciation at a well-stacked blonde at the beach, she resolves desperately to save her marriage by competing with Miss America.

Usually the first step in her plan is to send away for exercise plans, mechanical devices and hormone creams that will supposedly cause her to bust out all over. This junk costs from $1 to $25 a throw, and is of course worthless. The promoters know that they are catering to a gaggle of silly, or neurotic, geese, and the sale of phony bust developers has become one of the nation's biggest areas of medical quackery.

Typically, movie confession and romance magazines carry advertising for bust developers. All show fiendish skill in the art of touching the feminine panic button. "ARE YOU GUILTY OF NO SEX APPEAL?" asks one ad. "It's the girl with the curves, the BODY BEAUTIFUL, that gets all the fun out of life. She is admired, envied, loved with true lasting happiness." The conclusion is obvious—micromasty means that one will not be loved.

As for the gadgets themselves, the wonder is that even a woman whose good sense has been destroyed by worry and misery could be fooled. One, called the Voluptuizer, consists of a plastic cup connected by a short rubber-and-plastic tube to a rubber bulb. The user is instructed to clap the cup over her breast and squeeze the bulb, exhausting the air and forcing a temporary swelling of the breast. Needless to say, no matter how many times one squeezes the bulb, the breast goes right back to its original size and shape when the bulb is released—a fact which should come as no surprise, but which must have broken many a female heart. At Post Office Department hearings on this gadget, a government medical witness said that the device was not only worthless but could be dangerous to a woman suffering from unknown cancer of the breast. A postal fraud order was issued, but not before the promoters had coined a quick $85,000 selling the devices at $15 each.

Ads for other bust developers have appeared in leading women's magazines. One major magazine was running a full-page ad for the "Mark Eden" bust developer in its November, 1966, issue when a postal fraud order was issued against the gadget on November 4th. The ad featured a picture of the actress June Wilkinson, with her ample endowment practically hanging down over the coupon. "The Mark Eden offers new hope to the girl who wants a fuller, shapelier bustline," June says with a big smile.

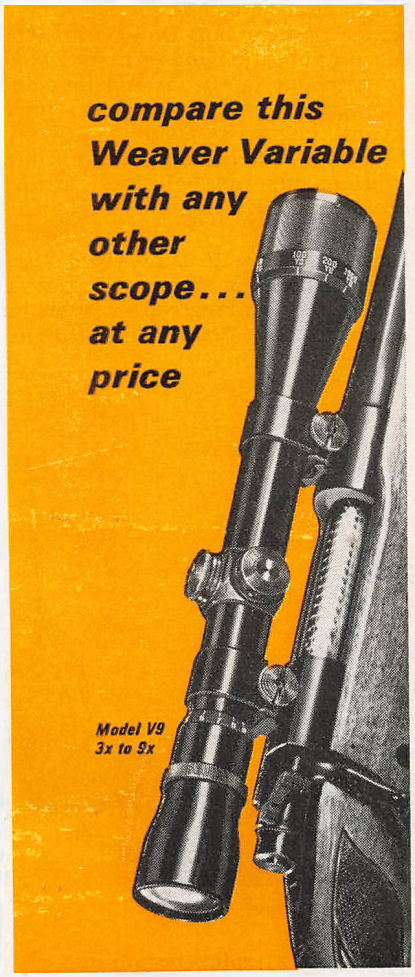
A Mark Eden cost $9.95. It was a wing-ding that looked like a pink plastic clam, hinged at one end, with a spring inside that gave mild resistance to closing. It was poorly hinged and the two halves failed to meet by a substantial margin when they were squeezed together. It is hard to believe that the thing cost more than 50 cents to produce. With it, however, came a booklet that might well have become a best seller if sold separately: June herself, in a bikini, demonstrates how to use the clam in a bust-developing exercise program.

At the postal hearings, June admitted that she had always had what the hearing examiner called "prominent breasts." She had used a Mark Eden for three weeks and claimed that it made her breasts even bigger. For her role in the promotion she received $1,000 plus a 25-cent rake-off on each clam sold. By the time the hearings were held, 18,000 women had lined up to buy pink clams, for a total take of about $180,000, of which nearly $4,500 would be due to June under the arrangement.

Of course, neither exercise nor massage nor hormone preparations—with unusual exceptions—will enlarge or reshape a woman's breast. "My opinion," says Dr. William V. Evans of the Food and Drug Administration, "is that it would be impossible to increase the size or affect the shape of the breast with any exercise. There being no muscle in the breast, it is impossible to change its size or contour with any exercise."

Dr. Kenneth D. Campbell of FDA added some details when testifying in a Post Office action against an item called "Health Aid Bust-Chest Developor Xercisor." The breast, he affirmed, has no muscular tissue; it overlays the pectoralis major muscle to which it is connected with strands of tissue. The most that one can hope from exercise is development of the musculature of the thorax below the breast, which could conceivably push the breast forward a fraction of an inch or so. Such a minute change would not affect either the size or the shape of the breast itself.

As for hormone preparations, one called "Her Highness Hormone Cream" was recently advertised to "DEVELOP YOUR CHARMS. . . . Each ounce contains 10,000 units of Estradiol and other beneficial substances." At three bucks a jar, the promoters picked up a quick $20,000 before the Post Office could issue its fraud order. Doctor Campbell testified: "Hypogonadism [underactivity of the hormone glands] is only rarely a cause for an underdeveloped or small bustline and, in



Compare Weaver's three quality Variables with any other makes—for quality, features, versatility, price.

Look at the rugged steel tube. It's hand-polished and finished in gun-blue—the old-fashioned, expensive way.

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such cases, the condition is treated by the injection of large amounts of estrogenic hormones (some 150,000 to 350,000 International Units per week) which would be many times the amount contained in the jar of 'Her Highness Hormone Cream' and can only be safely and efficaciously used under a physician's supervision."

Sooner or later it will dawn on even the most determined user of mail-order bust developers that the things don't work. Eventually, however, she may hear stories about a couple of things that *do* work, at least sometimes. These are silicone injections and the operation called "augmentation mammaplasty" or "breastplasty," in which pads are inserted between the breasts and the chest muscles. If your wife starts thinking along these lines, you'd better close your joint bank account.

As an industrial substance, liquid silicone is used in products ranging from shaving cream to car polish. One U.S. firm, Dow Corning, produces a medical grade of liquid silicone, called dimethylpolysiloxane, for experimental injection into soft tissues of the body. The injections help to fill out contours of the face or body where irregularities or depressions have been caused by age, injuries, or congenital deformities. The substance is inert and there is no indication that it causes cancer. Inevitably, someone thought of trying the needle on micromasts. No doubt about it—it does fill out the breasts.

A Japanese firm was producing a version of the fluid that contained 99 percent liquid silicone and one percent unidentified fatty acid—thought by some to be rendered bat fat. West Coast practitioners began to import it. Women started heading for Las Vegas and Los Angeles, the two U.S. needlework capitals, and Tokyo, the foreign haven, to get the injections. The trend became a stampede when San Francisco topless nightclub performer Carol Doda began to show her 44-inch bustline, and let it be known that she got that way through liberal use of silicone shots.

The FDA watched the turn of events with increasing concern. There are many reasons for caution. Not enough investigational work has been done to establish the full effects of silicone in the body. When it is injected, it breaks up into minute droplets that become embedded in the surrounding fat tissue. Most of it stays put but some small portion of it appears to "drift" elsewhere in the system. Investigators want to know where it goes and what effects it may have. Again, breast injections may cause skin necrosis (localized death of tissue). *Medical World News* reports that Dr. Paul J. Schneider of Oakland, California, has photos of women whose silicone-injected breasts have become discolored through necrosis. Another possibility is that silicone injections may mask early signs of cancer of the breast, making diagnosis impossible. *Medical World News* also notes that, even from an aesthetic point of view, women who undergo massive injections of silicone may be running long-term risks, since the tissues are likely to sag more rapidly under the weight of the injected fluid. "Each breast literally becomes a bagful of oil," the publication quotes Dr. Mark Gorney of San Francisco as saying. "And because the fluid is spread throughout the tissue in tiny encapsulated cysts, the breast can never be restored to normal."

Two deaths have so far been reported as resulting from silicone injections, possibly through use of impure or industrial-grade fluid. In 1965 FDA acted; it closed down the American branch of the Japanese firm that had been importing silicone, and classified all liquid silicones as "new drugs" which could not be distributed in interstate commerce except for FDA-approved investigational studies. At present only Dow Corning has filed an application for such studies, to be carried out by six investigators, and the program specifically excludes injection into the breast. "At this time," says FDA, "there is no legal traffic in silicones or silicone-containing mixtures intended for soft tissue augmentation in the mammary area."

Despite this, says *Medical World News*, a "black market" in silicone injections is flourishing. Prices range up to $1,000 for a series of shots. Some doctors are reported to be flying to such places as Mexico City and Germany to bring back supplies. It is estimated that 75 MD's are offering the treatment in the Los Angeles area alone.

Doctor Franklyn finds the injections useful in only about 10 percent of the cases he handles. "It can be used," he told me, "for cases where there is already a lot of loose skin—for breasts that were once good and full, but have been somewhat reduced through childbirth or weight reduction. It never was good for girls who are genuinely flat chested. And booster shots are required each year."

The 90 percent of Doctor Franklyn's breast patients, who he says can't be helped by injections, receive augmentation mammaplasty, a more expensive treatment. He is probably the leading practitioner of this kind of operation in the U.S.

Brooklyn-born Doctor Franklyn was known as Frank Mark Eisenberg when he graduated from New York University's Medical School in 1941. After World War II he changed names and worlds, moving to Hollywood, setting up as a "beauty surgeon," and marrying starlet Vanessa Brown. (They were divorced in 1958.) Through articles in popular magazines and through his books (*Developing Bosom Beauty*, *Beauty Surgeon*, and *The Art of Staying Young*), he became known as a leading face-lifter, wrinkle banisher and breast augmenter. A freewheeling type, Doctor Franklyn is not a member of either the American Medical Association or the Los Angeles County Medical Society. AMA has viewed his role as the high priest of bust inflation with something less than total enthusiasm, a fact that obviously does not cause Doctor Franklyn to lose any sleep.

Doctor Franklyn's offices are on Sunset Boulevard in a handsome, one-story, yellow-brick building entirely occupied by his professional suite and operating rooms. In his office, behind the desk, there is a large oil painting showing him as a handsome young doctor. These days he is older but still trim. He is partially bald, with close-cut gray hair, soft, penetrating eyes and a calm professional demeanor. He estimates that he has performed about 10,000 breastplasty operations, but declines to say how much these cost. Other sources indicate that his fees range from $850 to $1,300, however. The higher fees predominate in the more recent cases. Assuming that the doctor has averaged $1,000 per operation, then micromasty and ptosis sufferers have already pressed a cool $10 million into his hands.

The operation takes only 15 minutes. A small incision is made at the bottom of the breast. A pad of inert material is inserted between the breast tissue and the chest muscle on which this tissue rests, filling out the breast and thrusting it forward. The incision leaves a small, faint scar at the normal fold at the bottom of the breast, where it is barely visible.

Authorities seem to agree that the operation will not cause cancer. There have been, however, other difficulties. For years Doctor Franklyn and other doctors performing the operation filled

"I'd sue them, Harry. They shouldn't have stairs in a topless restaurant!"

their customers' breasts with various types of polyester foam that are, or tend to become distinctly firmer than normal flesh. One woman who had the operation stated, "They became very hard, and I became very embarrassed. I was afraid I might bump into people on the street and bruise them!" A doctor who examined such a patient said, "She stripped to the waist and there they were, like a couple of marble tombstones!" The impact of the disillusionment on many women is easy to imagine. It is estimated that one-third of all women who have had these foam inserts put into their breasts have subsequently paid a second doctor's fee to have them removed.

Although Doctor Franklyn's book *Developing Bosom Beauty* fails to mention this problem, he acknowledges that the polymethane insert he had been using until recently was "firm." "It's similar to material in mattresses," he says. "Feeling a breast with a polymethane insert is like feeling an upholstered chair instead of the girl at the beach."

But, once again, silicone entered the picture, and a couple of years ago, a new insert was concocted—a molded, pliable container filled with silicone gelatin. Doctor Franklyn says that this has solved the "marble tombstone" problem. (Others are cautious. "The ideal breast implant," says Dr. John Conley of New York's Pack Medical Group, who is a consultant to AMA's Committee on Cutaneous Health and Cosmetics, "is still awaiting further development.")

Doctor Franklyn, undaunted, says, "I think it's good for people to take pride in their appearance, and, where it can be done as easily as this, to improve it."

This reflects the overwhelming emphasis in his writings. "What will happen to a girl named Gladys?" he asks, in his book *On Developing Bosom Beauty*. "She will have her operation and, judging from past results, she will enjoy a bright future. Her case history will go into my files to join the already bulging number of case histories of women whose stories read like Hollywood fiction, but are more inspiring and more astonishing than fiction because they happen to be Hollywood nonfiction."

Other authorities see the problem somewhat differently, and some have serious doubts.

Doctor Franklyn and other bust-padding surgeons maintain that they screen patients and refuse to operate on neurotic types. The issue was discussed at the annual meeting of the Southeastern Society of Plastic and Reconstruction Surgeons at Atlanta, Georgia, in March, 1966. Not all women who want augmentation mammaplasty get it, the doctors said; they turn down about half the requests. Some leading surgeons insist that persons wanting the operation visit a psychiatrist first for clearance. Inevitably, a few neurotics slip through whatever net may exist.

But the big question is *why* are so many American women neurotic about their breasts? At least in part, the answer lies in the fact that the big-breast cult has become a central factor in the American emphasis on youth and beauty. American women have been led to believe that big breasts are the *key* to attracting and holding men.

And this belief causes all sorts of neuroses, fears and panic. "I am not against sexual enticement, you may be sure," says Dr. Marynia F. Farnham, a practicing psychiatrist and professor at Columbia University, "but the question that interests me is the amount of anxiety that is generated by the emphasis on the externals of beauty and the amount of pain that is encountered by many women who feel that they are not beautiful, or are not desirable—in general, not good. Much of their driven pursuit of beauty arises out of fear—fear of being left, lost and unloved, with nothing. This presupposes, of course, that they themselves are nothing except their appearance."

The point is that if a woman feels she is nothing but her appearance, she will still feel she is nobody even after her breasts have been enlarged. Says Dr. T. R. Van Dellen, medical columnist for the Chicago *Tribune*, "The operation is not recommended when the woman is emotionally unstable and believes that it will solve her marital problems. Altering the contour of the bosom has never solved an unsatisfactory social existence."

Dr. Leon Saul, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, says, "In my practice I have seen a number of women who have had their bosoms fixed. I never saw one that was helped. They may exist but I haven't seen them.

"It is a serious problem that I have encountered in my casework," he went on. "Underneath it lies tragedy. It is a displacement to the body of spiritual troubles. It can be a very neurotic form of hypochondria. It can reflect the notion or the fear that one must be perfect in order to get along in the world."

As an example, Doctor Saul describes the case of a woman, about 30, who was quite attractive to men. But she was unable to relate closely to a man. She had a deep and uneasy feeling that something was wrong with her that made her somehow unacceptable or undesirable. She decided that the problem might be in her breasts, which she considered underdeveloped. She had a breast enlargement operation, but it did not help. "In treatment," said Doctor Saul, "it came out that she had had a lot of trouble and conflict with both her mother and father. What she was doing was to repeat and reenact her childhood hostilities toward her parents whenever she entered into a relationship with a man and tried to get close to him. Breast operations don't solve such problems."

In summing up his views, Doctor Saul made a few remarks that the woman who fancies herself underendowed, and thinks *that's* the cause of her problems, might ponder before joining the unhappy hordes marching toward the operating room. "Women who seek breast operations," he said, "may well have forgotten that all men aren't fools—that men are looking for *worth* and for *personality*, not for physical perfection. After all, we all know that physical perfection is rare, and if *that* were the criterion, 85 percent of all women would never get married."

—Ralph Lee Smith

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HIGH PRIEST OF THE HAPPY HIPPIES

[*Continued from page* 33]

experimenting with lesser hallucinogens such as marihuana, peyote and psilocybin. LSD, or lysergic acid diethylamide, is a hallucinatory drug so potent that its sale has been halted by the Swiss laboratory that discovered it. It has been called "the H-bomb of hallucinogens" and packs a wallop that compares to marihuana much the way 180-proof alcohol compares to Coke. The experience so impressed Leary that he has abandoned the profession of psychology and devoted himself to a broader endeavor: remaking the U.S.—and eventually the world—by getting everyone zonked on LSD. Last year his transition from scientist to evangelist became complete when he founded the League for Spiritual Discovery, proclaimed LSD as its "religious sacrament," and became a latter-day Aimee Semple McPherson for a rapidly-growing cult of LSD-users or acid heads."

To the delight of Tim Leary and the dismay of many psychiatrists, psychologists, drug authorities, police and parents, the LSD cult has caught on with uncounted thousands of hippies, college rebels and the teeny-boppers of what sociologists have labeled "The Disaffected Generation." Although he is only four years shy of 50, Leary has somehow successfully identified with the restless young who make up the bulk of his "celebration" audiences. In return, the hippies waive their own rule of "Never trust anyone over 30" for the 46-year-old guru, who puts down his own generation as "middle-class, middle-aged, whisky drinkers" incapable of digging his exciting psychedelic revolution.

He draws impressive audiences. After a packed run at the Village Theater, he took his light show on the road to the West Coast. In two nights he filled the huge Santa Monica Civic Auditorium three times at $5.50 a head and grossed $30,000.

In addition to his light-show "celebrations," he lectures before college audiences, appears on television shows, advertises the delights of LSD on a long-playing record, publishes a journal called the *Psychedelic Review*, debates with antagonistic medical and legal authorities, testifies as an expert on hallucinogens before legislative committees and operates a kind of Mecca for his new religion at Millbrook, New York. There he recently explained in detail how he intends to reform the world through LSD.

Guru Leary's "temple" is an ornate old 64-room frame mansion that looks as if it were dreamed up by Charles Addams and is about to be brought down by termites. It stands back about a mile from a great stone gate at the edge of Millbrook, on a private estate purchased by one of Leary's wealthy followers. The road to it is posted with hand-lettered signs—**NO TRESPASSING! PLEASE RESPECT OUR PRIVACY!**—that reflect the cool relations between the Leary cult and its square neighbors. The house itself was built by an eccentric businessman around the turn of the century. On its facade, Leary's followers have painted the giant face of a sloe-eyed mystic. Under the porte cochere stood a decrepit, wildly painted psychedelic bus that had made it all the way from California but would never make it home.

The interior of the mansion is improvised chaos. The floors of many rooms are strewn with mattresses and serve as communal bedrooms. There is a large, communal kitchen with a sign exhorting the faithful: *Beloved: Please wash your own dishes—and a couple of pots and pans!* In the main rooms, the brown flocked wallpaper of a bygone elegant day has been touched up with bright psychedelic colors at random, as if the devotees suddenly tired of the notion or ran out of paint. The furniture is Early Goodwill Industries with lumpy cushions and stained upholstery. Dogs, cats and children scamper about, the children touched up with psychedelic paints like little Indians.

In the Meditation Room—a large, paneled room with a great fireplace—is the skeleton of a grand piano, with two legs gone. A wide, unused doorway is masked with a large psychedelic painting on warped wallboard.

In residence were some 60-odd of the Leary faithful. Their numbers had recently been swelled when Leary took in half of a nearby yoga colony that had had a falling out with the other half on the issue of how to achieve harmony. LSD users are great music lovers, and every night the lights in the house blow out when too many residents plug their stereo sets into the overloaded wiring system. The faithful light candles while a happy devotee searches out the konked-out fuse and replaces it. On one recent Saturday night the fuses blew four times.

"This is a model community, a little country of its own, that other people can copy," says Tim Leary. "We are sure that in the next 10 years there will be hundreds of thousands of religious centers like ours where 20 to 40 people will form their own model states or countries."

Leary is an articulate man with a soft voice, a quick Irish wit, and a remarkably even disposition. He occupies a book- and pamphlet-strewn study on the top floor of the old house, where the dogs, painted children and happy, turned-on followers wander in and out at will. The telephone rings constantly with calls from his bookers, beset with problems of lecture dates, fees and travel logistics, or with calls from his far-flung faithful, who have a habit of telephoning him collect in a state of ecstasy from Sausalito or West Los Angeles. Leary plays his guru role with a relaxed air, devoid of any stuffi-

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"Naturally I believe in democracy, but *not* when it's run by the Democrats."

ness. He can turn his humor on himself, although he plainly prefers to do any down-putting of Leary himself.

"In another generation we'll be the orthodox, the Establishment," he says. "We'll probably have an American Psychedelic Association as stuffy as the AMA and we'll be laying down rules for the academic game just like today, with Marihuana 1 and 2 required courses for Advanced LSD 130."

Although he has now founded his own religion, Leary declares that he still considers himself a Roman Catholic. "I don't attend mass, cheer for Notre Dame, or plug for Cardinal Spellman," he says. "I'm not an institutional Catholic but a personal one. There are certain times in history when the institution of a religion falls away from the aims of the founder. The church has drifted far away. It is my function as a religious leader to bring people back to the original frame of all religion—which is inside the person."

For the Holy Communion of his original faith Leary has substituted LSD and marihuana, "which we usually receive once a week." His religion "has no external morals" and accepts anyone from any other faith "seeking the God within." "We don't believe that control of external behavior is a function of religion," he says. "We don't believe that it is our business what you eat, how long skirts should be, or how many times you make love and with whom. We just don't go into that." Leary himself is separated from his second wife and has two children by his first wife, a daughter 18 and a son 14. A stunningly attractive young woman in her 20's is his constant companion both at Millbrook and on his travels. She is introduced to visitors simply as "Rosemary." Leary's business manager identified her for a curious reporter as "just one of the fringe benefits of being a guru."

Leary's LSD credo is "turn on" (with hallucinatory drugs) "tune in" (to the divinity within) and "drop out" (from our meaningless civilization). His only thou-shalt-not is a ban on forcing LSD on others by such means as slipping an LSD-impregnated sugar cube into some unsuspecting square's coffee. On the other hand, he proclaims a thou-shalt-not for the square world: Thou shalt not prevent the Learyites from altering their consciousness with LSD, marihuana, peyote, mescaline or whatever hallucinogenic drugs they choose.

Leary argues that his followers have a religious right to use LSD or marihuana, although the Food and Drug Administration has banned manufacture and distribution of the former, and state and federal laws forbid sale, possession or use of the latter. "We are entitled to use them in our shrines and temples as sacramental objects just as rabbis and priests were exempt from Prohibition in their use of sacramental wine during the Volstead era," Leary maintains. Eventually he intends to try to establish this religious "right" in a series of court tests. At the present time, he is occupied with a more immediate legal problem, a 30-year federal sentence and a $30,000 fine arising from an arrest in Texas for transporting marihuana. He is now appealing this conviction. At a Senate subcommittee hearing on LSD, one of his more enthusiastic followers, who identified himself as "Chief Boo Hoo" Arthur Kleps of the "Neo American Church," warned the senators that "on the day the prison doors close behind Tim Leary, this country will face religious war." Kleps threatened to make the prisons inoperable by "flooding them with LSD," and zonking out all the guards and wardens.

Leary, who testified before the same senatorial group, stunned the lawmakers by suggesting that the government grant licenses to smoke marihuana and that colleges offer courses in getting stoned on LSD. "They probably will be the most popular and productive courses ever offered in any educational institution," said Leary. Sen. Edward Kennedy, a committee member, turned a distinct purple.

"Psychedelic drugs are nonaddictive, nontoxic, and antinarcotic," Leary told the senators. "There is nothing to fear in LSD. I would say there is more violence, insanity, friction and terror in the cocktail lounges and barrooms of any large American city on any one Saturday night than in the entire 23-year history of LSD use. The so-called peril of LSD resides precisely in its eerie power to release ancient, wise and, I would even say, at times holy sources of energy. In the U.S. today it is the young who are ready and eager to deal with this eerie power. The challenge of the psychedelic chemicals is not how to control them but how to use them. Here we reach the center of the problem, a communications breakdown between the generations. To the older generation the word 'drug' means medicine-disease-doctor or dope fiend-addict-crime. But to the vast majority of the young people experimenting with these chemicals, 'drug' means something different. It means possible growth, it means opening up the mind, it means beauty, religious revelation, sensual awareness and enhancement of our nerve endings."

Leary conceded that "the use of psychedelic drugs such as marihuana, mescaline and LSD is out of control in the U.S. today" and that there are estimates that "up to 70 percent" of the users "are college students experimenting with these mind-opening chemicals. Whatever the statistics, they are going to be larger next year. I am not alarmed by this situation. . . ."

This pitch to the senatorial subcommittee is Leary at his most restrained. Before less hostile listeners, he waxes Learycal over the present drug revolution. An adept evangelist, he tailors his appeal to his audience. In a magazine interview he declared that "one of the great purposes of an LSD session is sexual union" that it enhanced the male orgasm "a thousandfold" and enabled a woman to have "several hundred orgasms." It was also "a specific cure for homosexuality" and of his own personal knowledge had converted a lesbian into a man chaser. He also proclaims LSD "a powerful panacea for impotence and frigidity." He does not, it is only fair to report, claim that LSD could woo a man off shoe fetishism or necrophilia.

When he addresses professional audiences, he stresses the achievements of LSD as a psychiatric tool—a controversial area still being cautiously explored—and as a means of reforming criminals and combatting alcoholism. To religious groups, he promotes it as an access to religious ecstasy and human understanding, which writer Arthur Koestler, who tried it for this purpose, dismissed as "instant Zen."

Leary is most persuasive and least restrained when he puts on his white pajamas, turns on his light show, and sets out to seduce the eager and impressionable young. Leary has set up shop in the generation gap with a canny eye for site selection. He flatters the teenies as the wave of the future, idealistic, creative and tuned-in on a chemical paradise wherein love will reign and wars, racial tension and poverty will dissolve before LSD-induced understanding. The more hotly the dads of the world denounce Leary, the more the kids love him. "Why not go home and turn Dad *on?*" he tells the kids, as laughter swells through the audience. "Ask him, 'Dad, haven't you done enough? Haven't you done *enough?*' "

The trouble with Dad, the way Leary preaches it, is that he is caught in the 9-to-5, brown shoe, computerized, robotized rat race. The poor guy doesn't know he's in this bind, and plods on downhill to nowhere with a whisky glass in his hand to dull the pain. The bars in his invisible prison are the symbols of the sterile "games" of a sterile culture; Leary is long on Marshall McLuhan and Dr. Eric Berne and the games *those* people play. The dads of the world are being led to the last disaster by "old men" like Lyndon Johnson and Mao Tse Tung, who wearily apply political concepts 40 years out of date to a world crying for new solutions.

"The trouble with Johnson and Mao is that they are playing with atomic radiation, which changes the genetic code," says Leary. "That's a real threat to God because God, in the sense that He writes the genetic code, doesn't want man interfering with his blueprint. A hundred years ago, people were being blown up, but they still made love and had babies, too. But now the genetic code—God—is worried. So the genetic code produced LSD, it produced me, and it produced this new generation to correct the mistakes of the last generation."

Recent studies by nonevangelistic scientists disclose that LSD, rather than functioning as a mystic savior of the genetic code, directly damages the heredity-carrying chromosomes of the human cells. Research by University of Oregon geneticists Drs. Jose Egozcue and Samuel Irwin found genetic damage in six out of eight LSD users. A New York study, directed by Dr. Maimon M. Cohen, revealed "a highly significant excess" of genetic abnormalities in the cells of the four LSD users his team studied. One was a baby who had been exposed to LSD, via its turned-on young mother, prior to its birth.

Leary sees the flaking old Millbrook mansion as a place where he "can help others find the God within, where those helped can help each other do this," and finally as a staging ground from which "we go back to the sinful planet and turn on all the others." And when he says this, incongruously, he laughs.

The LSD revolution will be won by example and by a growing underground holed up out of sight now in places of influence. Leary boasts that there are LSD cadres in the executive ranks of Madison Avenue public relations firms, in "the more enlightened big corporations," in "highly placed positions in the military establishments and in senatorial staffs in Washington."

TRUE

"I just raffled off 46 chances on our car!"

Every religious change in history, he says, "starts with the young, the creative, the minority groups. In 10 or 15 years, when the LSD society begins, people won't be so hung up on material possessions. They'll be much more interested in global lovemaking and global communication. They'll get their kicks from merging with and understanding other classes and other nations."

His seedling communities will never use force, Leary went on. "We submit to all laws. We tell our communities—don't get involved with fanatic politics, don't picket, don't lie in, don't vote, don't get into any struggle with the current Establishment. Society today is insane and if you start contending with an insane person you become insane."

When Leary turns to the economics of Millbrook, it becomes obvious why he is vague on the subject. The one problem LSD hasn't solved is how one turns on, tunes in, drops out—and still pays the bills. The way the Millbrook group has solved it is precisely the way it is solved in the tired old, 9-to-5 middle-class society that Leary keeps putting down. Daddy Guru Leary supports the colony.

When the 60-odd happy hipsters now at Millbrook heeded Guru Tim's advice to drop out of the meaningless rat race, most of them dropped squarely onto the guru's shoulders. While they paint their children psychedelic colors, toot their flutes and blow out the fuses with their stereo sets, Tim gets up the bread.

"I have 61 dependents here," he admits, "in addition to 13 cats, 11 dogs, a flock of geese, two pregnant goats and 12 hungry lawyers. I am also supporting, I suspect, a government undercover informer, which certainly ought to be tax deductible. Would you *believe* that it costs $6,000 a month just to keep this establishment going?"

Up the stairs at this point burst his indignant secretary, an earnest girl of about 30, followed by his indignant second-in-command, a chunky dark-haired man wearing something like an Hawaiian muumuu. Budgets, it seemed, are not the only problems in Tim's prototype for the coming turned-on Utopia. His aides dumped their woes in the Daddy Guru's lap.

It was then that Tim Leary got off his pad and went over and stood on his head. "I like to work in my yoga exercises whenever I can," he explained.

The new trouble, it turned out, was that the happy, loving, turned-on dropouts in his LSD cult were simply not behaving responsibly.

"I don't like to make a big thing about this 'my car' bit," said the man in the muumuu. "But these idiots drive it and if it needs oil and they have no money they drive it without the oil. In cold weather, they just add water and no antifreeze. So my car's laid up with a busted block."

"He's right," the secretary added. "This thing about being expansive and not hung up on material possessions just doesn't work with cars. There is no transportation, Tim. *All* the cars are in the garage."

"All the cars?" asked the upside-down guru.

"All the cars."

"Well," sighed Leary. "I guess we'll have to buy an old school bus and haul everyone around together and assign one person to do the driving."

"Somebody responsible," urged Muumuu. "Somebody who knows about adding oil and antifreeze."

"All right, somebody responsible," said Leary. Then he flipped himself right-side up and shrugged. "Come along," he said. "Bali Ram is going to give us some lessons in the dances of India down on the second floor. Maybe we can turn you on."

Barefooted and shirtless, he joined a dozen of his followers and tried intently to follow the graceful movements of a darkskinned male dancer. He looked for all the world like a middle-aged, middle-class father trying to forget his kids, his mortgage, and the car-pool trouble at a suburban Arthur Murray studio.

The convoluted road that brought Tim Leary, Roman Catholic, son of a retired Army officer, a Ph.D. from the University of California, onetime research director in psychology for the Kaiser Foundation in Oakland, lecturer for the Harvard Center for Research in Personality, to his status of barefooted guru began seven years ago at a swimming pool in Cuernavaca, Mexico. A friend introduced him to the Mexican so-called magic mushrooms, procured from a local lady witch doctor called Crazy Juana. Leary, with his typical Irish recklessness, ate nine of them. They sent him spinning into a "maelstrom of transcendental visions and hallucinations, without question the deepest religious experience of my life." Whatever it was that survived began eagerly searching for other "mind benders" such as peyote, marihuana, mescaline. He shortly discovered the tasteless, odorless, colorless, and enormously potent chemical LSD, a synthetic derived by the Swiss Sandoz laboratory in a search for a new pain-killer. It has been estimated that only two pounds of pure LSD, equally distributed, could send the entire population of Greater New York on a 12-hour hallucinatory "trip."

Leary began bending his mind regularly with LSD, and got kicked out of Harvard when he administered it to students in a research program his superiors decided lacked the disciplines and safeguards of true science. Dr. David McClelland, his department head, commented at his departure: "It tears my heart to see what happened to him. A good, sound scientist has become a cultist."

Without a backward glance, Leary and a fellow psychologist, Dr. Richard Alpert, went off to Mexico, set up an LSD center in a hotel in Zihuatanejo where their experiments got them kicked out by the Mexican government. They tried to find a landing place in several small islands in the Caribbean without success. "We could find no square mile on this planet," says Leary, "where we could live peaceably and follow our spiritual practices."

He was rescued from martyrdom in 1963 by William Hitchcock, a young scion of the Mellon fortune, who had bought a 4,000-acre estate at Millbrook and rented the place to Leary and his followers. "Hitchcock is one of the most interesting young Americans around, a very successful Wall Street broker, and backer of an exciting off-Broadway drama group," Leary says. "He has supported our LSD research and tried to explain to the older generation the potential of LSD."

Such sponsorship, plus the once lofty position of Leary in psychology circles, has given LSD a peculiar status that no true narcotic has ever achieved. Before LSD became a fad and a source of "kicks" for kids, it attracted some people of considerable stature. Present consensus is that it is not addictive although it may be psychologically habituating. Leary insists it is neither, and in the next breath declares he has "tripped out" more than 350 times. This is an average of once a week, an incidence looked on by LSD users as the maximum effective use of the drug. In denying that he is hooked on LSD, Leary is in much the same position as the alcoholic who insists he can give the stuff up any time, while pouring himself another belt.

What LSD does to the human brain is not understood. It induces in some people an artificial psychosis, similar to schizophrenia. Research shows that a single dose can somehow reactivate itself months after ingestion and zonk out the taker like the slowest boomerang in the world. Subjective descriptions of LSD trips fail for lack of an adequate language. "You can't talk about it to anyone who hasn't been there," is a familiar user's comment. It impels, among those who had a "good" trip, a strong desire to introduce their friends and relatives to the experience. Users also tend to congregate as an elite or "in" group, superior to the square world.

Leary has described a possible LSD experience: "I was sitting there and suddenly I began to dissolve. Every cell in my body began to break down and I was afraid I would become a puddle on the floor. Then I saw a huge serpent coming up. The serpent swallowed me. I went in the serpent's stomach. Later I was excreted and exploded. I became an animal. I could feel hair and claws growing on my body. I could look down and see fishy scales as though I were a reptile. Then I was floating as though I was a single-celled organism.

In general, the drug works in two stages over eight to 12 hours. In the beginning there is a sharpening of the senses, colors glow with unworldly bril-

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liance, music slows and becomes visible, odors heighten and grow unbearably delightful. "I stared for hours at an orange," says a user. "I had never seen such an orange; it was the Mother Orange of all the world." Fantasies begin. A friend's face will turn into an ape's, a wife becomes a giant spider, everyone in the room may suddenly wear the user's face. In the second stage there occurs a detachment of one's ego as it dissolves into a love for all men and all beings—in Leary's words, "I, the Timothy Leary game, was gone." This ego loss is accompanied by the conviction that one has penetrated the central riddle of the universe and identified God in himself. "One sees beyond the symbols and games," said a user, "into beauty and the wonderful oneness of all."

In this ecstasy, often the instinctive protections learned in the turn-off world drop away. One can stride between rooftops or fly or flick traffic aside with a wave of the hand. Recently a California ophthalmologist reported, four LSD users turned up with severely damaged vision. They had stared directly at the blazing California sun for so long, reveling in its new beauty, that they permanently burned out portions of their retinas.

The fruits of Tim Leary's evangelism are apparent everywhere—in the acid-rock music blaring from teen-agers' radios, in the hundreds of psychedelic discotheques in scores of cities, in the pot shops peddling guru-type sandals and little carved picks to hold a marihuana roach (butt), in the rise of an underground press promoting pot and LSD, in the fad for psychedelic design in clothes and art, in the LeMar (legalize marihuana) movement on campuses.

It is apparent also in the sharp increase in psychiatric hospitalization of the victims of bad LSD "trips"—up 400 percent in two years in Los Angeles alone. "We're getting an increasing number of LSD psychotics from high schools," says a Long Beach doctor. "I've got three under treatment now, two of them 16 years old. In San Francisco, LSD hospitalization, unknown five years ago, now runs four cases a day."

Leary's success is most graphically visible in the big cities, the so-called bellwethers for fads, movements and new life styles. The turned-on hippies swarm in New York's Greenwich Village, on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, and the Haight-Ashbury ("Hashbury") section of San Francisco. They no longer are a phenomenon of outrage to the Los Angeles cops, who have found freak-outs gnawing the bark on trees, screaming in terror that their faces are melting, or walking into oncoming traffic in the hallucination that they are God and hence indestructible. The police even retrieved one from the Pacific Ocean, where he was proclaiming his love for all the world while the tide rose around his neck.

San Francisco's "Hashbury" is the acid-head capital of the world, with more than 10,000 hippies jammed into a slum area not far from the Golden Gate Park. Here they live in chemical ecstasy, togetherness and inadequate sanitation, as many as 50 in a single apartment. They defy economics by panhandling the round-eyed squares on the street, by begging food scraps from merchants and leftovers from restaurants, and by the remittances of alienated but anxious parents. They have become a new tourist attraction, like Chinatown, the topless shows of North Beach, and the transvestites of Finnochio's. Here is the Brave New World of Tim Leary in full flower, blowing its oriental flutes at the passing cars, garbed in Dracula capes, Indian costumes, plastic mini-skirts, ancient drum-major jackets from forgotten bands, you name it. The sight-seeing busses bill Hashbury as "the only foreign community in the continental United States," and the one must sight is a coffee bar called the Drog Store. There, if you go on foot, you can walk over the supine body of a freaked-out Leary devotee at almost any time of the day or night, lost to reality on a dirty sidewalk, twitching and moaning over the chemical visions coursing through a turned on brain.

What are the odds that the U.S. of 1980 will be one giant Hashbury? Even if the zonk-outs prevail, there will be havens for the turned-off dads of the world, just as every revolution preserves the technicians of the overturned regime.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

U.S.A.-LSD will still need brain surgeons who see straight, and airline pilots who will stay in the cockpit rather than fly out front alone.

Some optimists dismiss the LSD movement as another fad—like the hula hoop or goldfish gulping—which will run its natural course. There has been disillusionment lately with Leary, too, on the grounds that he is too commercial. How can you drop out *sincerely*, and be *above* material considerations when it costs you so much just to get the message? Complained one pressed-hair chick at Santa Monica, watching all the hippies queue up at the box office with their brown-shoed dads' cash in hand: "I just don't see Tim for like a new Gandhi. I don't remember that Gandhi charged any $5.50 admission."

Finally, those recent findings on LSD-damage to the human heredity factors took a lot of steam out of Leary's holy horror over the A-bomb. It is hard to cry havoc at what Lyndon or Mao *may* do to the young innocents when they are willfully zapping their own genes with something just as bad. In fact, it's downright phony and—like their middle-aged guru keeps telling them—phoniness is the one unforgiveable middle-aged sin.

—James Phelan

THE OCEAN'S MOST TANTALIZING TREASURE

[*Continued from page* 35]

She had barely settled on the bottom before the controversy which still rages broke out. Did somebody own her or, being in international waters, was she a prize of the sea? What items of value were still aboard and how much were they worth if they could be salvaged?

A total of $116 million in claims was filed. These were finally settled for $5,800,000. A syndicate of insurance underwriters coordinated by the *Societa di Assicurazine* of Genoa paid the Italian Line $16.5 million for the hull and contents and became owners of the wreck when the line made a "declaration of abandonment."

"The insurers own the *Doria* and everything aboard her in perpetuity," says an authority on admiralty law. "If she were raised, the question of the salvor's award would have to be settled either in or out of court, depending on whether or not an amicable agreement could be reached. The same holds true of cargo and other items of value aboard the *Doria*."

The rule of "finders keepers," it is explained, holds only where title is clouded as, for example, in the case of ancient Spanish treasure ships sunk in 1715 and located only recently off the Florida coast. About $500,000 in gold doubloons and pieces-of-eight has been recovered from them so far, but even this must be shared with the State of Florida because the wrecks are in territorial waters.

Within a few days of the *Doria's* sinking, scuba divers were photographing her on the bottom. The 29,083-ton ship, 697 feet long and with a beam of 90 feet, lay on her side in 225 feet of water.

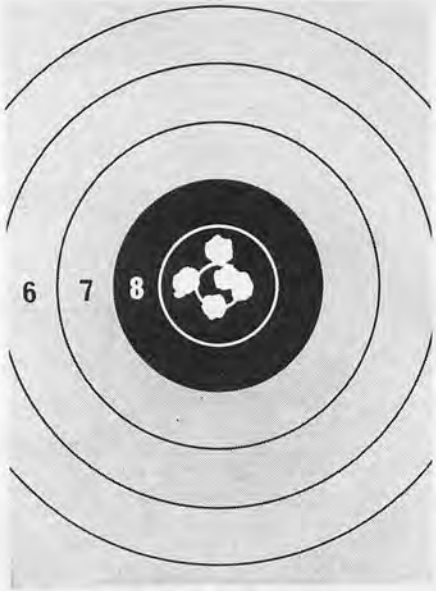
Because the vessel rests on a slant, some sections of the superstructure were only 135 feet below the surface. No liner of modern times except the French *Normandie* had foundered at so seemingly accessible a spot. She was temptingly near.

Reports of the wealth aboard her grew. There was said to be at least a million dollars in cash, jewels and negotiable bonds in "the safe." There were 1,200 place settings of fine china, a shipment of furs, industrial diamonds, $25,000 worth of vermouth, and the Chrysler Corporation's valuable experimental "dream car."

There were five tons of Provolone cheese (true) and a "secret consignment" of $30 million in gold bullion (false). The hull, it was estimated, would bring up to $3 million as scrap if the ship could

TRUE

"It's good to get back to civilization."



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"He didn't exactly say he wanted a divorce. He gave me two weeks' severance pay."

not be put back into service, although current scrap prices would bring this closer to $1 million.

Everything perishable reputedly was in "watertight compartments." Miraculously, the statue of Admiral Doria turned in news reports to gold.

Schemes for raising the ship proliferated. Some were ingenious and physically if not financially feasible; some as ridiculous as that of the man who said, "It's simple. Just seal the smokestacks and pump the water out."

One entrepreneur would raise the ship, dock her and charge admission. Another planned to cut up the superstructure into "three million pairs of souvenir cuff links."

But all wanted the insurers to finance their salvage inventions and split the money realized. In Genoa the underwriters stated that they would only sell an inventory and rights for a "substantial sum" to a reputable salvor with a sound plan and financing. They had no intention of participating in a joint venture.

The *Andrea Doria* remained on the bottom. She had been there two years when a New Jersey industrialist announced that he planned to raise the ship by slipping four-inch-thick cables under her. These would be fastened to ore barges ballasted to ride low in the water.

"The ore barges will be pumped out, rising in the water and raising the *Doria* a few feet," it was explained. "The ships will all move toward land until the *Doria* again touches bottom. Then the cables will be shortened and the process repeated."

Excitement ran high until Dr. Paolo Salemi, director of the *Societa,* said in Genoa that no acceptable offer had been received and that permission to raise the *Doria* had not been granted to anyone.

Although the industrialist declared that he would raise the ship without permission "because she is outside the 12-mile limit" nothing more was heard of the venture.

A professional diver told newsmen that he intended to refloat the hull by pumping two million cubic feet of air into the *Doria's* double bottom. Construction blueprints showed no more than 300,000 cubic feet of space there, far too little to raise the ship. He went the way of the salvor who proposed to fill the hull with Ping-Pong balls only to discover that the pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch at that depth would flatten them.

Engineers scoff loudest at suggestions that openings be sealed and water forced out as air is pumped in. The number of hatches, portholes and other openings and the 40-foot gash from the *Stockholm* rule out this method, to say nothing of the difficulty of working at that depth.

Such problems were illustrated in the summer of 1964 when a $300,000 salvage effort backed by Robert F. Solomon, a builder, and H. Glen Garvin, a real-estate dealer, of Silver Spring, Maryland, was mounted. Solomon and Garvin acquired the former U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Marion,* had it converted into a salvage ship renamed the *Top Cat* and recruited a 20-man team, including nine Navy divers.

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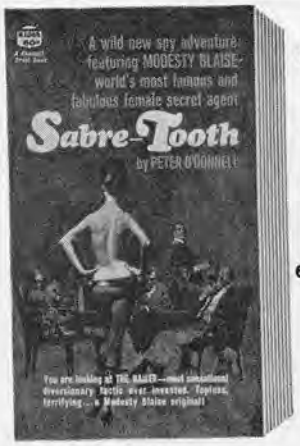

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With high hopes, the *Top Cat* sailed for the *Doria* site. When the wreck was finally located with the help of a veteran New Bedford fisherman, the adventurers learned why that section of the Atlantic is famous for foul weather.

Thirty-knot winds whipped the ocean to whitecaps for days without letup. Ten-foot swells rocked the former cutter. Time and money continued to slip away. When the weather calmed, sharks appeared. As many as a dozen a day were shot.

Still, the divers managed to make a number of descents. They found the *Doria* much as she had been at her sinking eight years earlier. They brought up the ship's radar set and port bridge running light and a 1,000-watt floodlight which they mounted behind the *Top Cat's* wheelhouse. The original bulb still worked.

However, it was little to show for their efforts. A final assault on the statue of Admiral Doria itself was planned. The divers found it in its position in the first-class lounge at a depth of 215 feet. Two holes, each five by eight feet, had to be blasted through inner and outer bulkheads to permit its removal.

The concussion killed many fish, attracting additional sharks which were identified as porbeagles, highly dangerous when excited or hungry. Keeping a wary eye on them, the divers managed to get a ¾-inch steel cable attached to air-lift bags around the statue.

After eight days of Herculean labor, the statue rose to the surface and was hauled aboard the *Top Cat* to the cheers of the crew which bore it triumphantly back to New Bedford.

It now stands in the patio of the Sea Garden motel in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, which is owned by Garvin. It is again bronze.

"Nobody offered us a nickel for it," Solomon and Garvin say today, philosophically. "It was a lot of money to spend for a statue, but we'd probably do the same thing again tomorrow.

"Actually, we had no plan then to raise the ship. We believed that if we proved that it was possible to go aboard and do a major salvage job at the lowest point of the ship, more backing would be forthcoming, but nothing happened. We took a calculated risk and simply ran out of money."

(In Genoa, a spokesman for the insurers says that the *Societa* has sold salvage rights to no one, but has taken no action against such operations because it considers them to be on a scale too small to be of commercial harm to the company.)

Why didn't the divers blow open "the safe" with its million in cash, bonds and jewels instead? Investigation revealed that while there are a number of safes on the ship, passengers left their valuables in row upon row of small safety deposit boxes.

"They could have been reached but the question is which boxes or row of boxes to blow?" Solomon explains. "It costs about $300 a dive per man and he only has 15 minutes to work on the bottom. You could lose an awful lot of money opening the wrong boxes!"

TRUE

"Nobody showed up for my testimonial dinner!"

The would-be salvors were also aware that anything of value recovered also would become a matter of negotiation, with a judge as final arbiter, if necessary, on how much would go to the salvor and how much to the *Societa* which owns everything since all claims were paid.

Despite their Pyrrhic victory, Solomon is optimistic concerning eventual salvage of the *Doria*, possibly with one of the new foam plastics which can withstand the pressure with small compression at that depth or with large rubber bags which could be introduced into the hold and rooms and then inflated, forcing the water out.

Such bags would have to be equipped with regulating valves to lower air pressure as the ship rose. This is one of the main obstacles to salvage of the ship, engineers point out. Once a vessel begins to rise, its speed must be carefully controlled or it will gain momentum, blow out of the water and break apart to be lost forever.

"I would have had an easier life if I had never heard of the *Doria*," Solomon says, "but someday somebody is going to raise her."

Solomon's optimism that the *Doria* can be refloated receives some support from salvage experts of the Murphy Pacific Marine Salvage Co. of Emeryville, California, now owners of Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation, which raised the capsized *Normandie* from the Hudson River at a cost of $4.5 million.

Says F. N. Oberle, vice-president and general manager of the company's New York-based Merritt division, "No one here would label such a project 'impossible.' The whole history of marine salvage has been built on ingenuity—in finding ways and means to do the impossible.

"All we can say is that never before has a vessel of such size been raised intact from such a great depth. In marine salvage, the question is not whether a particular mission can be carried out but whether it is economically feasible to undertake.

"The salvor's projected costs must always be measured against a realistic appraisal of the potential value of the recovered property in salved condition and the probability of success.

"In the case of the *Andrea Doria*, months of preparatory work could easily be wiped out by a comparatively minor storm. It's impossible to forecast the time such a project would require or the eventual cost it would entail."

What method do professional salvagers favor for raising the *Doria*? Techniques have improved considerably since the day it was suggested that the Chicago stockyards save all of its pig bladders so that they could be inflated and used to lift the battleship *Maine* from Havana harbor.

A promising procedure is called "foam-in-place" using a urethane plastic foam similar to the insulation in refrigerators. The foam is manufactured within the sunken ship when two chemicals and a catalyst are introduced through separate hoses.

The foam hardens almost immediately, displacing the much heavier water until gradually the ship rises. An important drawback to this method in the case of the *Doria* is that the foam is very expensive. In 1965 it cost the Navy in excess of $200,000 to use foam in refloating a much smaller vessel—the U.S. Destroyer *Frank Knox*—which was merely aground on a reef. In the *Knox* case the foaming was done by technicians of Murphy Pacific, who developed the process, and only a few badly ruptured compartments had to be filled.

"The foam also tends to stick to things," an expert warns. "It isn't easy to remove after the ship is refloated."

New underwater shelters which are lowered to the ocean floor and from which divers can work without time-consuming trips to and from the surface offer other possibilities.

Despite the passage of time, public interest in the *Doria* and her possible salvage remains high judging by the experience of Henry Richards Soutiere, president of the United Service Corporation of Holyoke, Massachusetts. A *Doria* buff, Soutiere has been studying the question of salvage for years and as the result of some preliminary work was identified in news accounts as "chairman of the board of the *Andrea Doria* Salvage Company."

"Money poured in from all over the world," Soutiere says. "Everybody wanted a piece of the action. Actually, there is no such company—yet—but one man sent a certified check made out to me personally for $40,000.

"We had to return all of the money and get receipts. Please be sure to tell people not to send money!"

Soutiere displays a solid polystyrene ball about two inches in diameter and extremely light which he says can withstand tremendous pressure and which would be capable of lifting the *Doria*.

"But to manufacture them, transport them to the site and place them in the *Doria* would cost three or four million dollars," he estimates. "A man could lift enough to fill a trailer truck and I hate to think how many truckloads would be needed."

Soutiere favors the inflated bag technique but emphasizes that he is still studying the question. "Financing is not a problem," he says. "Economic feasibility is."

Meanwhile, the *Andrea Doria* with whatever riches she holds remains on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, tantalizingly near, yet guarded by the restless waves. "It's a tough place to do salvage work," says Henry B. Hough, editor of the *Vineyard Gazette* of Martha's Vineyard. "It's open ocean with strong tides, heavy seas and no shelter."

Flotsam and jetsam from the wreck still occasionally wash up on the beach at the Vineyard 65 miles away—a streamer chair, a woman's handbag, a life jacket.

Saltwater fishermen now make the 80-mile run from Montauk, Long Island, to fish above the ship for cod and pollock drawn by the small marine life which sunken wrecks attract. Catches of cod of more than 40 pounds have been recorded.

But to many men, an ocean queen like the *Andrea Doria* does not deserve such a fate. Time will tell whether they can contrive a better one for her.

—**Fred Dickenson**

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RETURN OF THE THANKSGIVING BIRD

[*Continued from page* 51]

turned. Its head shot out snakelike on the long red stem of neck. The bird bent forward, long beard dangling from its breast so far it touched the ground. Suddenly the old tom poured forth a stream of wild gobbling, and as the hen on the ridge testified again to willingness, the fickle tom forsook me and started swiftly away.

I groaned. I swore. I wanted to smash the gun, stomp on the call. That, as any experienced turkey hunter will attest, is normal turkey hunting, spring or fall. This is the most violently exasperating yet most challenging, fascinating bird hunt going. Today, happily, it is available for almost anyone who loves frustration. An amazing turkey population boom is on, zooming the birds from the brink of extinction two or three decades ago to establishment in almost every sector of the nation. The latest estimate of the total U.S. turkey population by the Fish & Wildlife Service is 753,775, with annual harvest of about 95,000 birds.

There are four subspecies of wild turkeys in the United States. The eastern type is a large, coppery-bronze bird with chestnut tail-feather tips. Gone from much of its original range up until a few years ago, it has done so well it is nowadays hunted in Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri. There may also be a few of these birds in Illinois, New Jersey, Connecticut (but there is no hunting season). The last original wild turkey recorded in Connecticut was seen over 150 years ago.

The Florida turkey, a dark bird with very little white on its wings, is doing fine in the state for which this subspecies was named, and is hunted annually.

The Rio Grande variety—slightly smaller and more slender than the eastern type—with pale rusty-brown tail tips, is predominantly a Texas bird. It is plentiful and has been transplanted experimentally to areas as far away as Missouri and Nebraska, and to Iowa also, where it is not yet hunted. Over all of the West—Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma—there are turkeys, chiefly the mountain or Merriam's turkey, with open hunting seasons. Kansas, with no season, may also have a few. The Merriam's is a handsome, big bird with near-white to extremely pale buff rump and tail-feather tips.

This astonishing lineup shows 33 states with open hunting seasons on the four types, and several others where turkeys occur or may occur. Still other states are experimenting or planning plantings of wild turkeys. There is also a good turkey population below our borders, in Mexico. In some parts of the U.S., several subspecies have been tried in the same state, which makes for much overlapping and even some crossing of strains. However, today the trend is toward trying to keep the bloodlines as pure as possible.

It was the Merriam's that I was hunting, and I had selected Nebraska as the site of this hunt purposely to emphasize the rousing reestablishment of the birds far and wide. For no turkeys originally dwelt in this Pine Ridge country where I was. A few once roamed eastern Nebraska and central Nebraska's river bottoms. Those were extirpated half a century ago. Today, however, several thousand turkeys are annually harvested by Nebraska hunters.

I moved up-canyon, listening for another gobbler. No sound. By 9:30 I knew chances were slim—the birds would have faded into the hills to feed and rest. Presently Gene Hornbeck appeared on the ridge. Gene, a friend from Lincoln, had arranged this hunt for us on the Greenwood Cattle Ranch near the village of White Clay. I had come up from Texas with my pickup coach, we'd met at Rushville and taken the coach back into the pine-clad hills to the north. Far back in on the Greenwood ridge-country grazing land, we had veered off the ranch trail, driven up a steep, grassy hill and by the simple expedient of parking the truck, made camp. This placed us within hiking distance of deep, quiet cottonwood-lined canyons in several directions and of numberless secluded slopes where we had been told the turkeys consorted.

As Gene approached, I grinned. "Your story first."

"I was lying by this log," Gene said, "calling. A huge gobbler came up on the opposite side. Through an opening under the log, I saw its legs. I reached through and grabbed them. I couldn't pull the so-and-so under."

"And then?"

"I let go and called the bird up on the *other* side of the log." He squinted at me, deadpan. "You won't believe the rest. When I saw how big he was, I was terrified. *I* ran!" He paused. "Your story?"

"My gobbler was coming to my call uphill, but couldn't make it. The beard was so long he kept tripping over it. Finally the old devil gave up and walked downhill backwards."

We burst into laughter, then confessed. As we told our true no-luck stories, we climbed part way up the slope. The sun had warmed it gently. We'd arisen at 3:30. We were weary. We lay back on

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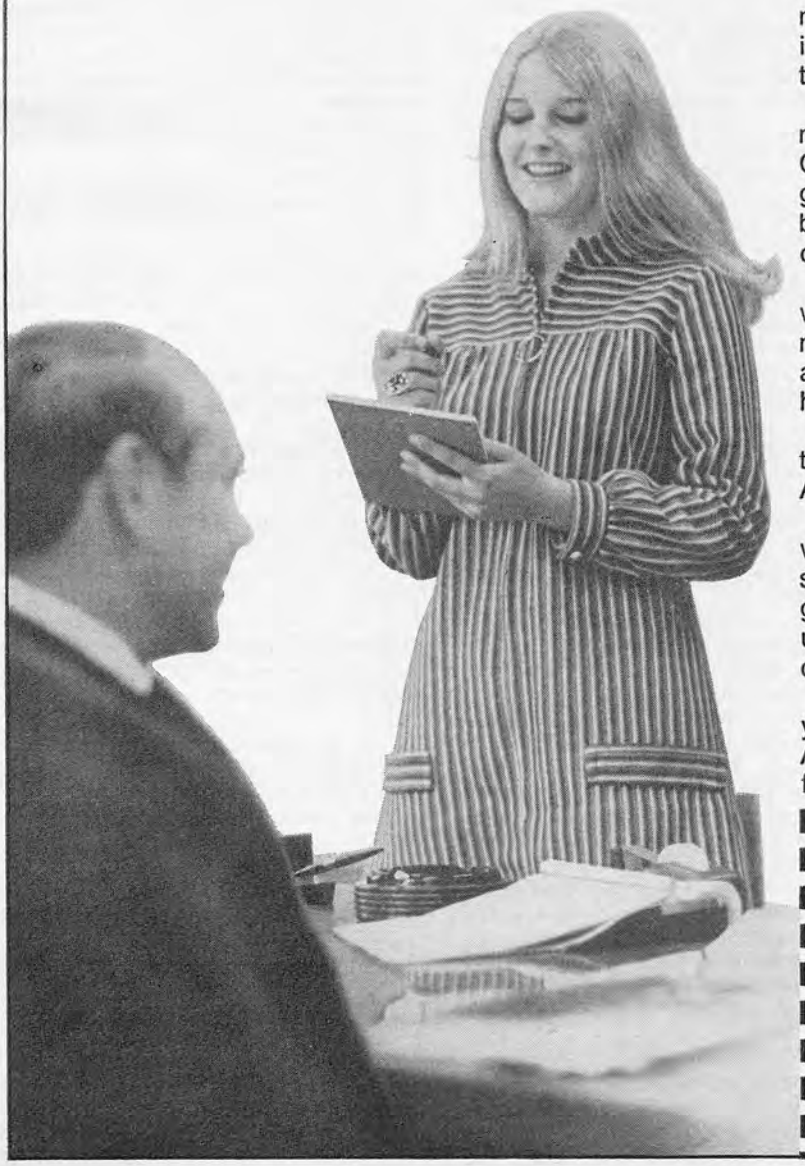

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the soft pine needles, and knowing hunting would be slow now until midafternoon, enjoyed our ease and talked about these wonderful birds. . . .

The wild turkey, exclusively North American and once urged by Benjamin Franklin as our national symbol, has a most peculiar and interesting history. In the early 1500's Spanish conquistadores found Aztec Indians in what is now Mexico raising turkeys in domestication. They took birds back to Spain. Quickly these spread across Europe and to England as domestic fowl. Meanwhile African guinea fowl had reached Europe via Turkey. Confusion over the two birds, so the story goes, hung the name "turkey" on the New World bird.

Later, when American colonists discovered vast wild flocks in the forests around them, they had no idea their domestic turkeys on the other side of the Atlantic had come originally from North America. Wild turkeys became a colonial diet staple, and in particular an important and virtually dedicated part of the first Thanksgiving in 1621, when the Pilgrims utilized "a great store of wild Turkies." That tradition has remained, mostly with domesticated birds, to this day.

"It's difficult to realize," I remarked, "how fantastically abundant wild turkeys were in early days. They ranged over 39 present-day states. Old records speak of flocks making sounds like thunder as they left eastern roosts at dawn. Another I recall mentioned wagonloads of turkeys being brought down from the hills in Kentucky and Tennessee and hawked at 10¢ each. It's hard for me to believe that where I grew up, in Michigan's 'Thumb' area, and down into Ohio, turkeys swarmed until the mid-1800's. They were extinct there many years before I was born. The last on record, a gobbler of almost 24 pounds, was killed near Saginaw in 1886."

"It was the same," Gene said, "according to records, throughout the East, Midwest, South, Southwest, the Rockies in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona. They were all forest birds. So it was not only unlimited hunting, but human settlement that did them in. Axes killed more than guns."

Cutting of large blocks of big timber had a disastrous effect in many sections. A curious sidelight is that years ago there was a tremendous amount of chestnut in the Northeast. Wild turkeys fed avidly on chestnuts till a blight wiped out this tree and with it a major source, in some ranges, of the turkey's food supply. It must be pointed out, too, that a bird as large as a wild turkey requires a tremendous daily amount of food. Acorns, beech nuts are prime fare. As hardwoods dwindled, pressure to glean a living was severe on the birds. Studies have shown that a big gobbler, fed full before going to roost, has had the almost unbelievable amount of well over 200 acorns in its crop.

Thirty years ago wild turkeys were indeed almost done in, unquestionably headed for extinction. Totally gone from the Great Lakes, the Midwest, only remnants remained in the East, the South, Texas, the Rockies. Hunting was meager, restricted to only a few small locations. Biologists began trying desperately to restock turkey ranges. They pen-reared thousands of wild birds. It was no answer. Game-farm wild turkeys tamed easily when released, interbred with domestic types, had no stamina to cope with the wilderness.

"We thought we had it licked," a biologist friend from Pennsylvania once told me, "when we started fencing in game-farm hens out in the woods, wing-clipped, hoping wild gobblers would mate with them."

This method did bring some success, but not much. Finally it dawned on the biologists that what wild turkeys needed most of all was *wilderness*. Timber without people was the first consideration, then ample food such as acorns, beech mast, pine seeds, wild grasses and water.

A good clue was to be found by a study of paleontology. Thousands of years before any civilization came to this continent, turkeys of at least five different species—according to fossilized remains discovered here and there—ranged literally from coast to coast and other vast distances north to south.

So now in modern experiment, range-trapped wild birds from elsewhere were released in blocks of timber with a minimum of 3,000 acres, in places like the Great Lakes region. Other places, like Nebraska, were thinking in terms of 5,000 to 10,000 acres minimum. In South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa and many other states, the idea and the turkeys began to catch on. Both have since paid off handsomely.

Year by year more states have been able to open seasons. Today at least 27 have turkey hunting each fall. Seven more have spring seasons only. Ten have seasons both spring and fall, and some others soon will. Hunter numbers are controlled in most places by drawing only a specified number of permits, after surveys have indicated how many birds can be considered surplus for that year.

The *mass* of U.S. turkey range is of course much smaller than originally. But turkeys are doing well in a *greater number of far-flung locations* than when Pilgrims pointed blunderbusses. And they are hunted today on numerous ranges where originally they did not even exist. It is one of the great conservation success stories of the century.

As we lounged and visited on the hillside, clouds formed above. That afternoon a tremendous front blew in. Snow flurried, temperatures plummeted. "This will ruin calling," I said. "I'll bet it will stop mating activity."

Sure enough, next morning not a tom gobbled, not a hen perked. It was April 23rd—and at dawn the Greenwood ranchhouse thermometer stood at a miserable, unbelievable 16°.

"Well," Gene said. "It's like fall. The seasons and the turkeys are mixed up. So, we'll hunt that way."

In fall turkeys seldom come to a call unless a flock of young birds is first flushed, scattered, then coaxed back together again. Most fall hunting is based

on the fact that turkeys are creatures of fairly constant habit. If undisturbed, they use in general the same trails, feed in the same places, water at certain spots, roost likewise. The birds also seem uncannily time conscious. They go to water, or roost, almost exactly at the same time each day. And they have a habit of walking, or flying, in rather straight lines, rather than wandering.

"They use the narrow canyons here," Gene said. "Let's take a stand on the ridge and maybe some will pass."

Climbing, panting, we topped a ridge and hid among the pines, watching, glassing the valleys. Three suffering hours we sat. Not a feather. We were frozen. We went back down to the creek bottom to get out of the wind. At the mouth of a very narrow canyon past which the creek flowed, we saw a welter of fresh tracks.

"They've been coming to drink here," I said, excited now. "Any time from mid-afternoon on should be good."

Skipping lunch, we fashioned a rough blind among fallen cottonwoods, hunkered inside. Time passed with interminable slowness, marked only by the intermittent bitter gusts of 40-mile winds from the distant Rockies. At 4 p.m. my heart suddenly slammed my ribs. The head of a turkey poked out past the clay bank of the defile across the creek. The bird strode into view. Excitement withered. Hen. It drank from the creek, returned to the canyon.

Half an hour later we were so cold we had to move. We climbed briskly back up through pines to the top of the ridge. Distant black specks on another ridge caught my eye. Turkeys!

"They'll feed down that ridge, dawdle around on that open spine that drops to the creek bottom," I said. "Those cottonwoods a quarter-mile over there are a roost site; I checked them yesterday."

Gene studied the birds with binocular. "They'll probably fiddle around a while on the spine, then fly off to roost. It's worth a try."

We ran. We hauled up to blow. We climbed, gasping, knowing at last we must be far ahead of the birds. We crawled to the spine top, peeped up the ridge. Nothing. We searched for cover. None. Quickly we cut pine branches, jammed them into the ground on the steep slope. Gene had on camouflage. I didn't. I motioned him to do the shooting. I'd be too obvious here. He lay flat behind the scanty cover. I retreated downslope, flopped behind a fallen pine and got my camera ready.

This was indeed fall hunting. Two young beardless gobblers suddenly appeared on the ridge top, headed down. "Dammit!" my thought raced. "They'll spot Gene's hideout about the time a big gobbler arrives and blow everything." I knew he'd hold out for a long-bearded tom.

They moved along, expertly flipping over with their beaks dry cow dung to peck at insects underneath. I lay flat, cold forgotten. The turkeys fed toward us—peck—peck—peck. Then one bird hauled up only 15 yards from Gene, skewered his hiding place with gimlet eye. Gene lay immobile, face pressed into the ground.

"Putt!" the bird said.

"Oh my Lord," I thought, "we're undone."

[*Continued on page* 101]

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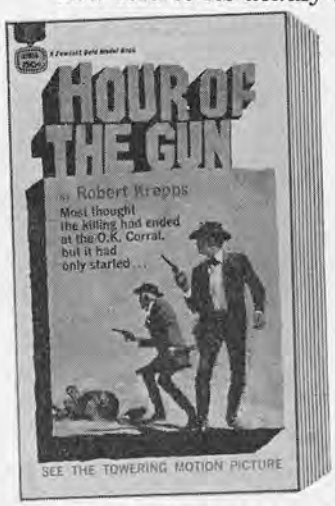

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MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Giant trees provide accurate year-by-year knowledge of many centuries of history.

Bob Boyer of Cleveland recently visited several ancient Indian ruins in the Southwest. Given the standard, guide-delivered history of the long-dead cultures, he now wonders how it is possible to construct a year-by-year history for civilizations that had no calendars, left no written history, and disappeared before Columbus came to America.

The question pinpoints an area of science which is both unique and little known—the field of dendrochronology. Loosely defined, it is the measurement of time as reflected in tree-ring growth.

Before the advent of dendrochronology, most of the history of southwestern Indian cultures hung in a limbo of time. Archeologists knew a great deal about the ancient societies, but were totally unable to put facts in any particular time frame. Then, in the early 1920's, a relatively unknown astronomer, quite by chance, discovered a new, almost infallible method for pinpointing events of unrecorded history.

Professor A. E. Douglass, of the University of Arizona, while studying the cycle of sun spots, decided to try an unusual experiment. He was aware that sun spots occur in greatest numbers every 11 years. Sun spots affect weather; weather affects growth. Douglass reasoned that he would find the evidence in tree rings. He took to the forests to prove his point, aware that, properly analyzed, tree rings might also provide a perfect, year-by-year calendar.

With the aid of the National Geographic Society, Douglass began constructing a tree-ring calendar. For more than five years, the renegade astronomer and his expedition tramped through the Southwest, chopping trees, taking core samples from logs and excavating timbers from ancient Indian dwellings. What resulted was the birth of a new science and the first accurate dating of pre-Columbian cultures.

Beginning with living trees, Douglass set up graphs depicting the patterns of tree rings. With the wide variance in yearly rainfall, trees displayed vastly differing layers of growth for each year. Thus, each ring, identifiable and different than the others, would represent a given year in time.

Living trees can extend back only several hundred years. In constructing a calendar, the task was to find dead logs, the later growth of which matched the earlier growth of living trees; then even older timber which in waning years matched the young years of the first dead tree, and so on, back as far as possible.

The actual dating of cultures was achieved by matching the rings of ceiling beams or other wood articles from a ruin with a matching sequence of rings Douglass had recorded. The outermost ring on the ceiling beam represents the year in which the timber was cut and used in constructing the dwelling. Therefore, tree-ring dating is accurate to the year, while the better known method of radiocarbon dating cannot guarantee accuracy to this extent.

When Douglass had finished his calendar, he and his workers were able to date exactly more than 40 unrecorded civilizations on the North American continent. Today, tree-ring dating has found wide application, and with the aid of electronic computers, extends through areas of Alaska, Russia and Europe.

Q: When an insect has six legs, what is its usual gait? ***Jorge Abono, San Antonio, Tex.***

A: When the insect walks, it is always supported on a triangle made by the fore and hind legs of one side and the middle leg of the other. The foreleg pulls, the middle leg acts as a support or lifting device and the hind pushes. They get the bug where it wants to go.

Q: What is the M'Naghten Rule? ***Ronald N. Gugler, Emporia, Kans.***

A: The celebrated 1843 case of Daniel M'Naghten established the test presently accepted by 30 states as the sole criterion of criminal responsibility. Basically, it states that an accused person is responsible for a crime so long as he knows the nature and quality of his act and that the act is wrong. Because of its clear-cut nature, it is also known as the "right and wrong rule."

Q: Please settle an argument. Which company made the first menthol cigaret in this country? ***R. H. Keech, Altoona, Pa.***

A: The first menthol cigaret was marketed in the U.S. in 1926 by the old Axton-Fisher Company of Louisville, Kentucky. It was called Spud. In 1944, the Philip Morris company purchased the Axton-Fisher trademarks, brands and most of its tobacco inventory. Philip Morris continued to manufacture Spud until four years ago.

Q: Last year the U.S. spent $20-billion in Social Security payments. Just how many people are collecting Social Security, anyway? ***John R. Wetmore, Seattle, Wash.***

A: By the end of December, 1966, 22.8 million people, or about one out of every nine people in the U.S., were receiving monthly checks. About 17.6 million were 62 years or older; 1.7 million were disabled workers under 62 and their dependents; 2.7 million were widowed mothers and their children.

Q: What are social insects? ***John Reeves, Salt Lake City, Utah.***

A: They are any insects that live in groups, have a division of labor, care for their young through progressive feeding and that usually have elaborate nesting habits. They include termites, ants, some bees and wasps.

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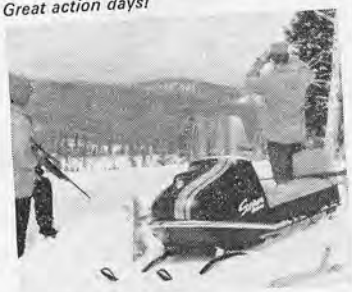

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Q: Is the water in Ireland's Shannon River salty? *C. R. Piety, Chicago, Ill.*

A: No, but an estuary of the Shannon that runs from Limerick, 16 miles inland, to the sea is.

Q: How much money do Nobel Prize winners receive? *Evelyn Marjory, Boston, Mass.*

A: The amount of money awarded to individual winners was recently increased by $5,000. The winners chosen this October will now each receive 320,000 Swedish crowns, or $60,738. Prior to 1915, winners received about $50,000. Since then the amount has varied. It was about $42,000 in 1935, and $41,420 in 1958.

Q: How did the Black Prince of England get his name? *Robert Enright, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.*

A: Edward, the second English crown prince to bear the title Prince of Wales, and the eldest son of Edward III of Windsor, king of England, got his nickname from his warlike qualities and ruthless nature. Early historians had believed that he was called the Black Prince because he always wore black armor, but paintings of the period proved otherwise. The prince died before he could take the throne.

Q: A well-to-do connoisseur recently remarked that he's going to spend the rest of his life traveling in France to see all of the museums in that country. Just how many are there? *T. Thomas Carroll, San Francisco, Calif.*

A: France has no fewer than 1,104 museums of all types, with 75 in Paris, alone.

Q: Please tell me why the southern part of Illinois is often called "Egypt." *Don Henning, Dowagiac, Mich.*

A: Because the city of Cairo is there. In 1817, a Baltimore promoter, John G. Comegy, founded a settlement at the levee-protected tongue of land at the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. He called it Cairo, and the surrounding country Egypt, because of its supposed resemblance to the delta of the Nile. The city soon prospered and lived up to its namesake, becoming, before the Civil War, one of the chief cotton ports along the river.

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Q: On the average, how many people are born in the world and how many die every day? *Johnny Steen, Reno, Nev.*

A: Figures compiled by the United Nations Statistics Office show that the daily birth rate averages 300,000 persons a day; the death rate is 150,000. The population of the world is, therefore, increasing at the rate of 150,000 persons each day.

Q: I have heard a theory that if a man went on an extended space trip, he would age much more slowly than people on earth. I assume that this relates to Einstein's theory of relativity. If time slows down out there, wouldn't bodily functions also slow down? Is this what slows the aging process? *R. Bye, Venice, Calif.*

A: According to his Special Theory of Relativity, Einstein's form of time travel does not confer upon the traveler any immortality or even longevity. As far as the traveler is concerned, he ages at the normal rate.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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[*Continued from page* 97]

The other young bird was instantly uneasy. And at that moment a grand big gobbler came majestically along the top, long beard flying in the wind.

"Putt, putt, putt. . ." the young birds sputtered. They didn't really know what was wrong. But turkeys seldom wait for certainties.

The old boy hadn't noticed yet, or in the stiff breeze hadn't heard their sound. Then suddenly it was within range, suspicious of the stance of the others. The big tom reared back and turned, stuck its neck straight up and said *"PUTT!"* which in big-gobbler talk means "I'm gone!" Gene's 12 gauge at that moment sliced into the scene and cut the bird down. In a swirl of feathers the turkey hit the turf and lay still.

What a huge, fat bird this was! It is unique that wild turkey gobblers during mating season lose some of their streamlined appearance. The breast bulges somewhat unnaturally, due to a seasonal growth called the "breast sponge," a mass of overlying cellular tissue filled plump with oil and fat that supplies badly needed extra energy.

Gene was elated. "There'll be many a disappointed hen around here now."

"Or else," I added, "some happy gobblers who'll now have larger harems."

There was a bottle at the coach-camp that night to celebrate Hornbeck's 20-pounder. We talked long about turkeys and their habits, chuckling as we recalled many a strutting scene we'd witnessed. It is amazing to see a big gobbler strut until it literally becomes mesmerized. Some keep at it blindly with eagerness and all but overcome hens nearby, until in many cases it is the hen that actually hurls herself at the feet of her selected swain, brazenly seeking his attention.

We all but drooled over the prospect of this bird roasted brown. "It amuses me," I said, "to read some guy's recipe for marinating or otherwise befouling a wild turkey to eliminate its 'gamy' taste. You know damn well he never ate one and probably never saw one."

"It's so much better than the domestic bird," Gene agreed, ". . . delicate . . . flavored by acorns, pine seeds, or down in your country, I hear, with tiny wild peppers."

We talked about old hunting methods, some of them as romantic as the heady flavorings of the birds they bagged. W. B. Mershon, a Michigan lumberman and avid turkey hunter of the last century, left many interesting accounts of his hunts. His favorite method was to go out into the snow and strike the tracks of a turkey flock. When they began to separate, he knew he'd been discovered. He'd pursue a single track, perhaps flushing the gobbler several times. Mershon tells of finally bagging a gobbler after eight or 10 miles and several flushes.

On the plains, turkeys were flushed from draws, pursued on horseback. In Texas at one long-ago time, even greyhounds were used. Flushed turkeys were followed, the hunters mounted on wild-running horses, and as tired gobblers tried to alight the greyhounds leaped into the air, attempting to seize them by the necks.

Long ago, pointing dogs were used on turkeys, taught to scatter a flock and then point singles. Imagine the thrill of walking in on a dog on point and of seeing a 15 or 20-pound bird burst up like a mammoth quail!

Today the highest exercise in crystal-pure frustration is hunting turkeys with bow and arrow—success runs about one percent, or less. Hunter success of only 10 to 30 percent is about par when the greatest number of hunters are out in fall, and the most birds are taken then.

"We've had some Pine Ridge country hunts," Gene told me, "with the highest success in the nation. Occasionally as high as 60 percent of hunters have bagged birds."

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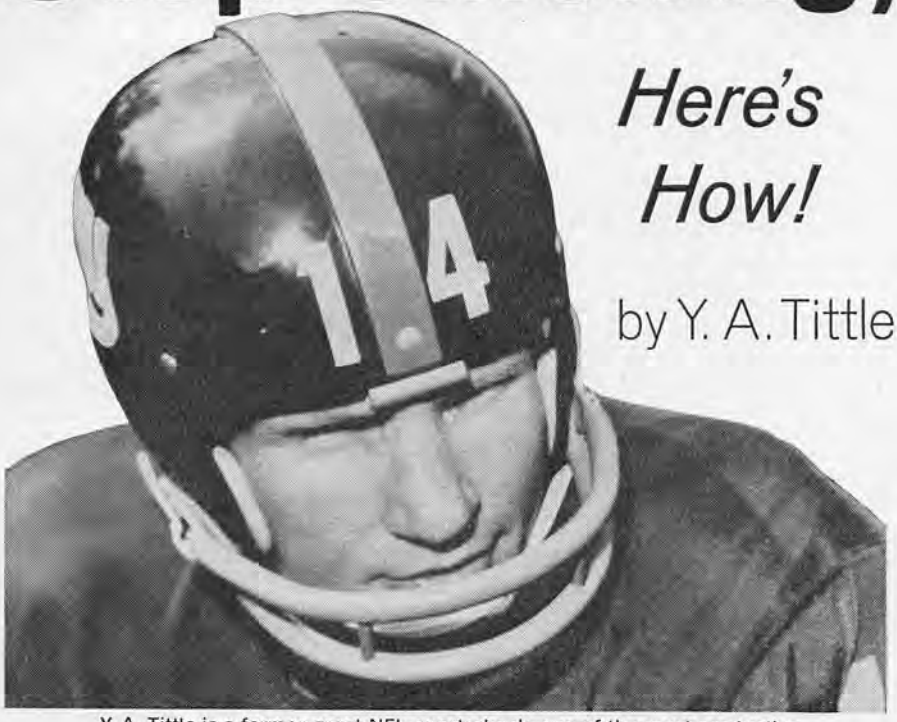
If you want to Stop Smoking,

Here's How!

by Y. A. Tittle



Y. A. Tittle is a former great NFL quarterback, one of the most productive passers in the history of professional football. He is now a successful insurance executive and backfield coach for the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

You need a lot of desire as well as cooperation to be a successful quarterback in tough professional football. You really have to want to make good—but even that isn't enough without plenty of help from your teammates.

There's no substitute for the same kind of desire if you want to stop smoking—and I assume you have it because you're reading this ad—but, luckily, there now is something to help you. It's a little white pill called Bantron.

After my doctor advised me to stop smoking I made many starts—with no success. Just as I needed help on the football field, I found that desire, alone, wasn't enough to stop smoking. Then Bantron was recommended to me by a friend. Bantron did the job! I stopped smoking completely in 5 days and I'm proud to say I haven't smoked in well over a year.

It's like quarterbacking my team to a championship. It was a real accomplishment.

Maybe you have the desire to stop smoking but can't! If you want help in quitting, take Bantron.

I've learned that clinical evidence has established that Bantron is more than 80% effective in helping chronic chain smokers give up smoking completely. Extensive research work at a great American University has shown that 4 out of 5 patients who had a desire to stop smoking were able to do so within one week with the help of Bantron. Even those who didn't stop completely cut down drastically.

Bantron simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless, non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

Bantron is easy and pleasant to take; doesn't affect your taste for food or anything else. It really worked wonders for me. Even now, when I think of smoking, I just take Bantron instead. I recommend Bantron to everyone who wants to stop smoking quickly and easily. Try it. You'll be amazed with the results, just as I was. It really works!

Bantron is so safe when taken as directed that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. Government.

Bantron® BRAND Smoking Deterrent Tablets

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

For the next day and a half I began to think I'd wind up among the unsuccessful percentage. We saw no birds. My time, and the brief season, were growing short. But on that second afternoon we spotted a big gobbler crossing an alfalfa patch by the creek. We took off running, trying to get around and in front of the bird. On a high point screened by brush we paused to pant, and I picked the turkey up with my binocular. On its present course it was obvious the bird was heading to cross the creek bottom in a narrow opening between big cottonwoods, then up the pine-studded ridge.

Swiftly I pushed through the brush, jumped across the creek. I took off my hat, lay down behind a rotten log, preaimed the shotgun. The moment the gobbler appeared, it'd be in range and I'd touch her off. Behind and to my right, Gene crawled into the brush and lay down. He wanted to try for a picture of me actually making my shot.

The gobbler came on. I could see it along the edge of the alfalfa at about 75 yards and got ready, my trigger finger tightening. But when it was time for the bird to appear in the opening, nothing happened. Presently I heard dry leaves rustle. I slowly turned my head. The damned gobbler had circled around and was going to pass *between* Gene and me.

Gingerly I eased the gun off the log. I turned. The turkey disappeared behind a small rise. I took two swift, hunched-over steps, dropped down behind tree trunks. The gobbler came into view and stopped, head up, alert, within mere feet. So I had him, eh? I was staring straight at where Hornbeck was hidden. If I shot, I'd have to shoot right at Gene.

My frustration verged on violence. I distinctly remember hearing the camera shutter trip. That did it. The gobbler said: *"PUTT!"* I leaped up and out from behind the tree. Many writers of turkey hunting have said a big gobbler cannot get off the ground without first running. I wish all of them could have been there! Had this one run, as they most often do, the turkey would have been over the creek bank and probably away free and clear. But it went straight up as though fired from a cannon.

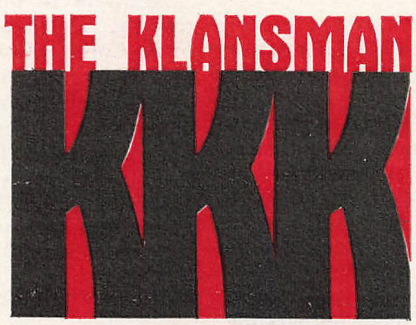
"Shoot!" Gene yelled.

This is a scene I can never erase, perhaps the greatest hunting thrill I have ever experienced. I can still see the broad wings spread and beating, the huge gobbler towering up, red neck stretched, beard flying. There was a tall, sheer bluff across from us. The bird was hurtling toward the top.

"The head!" I thought. "Aim at the head!"

I swung the shotgun, put it on the bright head, raised and kept the muzzle moving to stay even with the gobbler's swift upward course. The gobbler was perhaps 30 feet in the air when the report ripped against the flat of the opposite bluff. The great bird came tumbling. I plunged into the creek so fast I was almost there when the gobbler hit the ground. I don't recall that the frigid water squishing in my boots felt the least bit uncomfortable as we headed back to camp.

—Byron W. Dalrymple



[*Continued from page* 55]

is our informer. We have watched this Klan for three years. Watching is a form of fighting. You must watch to get ready for a showdown fight."

"Then why hasn't your informer told you what happened to Loretta?"

"He doesn't know. He's not a member of the Action Squad. Of those 47 members only nine are members of the Action Squad. The other members never know what the Action Squad is planning or doing. It's that way in all Klan groups. I think this Ellenton Action Squad directed the rape of Loretta Sykes. All I ask of you is that you save us time by confirming my suspicions. You talk to Loretta and you tell me all she knows about what happened."

"I won't do that!" snapped Breck. "If you knew the identity of these rapists you could never punish them. So you want to enlist me in a fight in which I have everything to lose and nothing to gain."

"Hell, Breck, you're not making sense!" said Wilbanks. "I'm not trying to enlist you. You've already volunteered. You've ordered the Ku Klux to leave your old Negroes alone. You've provoked Ku Klux by jerking Butt Cut's Ku Klux clippings off bulletin boards. So who are you to complain of jeopardy? You're already in jeopardy."

"But there are degrees of jeopardy," insisted Breck. "My provocations have been calculated. I know Big Track and Butt Cut and Hardy Riddle and Vernon Hodo. My acts in defiance of them have been limited acts with which a man can define a position and still stop short of violence. I want to avoid a killing situation. So I won't help you."

The two men sat looking at one another for several minutes. Then Breck said: "I'm sorry, Clay. I don't know all that happened to Loretta Sykes and I don't intend to ask her. I want her to go back to Chicago and forget it. But I don't meet an old Marine buddy every day. So here's what I suggest. There's nobody at my house. My cook is nursing Loretta's mother. It's dark enough so nobody can see you in my pickup. So let's drive to my house where I'll give you a drink and cook you a steak. Then I'll drive you to the highway and put you out near a telephone where you can call your partner to pick you up."

"That sounds good, Breck," said Clay Wilbanks.

Breck Stancill and Clay Wilbanks ate steak and drank whisky and talked three hours. Wilbanks continued to try to persuade Breck to help uncover the truth about Loretta's rape. Breck continued to refuse. Then they got in the pickup and drove down the forested spine of the mountain. In every shack a light was burning: it was Monday night and the Negroes were watching Ben Casey work miracles.

"Clay," said Breck, "a tree takes 30 years to grow into sawtimber, 14 years to grow into pulpwood. So a tree farmer learns to take the long view. And from the long view nothing looks so ridiculous as an individual effort to change the nature of man. You came in here to tell me that the rape of a Negro girl named Loretta Sykes is significant. That if I'll publicly identify the rapists I'll open the eyes and thereby change the nature of a few men. You tell me that here is the ditch worth dying in, and you expect me to believe it."

"No, I don't expect you to believe that," said Wilbanks. "That isn't what I've said. I didn't say that the rape of Loretta Sykes is significant. Rape is a common crime, becoming more common every year. Most Americans don't believe reports of rape, so most rape victims don't make reports. I said that the Ku Klux Klan made a mistake in raping Loretta, and that Big Track compounded the mistake. I said that you can exploit this mistake and thereby hurt the Klan. I believe you'll do it. You won't do it because you hope to change the nature of man. You'll do it because you're a fighter, and not to fight would change your nature. The FBI alone can't fight the Ku Klux Klan. The FBI can only look for a fighter and help him fight."

"And the fighter always loses in the end."

"That's right," said Wilbanks. "He suffers disillusion and death. Cussedness takes over until another fighter comes along."

After a moment Breck said: "The trouble with my fighting here is that I have to fight my friends—men who are not 100 percent evil but are only 10 or 20 percent evil. Why don't you recruit me to go to Viet Nam? That would be easier. Here I have to move against men who have shared whisky and food with me, who have helped me put out fire. Take Hardy Riddle. I remember when he came back in 1936 as an all-American football hero. I was 12 then, so I thought he was great. I remember when he began working for the lumber company. He was kind to my father. He helped my mother while she was alone in Ellenton during the war. He has done a lot to develop Atoka County. For 15 years after the war he and his wife lived in the old house where I was born. I've had Sunday dinner with them many times."

"That's why the Klan has always been so hard to fight," said Wilbanks. "It has so many members and supporters who are otherwise good. Riddle, in most ways, is a good man. But if he hadn't approved the Klan's being organized here in 1962, it would not have been organized."

"I told him he'd be sorry. He was influenced by people in Montgomery. They foresaw race trouble, and Hardy came to see the Klan as a possible 'useful adjunct to police power.' He thought it might help scare off agitators and labor organizers."

"That makes him a party to one rape, 50 cross burnings, a dozen dynamitings and several whippings."

"I suppose it does," said Breck. "I don't know how much Vernon Hodo tells Hardy."

"How do you stand with Vernon Hodo?" asked Wilbanks.

"We're friends. His crews have harvested my timber for 18 years. He's help me put out fires. Once, when I fell and broke my arm, his men did my work for two months and he charged me nothing. His wife is German. When she makes wine she sends me some. She cooks pastries and ham hocks and sauerkraut. Because I live alone, people think the kindest thing they can do for me is to ask me to eat with them. I've eaten with Vernon and his family many times."

"You know the Rev. Mark Alverson? He's a morbid nigger hater."

"I don't know him," said Breck. "I know his wife. She's head of the bird watchers in Ellenton. Twice a year they come out here before daylight and spend the morning counting the different species of birds. Mrs. Alverson seems like a pleasant soul."

"I guess the reverend is pleasant, too," said Wilbanks, "except when he's thinking about Negroes and communists. He regards them all as soldiers of the Anti-Christ, and he'd like to see them dead and in Hell."

"Vernon Hodo isn't that way," said Breck. "He takes pride in his Negro work gangs. Like a horse trainer takes pride in his horse. But Vernon can't associate Negroes with humanity. As for the rape of a Negro female, Vernon might chuckle at it, or he might watch it as indifferently as he'd watch a bull service a heifer. That cruelty, or indignity, or shame, or injustice was being done wouldn't occur to him."

At the highway Breck turned left, or east, away from Ellenton, and drove toward a Negro juke joint. "What bothers me most," he said, "is that while I might want to hurt the Klan I don't want to hurt Big Track. From 1947 to 1953 Maybelle and Big Track lived almost in my backyard. They were semi-literate teen-agers in trouble, and I tried to help them. Maybelle and their son Allen were there while Big Track was in the Army. I brought Maybelle the news that Big Track had won the Medal of Honor. I helped her get ready to go to Washington. I told her what to wear. I drove her and Allen to the airport at Tuscaloosa. Maybelle has cooked for me when my Negro cooks were sick. I've shared loneliness with her; in the middle of the night I've rushed her child to the hospital when he had the colic. I put Allen on his first horse. I taught him to shoot. Hell, even now he thinks of the mountain as home. He borrows books from me. He brings his girl to see me, and they often park near my house, along the overlook. Now how can I risk hurting Maybelle, Allen and Big Track Bascomb?"

Clay Wilbanks knew that Breck had thrown him on the defensive. So he said: "You're overlooking something, Breck. Big Track is a Ku Klux Klansman. He's a party to every crime they've committed."

"You mean he's a member? I figured he was outside of it."

"He doesn't wear the sheet," said Wilbanks. "He does what's worse. Klan organizers have learned what the Communist Party knows: that they must leave their members who are public officials free to deny that they are members. Big Track is such a member of the Klan. There is no record of his membership. But here is the oath that he swore in March, 1962. You may want to listen carefully:

I most solemnly swear that I will forever keep sacredly secret all my knowledge of the acts and proceedings of the Ku Klux Klan.

I most sacredly vow and most positively swear that I will die before I ever give evidence against any member of the Ku Klux Klan.

I most sacredly vow and most positively swear that I will never yield to bribery, flattery, threats, passion, punishment, persecution, persuasion, or any other enticement whatever coming from or offered by any person or persons, male or female, for the purpose of obtaining from me any secret or secret information of the Ku Klux Klan. I will die rather than divulge the same, so help me God.

Breck pulled to the side of the road and stopped. "Are you sure that Big Track swore that oath?"

"I have his voice on tape," said Wilbanks. "He was in his reelection campaign. The Democratic primary. The newly-organized Klan controlled 300 votes. Had the Klan taken those votes away from Big Track and given them to his opponent, Big Track would have lost. So he gave the Klan his soul."

"That jolts me," said Breck. "I never thought that Big Track would subject himself to Klan discipline. A Medal of Honor winner! Now he's a traitor. His allegiance is not to Atoka County or Alabama or the United States. It's to the Klan."

"That's the way it is," said Wilbanks. "The High Sheriff of Atoka County is chained and manacled. He can't seek or divulge evidence against a Klansman. He's the sworn protector of Klansmen in whatever crimes they decide to commit."

Breck turned back into the highway and continued driving east. Ahead he saw the Negro juke. "There's a telephone in that juke," he said. "You want me to drop you there?"

"No," said Wilbanks. "Let me out here. I'll wait in the woods. You go to the phone and call this number collect." He gave Breck a card with a telephone number on it. "Tell whoever answers that a man is out of gas on this highway at this point."

Again Breck stopped. "Clay," he said, "this is all very disturbing. Tomorrow I'll go to the hospital and I'll probably bring Loretta back to her mother's shack. If I have any information for you, how do I communicate with you?"

"Just call that number. Tell whoever answers who you are. Then state a time. Like: 'I'm Breck Stancill. The time is 8 o'clock tonight.' Then, driving slowly, you approach this spot from either direction at the stated time. If no car is in sight, flash your lights. You'll see me step out on the highway. Pick me up and we can talk."

"I understand," said Breck.

KKK

At 9 a.m. on Tuesday, April 13, 1965, the city of Ellenton, Alabama, was suffering from a disorder. Just as a man can be convulsed by a grain of popcorn in his windpipe, so Ellenton was being convulsed by the knot of agitators in the courthouse square. The agitation was on every mind and tongue, and many white citizens either gathered in the square, or drove through it, to shout obscenities.

The 63 agitators were standing in a marked-off rectangle in the street, next to the courthouse. They were not allowed to stand on the sidewalk, so their asphalt rectangle was bounded on the west by the curb, and on the north, east and south by sawhorses. In this stall, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., they were allowed by the sheriff to stand, with these conditions: they were not to return insult for insult, either by gesture or shout; and they were not to hug, kiss, urinate or copulate in the street.

Around this barricaded rectangle Big Track and Butt Cut patrolled. Four state troopers stood by, and from time to time they relieved Big Track and Butt Cut.

The agitators stood, talked among themselves, sang freedom songs, and waved their placards. Why didn't Big Track disperse them? If he dispersed them, or allowed them to be dispersed, federal marshals would come and protect them. So Big Track's superiors, including Hardy Riddle, had instructed him to protect the agitators in order to keep the marshals out.

Breck Stancill stood on the sidewalk, across the street from the courthouse, watching and listening. Then he crossed the street and found Big Track in his courthouse office. They stood at the window, looking at the agitators and the yelling white mob.

"Ain't that the filthiest bunch a' scum ya ever seen!" said Big Track. "That goddam boy posin' as a Christian preacher! That impudent, sawed-off nigger with them boots on! Them Red nuns tryin' ta look like the Mother a' Jesus! Them stringy-haired, nigger-friggin' white whores! I tell ya Breck it may be more'n I can bear!"

"They have a right to stand and protest," said Breck. "You must protect them in it."

"That's what Hardy says. He says the only way ta beat 'em is ta protect 'em. But it's hurtin' me, Breck. I'm losin' next year's election right now. I'm breakin' a promise. Just like Wallace promised ta keep niggers out a' our schools, I promised ta keep agitators out a' this county. Now these good home folks are comin' up ta me saying 'goddam, Track, 'member whatcha promised? Why don'tcha stomp yer foot and run these piss ants off? Or git out a' my way and let me run 'em off?' And I ain't got no answer."

"You're doing right, Track," said Breck. "A man can't always be popular if he does right."

"I'm doing what Hardy tells me to." Big Track put his cigar back in his mouth and started chewing on it. Then he said: "There's a rumor going 'round I don't like. Folks are sayin' that a whole nest a' agitators are stayin' out there in your shacks on the mountain."

"How can anybody say that?" asked Breck. "Aren't you and the troopers escorting the agitators out of the county every evening?"

"Sure we are. And I'm tellin' folks that. But I'm just tellin' you what's being said."

"Well, that brings me to why I came in here," said Breck. "I'm going up to the hospital, and I guess I'll take Loretta back out on the mountain. You think she'll be safe out there?"

Big Track narrowed his eyes. "She's got ta look out fer agitators. She hit agitators pretty hard with her statement."

"Other than agitators," said Breck, "you figure anybody else might want to hurt her?"

"I don't see why," said Big Track. "I'm tellin' folks she's a good nigger. God knows I done all I could for her. But a good many folks still think she's a agitator. And she ain't making friends at the hospital. The nurses say she don't even talk like a nigger. And she gits flowers wired to her from Montgomery Ward in Chicago! Can you imagine white nurses totin' red roses for a nigger in Atoka County Hospital! Not one a' them nurses ever got sent a red rose in her life! She's gonna have ta be careful."

Big Track paused, then went on: "And *you* got ta be careful, Breck. Hard times are here now. Folks are all worked up. Every day that that scum stands out there being impudent to us . . . every night that our good folks see TV tryin' ta make that scum look like Christian martyrs . . . folks are gonna git more worked up. And you know how you've treated folks, Breck."

"How have I treated folks?"

"Well, now hell, Breck," said Big Track, "you've treated me like a brother. Me and my family's the best friends you got. Ain't nothin' we won't do for you. But you ain't treated folks like you treated us. Folks talk about how you keep lettin' them old nigger relief hounds live out there on the mountain, eating up good money that the county needs to build better schools with. Folks think you don't give a good goddam what they think. Folks think you just natch'ly take the nigger's part against the white man. Folks know you stood right in the barbershop and called George Wallace a piss ant. So you ain't been good to folks, Breck. You hurt folks' feelings. And you know how that works out. As long as there ain't no trouble folks disremember. Then trouble comes. The shoe pinches. Chickens come home to roost. And folks start rememberin'. All the things a man's done begin ta add up in folks's minds. So you got to lie low and give folks time ta disremember again."

Breck turned to go. "I'll do what I can. A man's what he is."

"Before ya go," said Big Track, "le'me ask ya a personal favor. You know how ya been pullin' down Butt Cut's little old sayings? I never could figure out why ya bothered ta do it. Pasting up them sayings makes Butt Cut feel like he's helpin' folks ta know things. Then you come along and hurt his feelings! Butt Cut's took it pretty hard. He's wanted ta call ya hand, but I said no."

"You want me to quit hurting Butt Cut's feelings?"

"That ain't what I'm askin' ya. You know my boy Allen thinks the world a' you. And I guess you heard that he's started pulling down Butt Cut's sayings, too. Allen needs ta stop it. But if I tell him ta stop, well, I thought you might tell him. . . ."

"I'll tell him."

Big Track walked to the door with Breck. He didn't want Breck to go. He felt afraid he hadn't said the right things to Breck. He put his hand on Breck's shoulder and said: "Breck, I ain't never told you this. When I was in Korea maybe I made a good soldier. Truman said I did. If I did it was because I had you with me. I knowed my wife and boy was livin' up there with you, and you was lookin' after them. I knowed if one of 'em got sick in the night you'd git the doctor. I couldn'a made it without you, Breck."

"I was glad to help, Track," said Breck. "I'm proud of Allen. I'm proud of Maybelle. I'm proud of you. You're a good man. A good sheriff."

"God knows I'm tryin' ta be," said Big Track. "But this is a hard time ta be sheriff. So Breck, I need ta feel that I got you behind me just like I hadja when I was killin' gooks in Korea."

Breck said: "I'm behind you, Track. But keep in mind that you're not killing gooks now. Your job here is to keep folks from hurting other folks."

KKK

In the Chevrolet pickup Breck and Loretta, going home from the hospital, had reached the foot of the mountain. At his request she had told him the story of the rape and of her deal with Big Track. Breck had driven slowly, on a sunny April afternoon, and Loretta, tight-lipped, ashamed, bitter, had told it all.

"Now I'm damaged goods," she said. "I'm merchandise that's been abused in handling. I've been raped on television. From now on people will stare at me, and point at me, and never feel comfortable around me again."

"Stop talking like that," Breck said. "In a few days you can leave here and never come back. You'll forget and people will forget. How many masked men, would you say, witnessed the rape?"

"Maybe four or five, or more. At first I saw only masks, looking through those little windows. Then they opened the door and walked in and out, looking down at us, joking, like schoolboys watching a wrestling match on a playground. I saw at least four, and others may have stayed out in the hall."

"You think Hattie Bascomb witnessed the rape?"

"She might have. When I first saw her she was wearing slacks. When she put me in the padded cell she was in a skirt, dressed up. When it was over she was back in slacks. She helped me dress and put me in the car. She might have put on a mask and watched through a window. She would have enjoyed it."

"When did you first see Big Track?"

"When he got in the car to drive me off. He could have been one of the Ku Klux who watched. But I don't believe he was."

As they neared her mother's shack Loretta said: "Don't you think I ought to tell all this to the FBI and the TV reporters? The sheriff and the Ku Klux can't hurt Mama much; and they can't hurt me much more than they already have. And I'm not playing fair with the people in the Movement."

"You must say nothing, see no one, and stay here on the mountain," said Breck. "Without supporting evidence your story would be ignored. Big Track could produce witnesses who saw you leave the jail at 7:15, and saw you enter a car with Negroes. But after you are back in Chicago the time may come when your story can be helpful. So I'll bring you a recorder and you put it all on tape. Don't let anybody know you are doing it."

Loretta got out of the car at her mother's shack, and Breck drove on up toward his cottage. The Negro boy, Caleb, saw him coming, and waved for him to stop. "It's terrible, Mister Breck!" he said. "They done shot Chrissie!"

Breck jumped out of the car and followed Caleb as fast as he could to a spot about two hundred yards from his cottage. There, under a tree, lying on pine needles, they found the russet-red Irish setter. "I was playin' up heah," said Caleb. "I heard the shot and I heard Chrissie holler. I run, and back in heah under the trees I saw a man running with a gun. Then I run heah and found Chrissie."

Breck knelt and began examining the six-year-old dog. The dog was conscious, and he licked Breck's hand as Breck felt of him. The shotgun charge had hit him in the upper foreleg, neck and shoulder, breaking his shoulder and damaging, perhaps severing the spinal cord. The dog had no feeling in his legs and could not move them.

Breck went back to the car and drove on to his house. "Goddam them!" he said aloud. "Goddam the man who fired that shot! The cowardly, ignorant, red-necked, Ku Kluxing, Anglo-Saxon sonofabitch!"

At the house Breck got a .25 caliber pistol which he had taken from the dead hand of a Japanese captain at Tarawa. Breck called it his "misery ender." The captain, with a mortar fragment in his stomach, had ended his own misery with it; and twice Breck had used it to end the misery of animals who were dying of disease or old age. In 1959 he shot his Irish setter, Christopher the First; and in 1960 he shot his palomino, Prince Dan the First. Breck also picked up the blanket on which Christopher the Second had slept before the fire. Then he went to perform his duty.

Beside the dog Breck went to his one good knee. His chin

trembled and tears came into his eyes as he stroked the beautiful, intelligent creature which he loved. Quickly he placed the pistol's muzzle at the back of the dog's head and fired the bullet through his brain.

Breck wrapped the body in the blanket, picked it up, and carried it to his animal cemetery. In this cemetery were two graves, each marked with a small bronze plate set in the grass:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CHRISTOPHER
1946-1959

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
PRINCE DAN
1945-1960

Ordinarily, for a man with one leg, digging a grave is hard work. But in his years of planting trees, Breck, by learning to rock on his metal leg and exert pressure with his good leg, had mastered the dibble, the spadelike device which is used to open a trench in the earth for a pine seedling. From the toolhouse he brought a spade and a grubbing hoe, and in 15 minutes he had dug the grave.

Tenderly, he put the body in the grave, curling it in a sleeping position, and covered it with woods dirt. As he returned the tools to the toolhouse, he passed the fence where his palomino, the second Prince Dan, was standing. The horse had watched the burial, and now he nickered gently and Breck petted him. "Our pal's gone, Dan," Breck said. "Tomorrow I'll have to telephone all the breeders of Irish setters and find young Christopher the Third."

Inside his house Breck went to his gun case, replaced the pistol and selected a carbine. He had it with him in the pickup when he drove off. At the first cluster of Negro shacks several worried old Negroes were waiting in the road to intercept him. They knew the dog had been shot, and they regarded this as only the beginning. Next the horse would be shot, then the woods would be fired. Breck told them he was in a hurry but to pass the word that he'd return in a few minutes and stop and talk. He drove down to the highway and to the telephone at the Negro juke. He called the number given him by Clay Wilbanks and left this message: "This is Breck Stancill. The time is 7 o'clock this evening. Bring me four compressed-air fire whistles and one tape recorder."

As he drove back up the mountain Breck stopped first to see Loretta. She came out in the yard. She had changed into gray slacks and a turtlenecked sweater. "How's your mother?" he asked.

"Much worse. She knows approximately what happened to me. So she wants to die quickly. She feels that every minute she lives keeps me here and subjects me to more risk. We're not giving her glucose, and she refuses to eat. She's bound to go into a coma soon."

"I'm sorry."

"I heard about your dog," said Loretta. "Now the Ku Klux think they have hurt you twice. First by raping a nigger you cared for, and second by shooting a dog you cared for."

"You mean they raped you to hurt me?"

"They thought they were hurting you. If they hadn't thought you cared for me, in some sense, they'd never have thought of raping me. And they wouldn't have enjoyed it so much. Being Ku Klux, they thought your care for me was sexual. Every one of those Kluxers who watched me being raped thought I was your prize piece of brown comfort. They thought they were fouling a nest you liked."

"I didn't think of that," said Breck.

"I didn't think of it at first. Now I've had time to go over it all in my mind. Those Kluxers enjoyed doing it to me because they thought you'd care."

"Butt Cut may have enjoyed thinking that I'd care," said Breck. "But the chief reason they all wanted to rape you is because you care for yourself. You care for your hair, your body, your brain, your personality. That's why they enjoyed watching you stripped, hit, flattened, ravished and beaten back down into your place."

"I guess they thought of that," said Loretta. "But my caring for myself isn't what they hate most. Other Negroes in this country care for themselves. The teachers get degrees from Columbia University, drive new Chevrolets and dress stylishly, and the Ku Klux don't rape them. What Ku Klux can't tolerate is the thought of a Negro being cared for by superior white men. Doctor Parker made enemies for me in the hospital by stopping in my room to talk, like he thought I was an interesting person even after I had been raped. My white friends at Montgomery Ward in Chicago made enemies for me in the hospital by sending me roses. How can the poor white folks of Atoka County *not* hate an uppity nigger wench who, even after she has been damaged by rape, is still cared for by Breck Stancill, Doctor Parker and Montgomery Ward!"

"Maybe Ku Klux don't think quite as clearly as you do," said Breck.

"I hope not," said Loretta. "But I think they may try to hurt you some more. They may not be satisfied with just me and the dog. It's more fun to hurt a man who cares. It's more fun to rape the nigger of a man who'll visit her in the hospital. It's more fun to shoot the dog of a man who'll cry while he's burying the dog. It's more fun to burn the trees of a man who cares about trees in ways that have nothing to do with money. You care, Mister Breck. So you and I are going to be lucky if we survive what's going on in this county this week."

Between Loretta's house and his house Breck stopped three times to listen to groups of his worried tenants:

"Is dey gonna burn us out, Mistah Breck? Is dey gonna shoot us all down like dawgs?"

"Don't let 'em drive us out, Mistah Breck! We ain't got no place in dis whole wicked world ta go!"

To all of them Breck replied calmly: "Let's keep our shirts on. Nobody will be driven out. What we must do now is lie low. Play possum. Don't go to town: you can see Big Track and the agitators on TV. Stay in your houses. When night comes, black out, like you've always done when trouble comes. Tonight we'll try something different. Don't let it scare you. In several of your homes I'll place a little machine that is a fire alarm. If any Ku Klux come up here, the whistles will blow, and I'll meet them with one of those fast-shooting guns like you see on *Combat*."

KKK

At 7 p.m. Breck picked up Clay Wilbanks. "I've got the tape recorder and the fire whistles in the car up ahead," said Wilbanks. "Just drive on and the car will fall in behind us and we can stop and make the transfer."

"They shot my Irish setter about 1 p.m.," said Breck. "I had to finish killing him."

"That doesn't surprise me. Surely you expected it?"

"No, I didn't expect it. Even when I know such blows may come, I still can't expect them."

"Are you ready to help me?"

"In a limited way. I brought Loretta home from the hospital today. She told me the story. They raped her in the jail about 8 p.m. Sunday. They put Lightning Rod in a padded cell with her, and several robed-and-masked figures watched the rape."

"Who's Lightning Rod?"

"A big, feebleminded Negro who has been used for rape shows for years. He can't speak."

"If they raped her at 8," said Wilbanks, "Big Track wasn't there. He didn't get back from Mobile till 9."

"Loretta doesn't think she saw him until after 9. He drove off with her, apparently intending to kill her. Instead he offered to deliver her to the hospital if she'd promise not to accuse the Ku Klux and not to tell anyone that the rape was committed in the jail."

"I can guess who some of the witnesses were," said Wilbanks. "Butt Cut certainly. Probably Vernon Hodo and Reverend Mark Alverson. The other two or three could have been any of six other members of the Action Squad. We'll start checking their lives tonight, seeing which one we can buy a confession from. And we'll let you buy the confession. Now when can I see Loretta and get her signature on a sworn statement?"

"Not now," said Breck. "You aren't going to get any statement from Loretta while she's in Alabama. Tonight I'll take your recorder to her and let her record the story while it's fresh in her mind. Tomorrow I'll give you back the recorder but I'll keep the tape. Once Loretta's safely back in Chicago, you can go there, pick up the tape, and get her signature. As for buying a confession from a rapist, you can do that, not me."

Clay Wilbanks felt exasperated. "Goddam, Breck," he said, "don't you realize the enormity of the crime you have just described? You can't hold back now. No citizen is secure where police join Ku Klux in committing rape in jail!"

"Don't lecture me, Clay," said Breck. "This is a crime, but the state can't punish the criminals. Even if you buy a con-

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fession, arrest the criminals, and exhibit them on television, they still go free and I have to live with them."

Wilbanks backed off. "Okay, Breck," he said. "My car is behind us. Pull into a side road and we'll give you the recorder and the alarms."

Driving back up the mountain Breck stopped and gave Loretta the tape recorder and one of the whistles. He left whistles at two other Negro shacks, and the Negroes told him that a car had passed going toward his house. Breck guessed that it was Big Track's son, Allen Bascomb. At his house Breck found Allen and his girl, waiting.

"I've come to stay with you and help you," Allen said. "I brought my gun."

"You what?"

"I brought my gun. I've come to spend the night with you. I'll drive Billie Jean home after a while, then I'll come back. You and I can take turns standing guard. They killed Chrissie. If they come back to do any more killing or burning, you and I can handle them."

"Have you told your mother and dad?"

"Not yet. I'll tell them when I drive Billie Jean home. Dad's tied down with guarding the demonstrators. So it's up to me to help you."

Allen left Billie Jean in the car and came and sat with Breck before the fire. Breck said: "Al, I appreciate your offer to help me. But I'll have to refuse it. I don't think I need armed help, so I don't want folks hearing that I'm accepting it. I intend to stay calm, not rattle any sabers, and hope I'm right in thinking I don't need help."

"I see what you mean," said Allen. "But you do need help. The Ku Klux have phonograph records out now. Kids play them at school. Today they were playing one called 'Run Them Niggers North.' I heard kids saying that the time's come to run 'them old nigger relief-hounds' off Stancill's Mountain."

"Talk's one thing," said Breck. "Action is something else.

"Even if I did need armed help," Breck added seriously, "you're not the one to give it to me. You must think of your dad. I only have to be tolerated by folks. He has to be approved. You must help him be approved. And that brings me to a question. I hear you've taken up my habit of pulling down Butt Cut's efforts to inform public opinion?"

"Yes, I have," said Allen. "Folks think Butt Cut's pasting up those clippings because Dad tells him to. That's a lie! Dad is no Ku Klux! So I have to jerk down those clippings to show folks that Dad is not like Butt Cut."

"That's a good reason," said Breck. "But you're forgetting that you want to go to West Point. The congressman must appoint you. So you must avoid controversy. West Point is not a controversial institution."

After Allen and his girl had left, Breck took his carbine and walked toward the barn. The moon was out, and in his jerky gait he walked slowly around the barn and into the pasture. He patted his horse and stood again where he had buried his dog. He thought: I wonder how my great-great-grandfather ever happened to settle on this particular mountain and why there has been so goddam much trouble here. I wonder why folks hate me enough to kill my dog, and rape a Negro I befriended and may try to kill me, just as they killed my great-grandfather.

About 9 a.m., Wednesday, April 14, 1965, Loretta saw a station wagon coming up the mountain. She was about to blow the whistle when she noticed lettering on the car which indicated that it carried a TV cameraman and reporter. The car sped on to Breck's cottage and found him in the yard. The TV men introduced themselves.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" Breck asked warily.

"We wanted to meet you and talk a little," replied the reporter. "I've been hearing the Stancill legends. And about you and the Ku Klux."

"People talk," said Breck.

"Yeah, don't they? I was wondering if you'd answer a few questions before the camera?"

"Like what?"

"Like why you tear down Butt Cut's clippings. What really happened to Loretta last Sunday night. Why you allow Negro reliefers to live on your land. Who shot your dog. And do you expect more trouble."

"What purpose would be served by my trying to answer such questions?"

"Noblest purpose on earth. Truth. You'd be helping me inform the American people."

"You can inform the people without my help," said Breck.

"You mean you're afraid to speak out?"

"I mean I can't think of a word to speak that would be helpful."

"Then here's another request," said the reporter. "Yesterday I interviewed the head of the Klan, Vernon Hodo. Vernon says he likes you: that the only thing the Ku Klux don't like about you is your nigger relief hounds. So will you let me take the camera inside one of your Negro shacks? I want my viewers to know a typical relief hound on Stancill's Mountain. The world can see how pitifully these old Negroes live in poverty."

"I'll agree to that," said Breck, "if you correctly answer this question. When you showed your pictures of my typical relief hound, what would a Ku Klux Klansman see?"

"Well," answered the reporter, "he'd see old Negroes living in poverty. Maybe he'd understand a little why you haven't driven them north. Maybe he'd feel so superior to your Negroes that he'd feel less resentful of you. Certainly he wouldn't hate you any more than he does already."

"You flunked the test," said Breck. "There are more white relief hounds in this county than Negro. The whites, along with their sons and daughters, are Ku Klux. In your pictures they'd see that my Negro relief hounds get more given to them than the white relief hounds get from their landlords. I give my Negroes free rent, land for vegetables, wood to burn, poison to kill rats, plastic to turn rain and cold, a church and a graveyard. They have electricity and TV and the same $55 a month which white reliefers receive. Except the white reliefers pay rent and get only contempt from their landlords. So if I allowed you inside a Negro shack, you'd only do harm. You'd put more hate for me and for Negroes in Ku Klux hearts, and more arson in Ku Klux minds."

The reporter reflected, then chuckled. "I never thought of it that way," he said. "Why do you give the Negroes so much?"

"It isn't much," said Breck. "Maybe there's some feeling of obligation. My great-great-grandfather brought the first Negro into this county. It takes time to move from slavery to peonage to freedom. The real truth is that all us Stancills have liked Negroes more than we like poor white men. We've cared for Negroes; we haven't cared for poor whites. The Ku Klux have cause to hate me and my Negroes. They hate a nigger lover, and just as savagely they hate the nigger who is loved."

"It's strange that you've risked telling me that," the reporter said. "It's almost like a confession of guilt."

"I've risked nothing," said Breck. "What I've told you is real truth. So you can't use it. Real truth embarrasses most everybody. So I'm sure real truth is seldom allowed on television."

It was the reporter's turn to feel guilty. Screwing up his courage, he said: "Mr. Stancill, you've been honest with me, so I hate to tell you this. We couldn't report the conflict in this county without covering you. And we guessed you wouldn't talk or let us make pictures. So we've assembled photos of you and Loretta. We got them from the Marine Corps, from people in Chicago, from the local schools and paper. We have interiors of Negro shacks we thought were like yours. Tonight on the network we're going to try to tell your story. We thought it would help explain things, might even help you."

Breck's shoulders sagged. "That's a shame," he said. "There's no way you can show those pictures, or even mention names, without provoking hate and increasing danger to innocent people who have the right to be let alone."

"I understand that now. I'm sorry."

"Is it too late to make changes?"

"No," said the reporter. "There's still a little time. I have to be in Birmingham at 2 p.m. to process film and edit narration."

"Then I'll offer you a deal," said Breck. "I don't want my Marine pictures used. They were made when I was striving for noble purpose. So I look belligerent. Belligerence provokes belligerence. Now that I am only trying to survive and help survive, I don't look belligerent."

"Why don't we shoot some footage of you right now?"

"All right. You can also photograph some of the Negroes if you'll only show their faces and not mention what I give them."

The cameraman hurried to the station wagon for the camera. "Will you ride your horse for us?" asked the reporter.

"No," said Breck. "If I had a poor, trashy horse, I'd show your viewers how a one-legged man mounts and rides. But Prince Dan is a magnificent, expensive, pure-blooded palomino. He looks proud, aristocratic, cared for. At the sight of him every Ku Klux would want to kill him. Just as they killed my dog because he was beautiful, intelligent, expensive and cared for. You can photograph me planting a tree, and using that Chevrolet pickup. And please mention that it's the only automobile I own."

KKK

At 4:30 p.m. Hardy Riddle and Vernon Hodo sat in conference in Hardy's office at the Atoka Lumber Company. Hardy said: "I hear you're going to be on TV."

"Yeah, Skipper," said Vernon. "I let 'em interview me. They're gonna show it to the whole country tonight at 6:30. Everybody in the county'll be looking. And I've invited all the TV boys to our big public cross burning Saturday night."

"What'd you say in the interview?"

"I talked about God and how we got to put him back in the schools. I said every red-blooded, God-fearing, right-thinking, conservative American ought to join the Klan or pray for it and help save Constitutional government and free enterprise from the communist-beatnik-liberal-scum. I called the demonstrators atheists, communists and fornicators. Wolves in sheep's clothing."

"What'd you say about violence?" asked Hardy.

"I come out hard against it. I said the Klan stands shoulder-to-shoulder with every sheriff and policeman in the country, fighting violence, trying to stop looting and raping and breaking our laws. I blamed Earl Warren for starting the law-breaking."

"That sounds all right," said Hardy.

"The Kluxers will like it," said Vernon. "I've had a tough time this week holding them back. They've wanted to shoot some demonstrators. And since we ain't gonna let 'em shoot outsiders, we got ta take the brakes off a little around here. We got to run some niggers north. If niggers are gonna vote here they got to get scarcer. Every nigger we don't need, his black ass is going to Chicago or get singed."

"You know what you can do and can't do."

Vernon lowered his voice. "What about the mountain?"

"Stay away from there," said Hardy. "Breck's a producer for this company. You've already torn down that girl and shot his dog. Has the girl gone back to Chicago?"

"If she hasn't," said Vernon, "she better get going. We used her very effectively. The niggers know we let Lightning Rod tear her down. But we wanted niggers to see her running north next morning. Doc stopped her. Now that she's out of the hospital, if she don't run, what Lightning Rod left of her ass is gonna get singed."

"Make sure nobody runs into Breck!"

"Nobody needs to run into Breck. He can't run. He can't sneak up behind anybody. At night his horse is in the barn. All he can do is drive along that road where you can see him. We're gonna do Breck a favor. For 20 years he's been trying to get rid of nigger shacks. He's got rid of about one a year, and he's got 40 left. We'll help him move faster."

As Vernon was leaving the office he said: "Skipper, I'm going on home a little early. We're having a party at my house. Folks coming in to watch me on TV."

"I'll go home in time to see you," said Hardy.

When the TV news came on, most every set in Atoka County was tuned to it. Every Ku Klux Klansman had been ordered to watch. Breck Stancill didn't own a TV set, so he had walked down to the Negro shack nearest his home. Except for Breck, they all expected to see and hear Vernon Hodo. Instead, what they all saw and heard was this:

Here in the courthouse square in Ellenton, Alabama, is a familiar conflict. It's between these outside agitators who want new rights for Negroes, and these home folks who want Negroes to stay in their place.

Five miles from the courthouse, on this mountain, is an unfamiliar conflict. It's between the Ku Klux Klan and this man.

His name is Breck Stancill. He's a tree farmer, with 3,000 acres of land owned by his family since 1815. He's a much-decorated ex-Marine. He lost a leg on Iwo Jima. He's an American Legionnaire.

So Breck Stancill is no outsider, or agitator or beatnik. He's not even accused of being a liberal. His conflict with the Klan is over these old Negroes. They are the unemployable residue of generations of slavery and peonage. They are welfare clients, and they live here on Stancill's Mountain in these old shacks. They worship at this old church, and they want to be buried in this old cemetery.

Breck Stancill wants the Negroes to live out their lives here. The Ku Klux insist that they leave.

Recently the conflict has sharpened. Mr. Stancill publicly expressed contempt for Governor Wallace, whom the Ku Klux call The Great Leader of the White Man's Cause. The Ku Klux continually put up posters which call Negroes beasts. Mr. Stancill tears down the posters and calls either the posters or the Ku Klux trash.

Memories feed the conflict. On this mountain in 1861 Mr. Stancill's great-grandfather, the county's largest slaveholder, was hanged by Secessionists because he said he wasn't afraid to live in a nation where Negroes were educated and free.

This young Negro woman became part of the conflict. She is Loretta Sykes. She lives in Chicago, in this modern apartment building. She earns $105 a week at Montgomery Ward. But she was born here on Stancill's Mountain, in this shack, where her mother is dying of cancer. Last week when she came home to help her mother, she was jailed as a suspected agitator, then raped by unidentified assailants under circumstances still in doubt.

Breck Stancill courteously declines to discuss his perilous position. His prize-winning Irish setter was shot to death yesterday. But today this reporter found Mr. Stancill planting pine seedlings, assuming that he and Loretta and the old Negroes will be allowed to live and die in peace.

The conflict at the courthouse will end this week, with meaningless concessions by the townspeople and a meaningless victory for the agitators. But no one knows when or how the conflict on Stancill's Mountain will end.

Hardy Riddle reached for the telephone. Because of the anger at Vernon Hodo's house, the telephone rang eight times before Vernon answered. Hardy said: "Now listen, Vernon! I know you're sore because they didn't put you on TV tonight like they promised. I'm sure your Kluxers are all raring to Klux. But you must cool them off. Too many eyes will be watching that place tonight. I know, I know! But you've been riding herd on work gangs for 20 years. You can hold those bucks. I'll check with you later."

Every Klansman felt provoked at learning that Loretta was paid $105 a week. Except for Vernon, Big Track and Reverend Alverson, no Klansman in Atoka County had ever earned so much. Moreover, the Klansmen blamed Breck for Loretta's earning power. "He ain't never helped no white girl git that kind a' money!"

Vernon's first reaction to the newscast was surprise. Then he got mad. He had been shamed before his wife, his peers and his Kluxers. He told his guests: "I should a' remembered what our governor always says. The TV won't ever do nothing to make Alabama look good. They do everything they can to make Alabama look bad." Then Vernon answered Hardy's call, and he kept answering calls until he told his Kluxers to pass the word that they would meet secretly in the woods back of the Cane Creek Church at 9 p.m.

KKK

Breck walked toward his house and thought: now I suppose they must try to do more than shoot my dog. They may try to fire my house or barn and shoot me as I run out. So I must stay outside, hiding, watching for them, hoping to drive them off without having to kill one of them. They may fire my forest. But Hardy and Vernon will issue orders against forest fire. They may attack any or all of the Negro shacks, stretched along two miles of winding road. They'll come afoot, not in cars. They know I can patrol the road, so they will avoid the road and attack from the woods. They know I can move fast only if I'm in the pickup or on the horse. So they will come at night, stealthily, through the woods.

Breck went to the barn, saddled the horse, and put him in the trailer. He hooked the trailer to the truck. In the truck he placed a carbine, a pistol, an automatic shotgun, a searchlight, a blanket, a thermos of coffee and a bottle of whisky. He drove down the road, past the shacks, to a point near his south property line. There he backed the truck into the woods, unhooked the trailer, and took the horse out and tied him to a tree. Then, in the truck, Breck went to Loretta's shack and picked up the recorder and the tapes on which she had recorded her story. He put the recorder in the back of the truck and locked the tapes in the glove compartment.

Breck told Loretta: "If a car comes up the mountain tonight with its lights on, we can assume it's friendly. So don't blow the whistle. Watch for men on foot coming out of the woods. The moon will be up by 10. If they come before 10, they may be using flashlights and you can see them. If they come after 10, you can see them in the moonlight. If you see such men, blow the whistle, then lie down on the floor. The whistle alone may scare them off. If not, I'll be here before they can hurt you."

Breck drove back to where the horse was tied. He positioned the truck so that it could not be seen from the road. Sitting in the truck he could look off and down for a mile and see the lights of any car that turned off the highway and either stopped or continued up the mountain road. The truck stood about 300 yards south of Loretta's shack. Behind the truck, and also hidden, was the horse. At intervals during the night Breck planned to mount the horse and ride through the woods, stopping frequently, listening for walking men. He would return to the truck to rest, listen and watch.

A few minutes after 8, Big Track and Allen Bascomb were in the Wildcat on their way to Stancill's Mountain. "The way I see it, dad," said Allen, "when I began pulling down Butt Cut's clippings I involved myself in the conflict between Breck and the Klan. The demonstrations plus tonight's TV broadcast have caused that conflict to become a killing situation. And if I don't stand with Breck against the Klan now, then I don't deserve to go to West Point."

Big Track chewed hard on his cigar. He felt uncertain and afraid. Frustrated and damaged by the demonstrations, he now had to face this situation between Breck and the Klan. What could he do? Klansmen didn't fear him: he was one of them. He couldn't oppose them or arrest them; he was sworn to protect them. Yet his son was determined to help Breck.

"If you fight the Klan, son," said Big Track, "you won't get appointed to West Point. Our congressman ain't gonna make no appointments the Klan don't like."

"We're not dependent on our congressman," insisted Allen. "The President also appoints men to West Point. The son of Big Track Bascomb doesn't have to depend on how one little congressman acts."

Such talk by Allen made Big Track feel proud. It also made him feel uneasy. Allen asked him: "You're not worried, are you, dad?"

"No, I'm not much worried," said Big Track. "I figure we can head off a killing. There ain't nobody in the Klan that really wants ta kill Breck, and he don't want to kill nobody."

"There's no reason to feel uneasy," said Allen. "You know that. I can move like a rabbit in the woods. Breck and I could stand off a hundred Ku Klux. And the three of us, dad—you and I and Breck—I'll bet we could stand off all the Ku Klux in Alabama!"

"I guess we could, son," said Big Track. "But it ain't just a matter a' standin' 'em off. You got ta not kill one. Killin' Ku Klux ain't like killin' gooks. Ku Klux are God-fearin' white men who figure they're in the right. Folks on the sidelines mostly figure the same way. No matter what a Ku Klux's doing, if you kill him folks'll say you was in the wrong."

"That's not right," said Allen. "Fifty good men should be out here now, standing up for Breck and calling the Ku Klux wrong. Then there'd be no danger of anybody getting hurt."

"Well, it ain't gonna be that way. So I want you to be extra careful, son. Keep your head down. Don't let nobody get a shot at ya. Don't shoot to kill nobody unless he's got ya cornered and keeps coming."

Breck recognized the Wildcat on the mountain road. When he flashed his light Big Track stopped and said: "I brought you a new recruit, Breck."

Breck looked inside the car and saw Allen and said: "I see you have. He looks like a good man to have with you in a fight. But I'll have to turn him down again."

"He says he ain't gonna let you turn him down tonight."

Breck hesitated, then said: "Well, thanks, Al. I appreciate you wanting to help me. But what about it, Track? You know what I'm up against. Are you willing for him to stay?"

"I ain't gonna handcuff him and keep him from staying. I'm between a rock and a hard place. I want ta help you but I can't stay up here all the time myself. I got ta try ta catch these hotheads and talk 'em out a' coming up here. Looks like you and Al could sort a' guard each other, and lie low, and not get hurt, and not hurt nobody, till we get this county quieted down again."

"Well, if Al's going to stay," said Breck, "I want you and him both to hear from me just what the situation is. Hardy Riddle has just left here, going back to pass the word to Vernon Hodo that I'm willing to compromise with the Ku Klux so that we can live in peace. So Hardy, Vernon and you, Track, will all be trying to stop them. If all of you fail, then I must try to intercept them here in the woods. What they'll do when I try to turn them back, I don't know. Maybe they'll run. Maybe they'll scatter and try to surround me and kill me. There are men in the Klan who know this mountain almost as well as I do. They work in the company's woods gangs, and they have cut timber up here many times. They know every footpath, logging road and firebreak. If they come up here, nobody can predict how such tough, likkered-up, nigger-hating white men will act in the woods at night when they are Kluxing, when they think they have the law with them, and when they think they are standing up for God, Alabama and the southern way of life. So, Track, I can't guarantee Allen's safety. I want you and Maybelle to understand that."

"Hell, I understand it, Breck," said Big Track.

When Big Track was gone, Breck showed Allen where the truck and horse were hidden. Then, leaving the horse, Breck and Allen got in the truck and headed for Breck's house. As they drove past the blacked-out Negro shacks, Breck said: "Now that there are two of us, we can guard more of the perimeter. The sector most likely to be attacked is the southern sector, where the horse is. That sector is nearest the highway. Men can reach its Negro shacks by walking less than a mile. Loretta is in that sector. So I'll guard it. The second most likely sector to be attacked is the northern sector. My house, of course, is there, as is the house where you once lived. That's the sector you know best, Al, so you can guard it. To attack it they would have to walk at least two miles through the woods, and much of the sector is bluffs which they wouldn't try to climb at night."

Breck explained the whistles, where three of them were placed, and how he hoped the whistles alone might cause the Kluxers to retreat. "I have a whistle for you, too, Al," he said. "We'll get some blankets for you out of the house, and coffee and the shotgun you like to use. You mustn't spend any time in the house because it could be a trap. You find a spot in the woods for your blankets and coffee and extra ammunition. Then you move around, watching, listening. Carry the whistle with you, and if you see anything, set it off. If I hear your whistle, I'll come to help you."

"Suppose," said Allen, "that I see a man running toward your house or a Negro shack with a fire bottle? Do I shoot to kill him?"

"No," said Breck firmly. "Shoot over his head. Holler at him. Threaten him. But don't kill him."

"You mean that I've got to watch a Kluxer burn down your house and I'm not to kill him?"

"Yes, I mean that," said Breck. "You're not to kill any man unless he's trying to kill you and you can't run off. You're an all-state halfback. You can outrun any Ku Klux. So you sound the alarm and run."

At 2 a.m. Breck began to feel that the Ku Klux were not coming. About 1 a.m. Big Track had come up on the mountain and reported that he could find no sign that they were coming. "They had a little meeting," he said, "but Vernon ordered 'em not to come. So they've all gone home."

At midnight Big Track had telephoned Hardy, and Hardy had said: "Tell Breck to go to bed. He's got nothing to worry

about." After reporting to Breck, Big Track went back down the mountain, saying that he'd watch the roads for another hour, then go home.

Astride the palomino, Breck noticed that he seemed to be catching cold. The temperature had dropped to about 45, and he felt the chill through his tan, corduroy hunting coat. He decided that once more he'd ride along the western slope of the mountain; then he'd take the truck and horse home, find Allen, and they'd quit watching and go to bed around 3. Today was Thursday, and Kluxers, as well as he, would need to be at work at 7. Allen would need to be in school at 8.

As the horse picked his way along a firebreak in the moonlight, Breck thought of his peaceful years since 1946. Until 1964 no one disliked him. A few people talked about his not going to church, about his not having a wife, and about where he found his sexual comfort. But no one thought harshly of him. It was Breck's contempt for Wallace, along with his inherited contempt for the Klan, which made him the first personal enemies of his life.

At the head of a draw Breck reined the horse into a clump of young trees and stopped. He pushed the flaps up off his ears, and sat there listening, searching the slope. As he listened and watched, he found himself remembering his first killing situation. It was on a now-forgotten island in the Solomons. He was 18. He and two other Marines were in a hole, partially covered, and the jungle was around them. Suddenly, not a hundred feet away, appeared two young women, naked, their hands above their heads. They walked slowly toward Breck, begging in Japanese, saying that they were camp women, hungry, and they wanted to surrender. They were naked, not to be sexually attractive, but to show that they carried no grenades. They twisted their bodies to show that no grenades were taped to their backs.

Breck hesitated to kill them. He had been ordered not to hesitate: the danger of concealed grenades was too great. But did that apply to hungry, naked women, begging for mercy!

Breck shouted for them to halt, to lie down, to go away, but they kept coming, and he kept hesitating. When they were within a few feet of him, he squeezed the trigger, and the stream of steel reduced them to a writhing mess of blood, hair, guts and flesh on the jungle floor. Then Breck saw the four grenades. Around each middle finger was a ring. Behind each hand hung a grenade. Had he allowed the women to take one more step, with quick moves they could have pulled the pins and hurled the grenades into the hole.

Breck remembered how he vomited from the shock of that killing, and from realizing that his hesitation had almost cost two lives he was responsible for, along with his own. That experience helped him to survive the war. He never hesitated again.

Now Breck heard the Klansmen coming. He heard them before he saw them. Then he saw them. Three men . . . coming up the rocky draw through a thin stand of trees. They were the length of a football field from him, walking briskly toward him. Each man had a shotgun in one hand and a carton for carrying bottles in the other. Fire bottles.

Breck looked for other men. He had thought the party would be larger. Was it a divided attack? Were other men coming up the east slope? Or up the south road?

Breck's hands tightened on the 12-gauge automatic shotgun. He eased off the safety lock. His left hand reached down the barrel and turned the Poly Choke to full choke, to reduce the spread of the buckshot and make the charge deadly at longer range.

As with the Japanese women, he would ask the men to turn back. Sixty yards from him they would cross a rock bed and be in unobstructed view. He would shout for them to stop, to turn back. If they hesitated, or broke for cover, firing at him, he would try to kill them. But first, in a last gamble to avoid killing, he would give away his advantage and risk an unequal fight.

In a soothing undertone he said to the horse: "Ho, Dan, steady." The horse was trained to gunfire. He wouldn't move. Breck looked down the gun barrel. At 60 yards the men would be 20 feet below his level, so he would adjust his aim for downhill shots.

Breck inhaled deeply to shout. Then he heard the whistle. The direction told him it was Loretta, and she was a mile away. Other men had come from the east or south and were attacking the shacks.

The three men heard the whistle, stopped, then began running, not back down the mountain as Breck had hoped, but up the mountain, to close the pincers.

Breck fired three shots—pow! pow! pow!—then wheeled the horse and started moving as fast as he could along the firebreak, through the woods. He assumed that the three men behind him were dead, or would be dead before help could reach them. He had fired at their belt buckles from 50 yards.

When he was half a mile from the southernmost shacks, Breck saw fire light. From a quarter of a mile he saw that three shacks, including Loretta's, were wrapped in flames. From two hundred yards he saw the silhouette of a man between him and the flames. From a hundred yards he saw the front door of Loretta's shack open and Loretta come through the doorway with her mother in her arms. At the same instant Breck saw the man raise a gun and fire two shots at Loretta. From the back of the running horse Breck fired three shots at the man and saw him go down.

When Breck rode into the yard and jumped off the horse, Loretta and her mother were lying on the porch, their clothing afire. Breck dragged Loretta off the porch, and carried her into the yard, beating out flames on her dress. He hurried back for her mother, but he couldn't reach her through the flames.

Breck was risking being shot by Klansmen he assumed were still in the area. His horse had run off, and he had thrown down his gun when he went for Loretta. Silhouetted against the flames, he was an easy target. But no more shots were fired, and Breck's risk had been for nothing. Loretta was dead. The buckshot had struck her in the eyes and forehead, all but decapitating her. Her mother's body was being incinerated.

Retrieving his gun, Breck moved behind trees and circled the other burning shacks, looking for Kluxers. The five old Negroes who had occupied these shacks had lost all they had, but they were unhurt, and they were huddled together, wailing. When Breck found no more Kluxers, he returned to the man he had shot. He was still alive, with an expression of surprise on his youthful face.

"What's your name?" Breck asked. "I know your face, but I don't know your name."

As though he hadn't heard the question, Tag Taggart said: "Whadjah shoot me fer? I wasn't shootin' at you. I was just. . . ." Then he died, and Breck had orphaned his four ragged-assed kids and widowed his 26-year-old wife.

Twenty-five minutes after Loretta blew the whistle, Allen Bascomb came galloping down the road on Breck's horse. He had disobeyed orders, left his post, and was running down the road to help Breck when he met the horse running home. "Gosh, Breck," said Allen, "when I saw Dan running loose I sure thought you'd been shot."

"Not tonight," said Breck. "Take the truck and drive back up the road. Tell everybody that the burning and shooting are over."

Thirty-five minutes after Loretta blew the whistle, Breck heard the rising-and-falling scream of a siren. Big Track was coming. Now begins worse trouble, thought Breck. The killing situation between me and Big Track.

Big Track, his searchlights blazing, raced up to the scene and stopped. He jumped out and shouted to Breck: "Is my boy all right?"

"He's not hurt," said Breck. "He's up the road in my pickup."

"Anybody else hurt?"

"They murdered Loretta and her mother." Breck motioned toward Tag's body. "There's one of them. I don't know his name."

Big Track walked over and threw his flashlight down into Tag's face. "It's Tag Taggart. A damn good boy."

Big Track went to the car to use the radio. "First," said Breck, "please ask Hattie to call my lawyer in Tuscaloosa." Breck gave Hattie the lawyer's name and telephone number and said: "Ask him to come as fast as he can." While Hattie was making the call, Big Track asked: "Breck, whadja have ta shoot Tag for?"

"He asked me that same question," said Breck. "Just before he died. He couldn't understand why I had shot him."

"Lotta folks ain't gonna understand. Tag was a good boy. Never been arrested in his life. If a man ain't breakin' inta ya home in Alabama, or threatenin' ya with a knife or gun, the law don't give ya no right ta kill him."

When Breck said nothing, Big Track continued: "I don't see no evidence that you shot Tag. When there's shootin' in the woods at night, it's hard ta tell who shot who. Nobody can say

what buckshot come out a' what shotgun. I ain't ya lawyer, Breck, but I'm ya friend. You ain't shot nobody. Don't say ya did."

Over the radio Hattie said: "Track, tell Mister Breck the lawyer's on his way. I got him out a' bed."

"Okay," said Big Track to Kattie. "You got ya pencil? There's been a little burnin' n' shootin' up here. Tag Taggart's dead. So's the nigger gal, Loretta. Three shacks been burned down. A sick nigger woman didn't get out a' one of 'em. I'm proceedin' with the investigation. Call Hardy first. Then Butt Cut. Then the state troopers. Tell the troopers I'm gonna need extra men ta help with the demonstrations in town and the inquest up here on the mountain. Call the coroner. Tell him ta get up here and bring his hearse for Tag. Tell him ta bring a nigger hearse, too. Call the district attorney. The papers and the TV boys will be calling. Tell 'em there's been unlawful killin' and the sheriff and the coroner are tryin' ta figure out who shot who and why. I'll be standin' by."

Allen arrived in the pickup. Big Track asked: "Son, whad'ja see or hear?"

"I was in the woods up close to Breck's house," said Allen. "The first sound I heard was a whistle. Then I heard shots. Then a second whistle started blowing, and a third. Then I saw the fire, and after four or five minutes I heard more shots. Breck had told me not to run toward any shots. But I was afraid he needed help so I ran anyway. I was running down the road when I met Prince Dan going home. I caught him and rode him down here. Breck was here with Loretta and the head man. That's all I know."

"That leaves you, Breck," said Big Track. "You was at home asleep when you heard whistles and shootin'. You jumped in your pickup and come running down here and found three shacks afire and Tag and Loretta dead. That's all anybody knows. Agitators might a' come in here ta burn out Loretta for sayin' they raped her. Tag might a' been trailin' the agitators. The agitators set the shacks afire and shot Tag and Loretta. That's how it looks ta me. Looks like the investigation is about over."

"No, it isn't over," said Breck. "Allen told you he heard shots immediately after the first whistle began blowing. I fired those shots. At three men. About a mile from here, on the west slope. I didn't observe the effect of the shots because I rushed back here and shot Tag while he was in the act of shooting Loretta. Until now I haven't had time to consider the men on the slope. They may all be dead. Or they may be alive and bleeding to death. If we hurry we may save them. I can't get there except on the horse. You can't get there except by walking. Let's go."

Big Track's jaw had dropped. "Good God, Breck! You mean you ambushed three good men?"

"It depends on how you look at it," said Breck. He walked to his horse and mounted him. Allen handed Breck the shotgun and a light. Then Hattie's voice came on the radio. "Track, the coroner and the troopers and Hardy are all on their way. But I can't locate Butt Cut. His wife says he ain't been home all night."

"Oh, Lord!" Big Track groaned. "Did'ja hear that, Breck?"

"I figured Butt Cut was with them," said Breck. "If he came with Tag, he got away. If he came up the west slope he may be dead."

"You mean ya killed my deputy, too?"

"I may have. I fired once at each of three men at 50 yards."

"Then ya killed 'em," said Big Track. "You ain't never missed nothin' as big as a man with that gun at 50 yards."

Big Track got a shotgun and a light from the Wildcat. He said to Allen: "Now, son, we ought'a be back in 30 minutes. If we need stretchers, we'll fire two pistol shots. You stay here at the radio and meet everybody. And get this: *don't repeat nothin' that Breck said to nobody!* Just tell 'em all ta stand by, that me and Breck's gone ta investigate some more shots he thought he heard."

Breck and Big Track moved off, Breck riding the horse at a walk, and Big Track walking behind.

When Breck found the spot from which he had fired at the men, he and Big Track moved forward with their lights, searching for bodies. What the lights uncovered looked like a concrete floor on which three hogs have had their throats cut. The three men, one of whom was Butt Cut, were dead. They had died hard, their guts torn with buckshot. Because they had fallen on an expansive, flat rock, their blood, their gut fluids, and the gasoline from their fire bottles had not disappeared into the ground, but had collected in shallow pools into which the bodies had thrashed in protracted agonies. The forms were scarcely recognizable as men, so smeared were they with blood, gasoline, and gut contents.

Big Track took off his hat. "Lord God Almighty!" he groaned. "I ain't seen a human mess like that since *Ko*-rea.

"Pore old Butt Cut!" said Big Track. "He hated for you ta belittle him, Breck. Now you *really* belittled him! You tore his guts out and let him die kickin' n' floppin'. He shore is a mess."

"It's hard to stop men with buckshot and not make a mess," said Breck. "Who are the other two?"

"Coupla boys who work for the company. Thisn's a truck driver. Thatn's a trimmer. Damn good boys. Never been arrested in their lives."

"More widows and orphans?"

"Yeah. You done run ya score up ta four widows and a dozen or more ragged-assed orphans."

After a moment Breck said: "Well, fire some more shots. Let's get the coroner and the others in here so they can look and clean up."

"Before anybody else looks," said Big Track, "I'm gonna tell ya one more time. Nobody who sees this sight is ever gonna excuse the man who done it. So *you* didn't do it! *You* didn't shoot nobody. *You* was home in bed, and you just *heard* shootin' goin' on. And don't you never tell nobody nothin' different! You understand?"

"I understand what you're saying."

"You goddam better understand! Because if you done this, by God there ain't no way ta keep you out a' jail, or keep you alive, and there ain't no way ta keep this mountain from bein' divided up between all them widows and orphans and their lawyers."

Big Track pulled out his automatic pistol and fired two shots into the air.

KKK

At 9 a.m. on Thursday, six and one-half hours after the shooting, a Gallup poll would have shown that 99 percent of Atoka County's 11,642 white citizens knew that "the most awful crime in the history of the county" had been committed. What was this crime? Murder. The murder of Sheriff's Deputy Butt Cut Cates and three good men who were trying to help him enforce the law against agitators and outsiders. The four had been ambushed by agitators on Stancill's Mountain. Everybody was waiting for the coroner's inquest, to be held "at the scene" at 10 a.m.

The six jurors were to sit alongside the still-warm ashes of Loretta's shack. Since the coroner was an undertaker, his assistants had used funeral equipment as furniture for the inquest. They had set up two dozen folding chairs for jurors, witnesses and dignitaries. They had set up amplifiers so that the questions and answers could be heard by the 300 persons who would stand and perch in trees to watch and listen.

Breck and his lawyer were offered chairs. The lawyer sat down, but Breck remained standing, leaning on his cane. He shook hands with several youths introduced to him by Allen Bascomb. He nodded to Vernon Hodo who stood with Reverend Alverson. He exchanged glances with Clay Wilbanks who stood with three other FBI agents. Then Breck stood looking over the crowd, guessing which ones were hostile to him and which ones friendly. The hostile ones, hard-eyed workmen, were gathered around Vernon and Reverend Alverson. Breck guessed that several of them were brothers of Butt Cut and Tag and the other slain men.

The coroner, the jurors and Big Track arrived. Hardy Riddle, the district attorney and the county judge took seats. The crowd pressed closer. Cameramen, atop station wagons, adjusted their cameras. The coroner called the inquest to order and said: "We are here to inquire into the unnatural deaths of four white men and two Negro women. Unnatural deaths may be accidental, or they may be suicides or homicides. All homicides are either lawful, like self-defense or killing in line of duty, or unlawful, like murder or manslaughter. Our job is not to indict anybody, or find anybody guilty or not guilty. Our job is to rule on whether, in our opinions, these deaths were lawful or unlawful."

The coroner told the jury that he reached the scene at 4:10 a.m. He described the six bodies as they were shown to him by

Big Track. While the coroner testified, Breck reflected on the deal worked out between his lawyer and Hardy Riddle, the district attorney and the county judge. No county official, including the jurors, wanted the truth to be told. Therefore, no one wanted Breck to testify. Because if Breck "admitted" that he killed the Klansmen, the coroner's jury and subsequent juries would be compelled to adjudge Breck a criminal or his victims criminals. And what juror in Atoka County could afford to call Ku Klux Klansmen criminals?

Doctor Parker began describing wounds. Punctured livers and bowels and aortas and transverse colons. As the doctor talked, Breck weighed his lawyer's words to him: "Now, Breck, these jurors will not want to brand the dead men as criminals. One of the dead men was the sheriff's deputy. The others were well-regarded, and they leave widows and orphans. These jurors will want to rule only that the criminal acts were committed by persons unknown. For your cooperation to this end, the county officials will be generous with you. They will dismiss all civil actions against you which could cost you everything you own. Hardy Riddle will lease your property for a year, at a generous rental, so you can travel and give the Ku Klux time to forget their hatred of you. You must not speak at this inquest."

While Big Track was talking and answering questions, Breck reviewed his lawyer's final speech to him: "Breck, the officials of this county are at your doorstep offering generosity. The coroner wants to generously not question you. Hardy wants to be the generous caretaker of your property. The district attorney and the judge want to generously discourage civil suits against you. If you spurn their generous offers, then they must destroy you. All of which is to repeat that you must accept generosity, stand mute, and be gone, or risk total destruction."

Big Track concluded his testimony: "I just can't say right now who done this shooting. But with all the trouble we been havin' with outsiders and agitators, I got ta believe it was some a' them. I didn't know Butt Cut was coming up here last night. I didn't send him. But this morning good, sound citizens have come forward ta tell me that in their presence and hearin' last night after midnight, Butt Cut got a tip about some agitatin', and that he was up here lookin' for agitators when him and the other boys was shot."

When Big Track sat down beside Doctor Parker, the crowd believed that the inquest was over and began to stir. The coroner rose and said: "Now before we close this inquest, is there anybody here who knows anything, or saw anything, or heard anything that might help us in deciding the lawfulness or unlawfulness of these killings?"

Breck didn't decide to speak out. He could not have so decided, because speaking out was not a sensible decision for him. He merely quit weighing consequences and acted. He stepped past his lawyer and stood before the jury, leaning on his cane. "I believe I can help," he said.

The crowd buzzed, and the coroner appeared confused and afraid. So did the jurors. The coroner looked toward Hardy Riddle, and the district attorney and the county judge for advice, but they had none ready for him. Finally, the coroner said: "I'll have to ask you all to please quieten down. The inquest is not over. Mister Stancill says he has something to tell us."

Breck said: "I saw Loretta Sykes trying to carry her mother out of this burning shack. I saw Tag Taggart shoot Loretta down. Then I shot Tag. A few minutes before I shot Tag, I shot Butt Cut and the others over at the bloody rock. So I killed the four men. The two women were murdered by Tag and his Ku Klux accomplices who got away."

The district attorney jumped up and asked: "Is the witness confessing that he slew these men, including a deputy sheriff who was performing his duty?"

Breck's lawyer rose and replied: "Mister Stancill has nothing to confess. He is a law-abiding citizen reporting to this jury how he was compelled to defend his person, his home, and his innocent tenants against arsonists and murderers in the dark hours of the night!"

For 10 minutes the lawyers shouted, and the crowd rumbled in disorder. Breck stood silently, with Allen Bascomb, who also wanted to testify. Big Track sat by Doctor Parker. The doctor asked Big Track: "You know anything we can do to help Breck?"

"I can't think a' nothin'," answered Big Track, close to the doctor's ear. "I begged him ta keep his mouth shut. So did his lawyer. Everybody here heard me try ta shield him. But he's a man who won't listen to *no*-body. Now nobody can help him. He's as good as dead and broke."

The coroner refused to hear Breck any further, and closed the inquest with the announcement that the verdict would be handed to the district attorney later in the day.

At 7 p.m. on Thursday Breck Stancill was in the Atoka County Jail charged with murder. He had been arrested and brought to the jail by Big Track on a warrant sworn out by the district attorney. His preliminary hearing, at which he was expected to be freed on bond was set for 10 a.m. the following Monday.

Alone in the cell block on Thursday evening, Breck was surprised when Hattie Bascomb brought him a glass, ice, water, a bottle of whisky and the Birmingham *News*. She said she'd be back shortly with his dinner. And when Hattie returned she surprised Breck again, both with her appearance and her actions. She had taken off her tan shirt and pants and put on a low-necked dress. And she had brought him, not prison food on a tin tray, but a steak dinner with dishes, tablecloth and a napkin.

"Good Lord, Hattie," said Breck, "you shouldn't have done this!"

"I wanted to, Mister Breck," she said. "I couldn't offer you what I have ta feed prisoners. We feed them on 60 cents a day. That means a lot a' sorghum and cornbread. I couldn't offer you nothin' like that." Skillfully she set the table and laid out the food, adding: "And since I so seldom git ta eat with nobody, I thought you might let me come in after you git through and have a cup a' coffee with you."

"You haven't eaten yet, have you?" Breck asked.

"No, but I got a little somepin fixed for me in my room."

"Well, that won't do," said Breck. "I, too, seldom get to eat with anybody. You've cooked plenty here for both of us. So you bring more dishes and another napkin, and we'll eat here together. You can hear the telephone or radio from here."

"I won't be botherin' you?"

"You'll be doing me a favor. I can listen to you talk and forget my troubles."

While Hattie was gone Breck tried not to feel resentful. He was a captive guest being intruded upon. He had heard that Hattie traded whisky, food and cigarets to some white women prisoners for company and sexual comfort. Now she intended to impose her loneliness, if not her body, on him.

When Hattie returned they made small talk about the food which Breck thought was delicious. "You gotta remember, Mister Breck," she said, "that I been cookin' 25 years. I had ta start cookin' for my paw and my brothers in the woods when I was seven. I ought ta know how ta cook meat and potatoes!"

Breck felt grateful to her for the meal, and for all the hot coffee they were drinking with whisky in it. He decided to ask her some questions.

"Hattie," he said, "I've often wondered why you haven't left Atoka County. You're a capable, nice-looking woman. You're strong, still young, in good health, and not afraid of work. Why haven't you gone off where there is more opportunity for you to enjoy life?"

"Well, Breck," she said, "you know the main reasons. I ain't got much education. Some a' the prisoners have helped me try ta learn ta talk right. And I ain't got no money. I never seen a hundred dollars at one time that was mine in my life."

She poured more coffee and continued: "Then I ain't got it bad here in the jail. I got Big Track, and he's good ta me in his way. He's got his own family, so he can't pay me much money, and he can't pay his sister too much attention. And I got my church. You know I sing in the choir. But I am mighty lonesome. And there's things about me and women that folks know that I wish they didn't know. I guess it just comes down to that I ain't got nobody ta help me go nowheres else."

"Take a city like San Francisco," said Breck. "You could go there and make a new life. Nobody would know any of these things that you wish people didn't know. You could study nursing, and in a year you'd be earning a hundred dollars a week.

You wouldn't be lonesome. There are many women in San Francisco like you, who want to be with other women. And most people don't look down on them."

Hattie moved along the bench, closer to Breck. "But how could I git there? Who'd help me and show me how?"

"I'll help you," said Breck. "I'll get you a large sum of money. This trouble I'm in may cost me everything I have. You have something that's worth twenty-five thousand dollars to me. Do you want to sell it to me?"

She swallowed hard. She went out and looked around the jail office. Then she came back and sat as close as she could get to Breck. "You talk," she said. "But talk like we're in a graveyard."

"Some of my trouble," said Breck, "began right here in your jail four nights ago. Sunday night. I know most of what happened. You know the rest. Tomorrow night you step out of this jail at 4 a.m., never to come back. FBI agents will take you to Birmingham. You tell them the truth about who arranged and watched the rape of Loretta Sykes. The agents will go with you to San Francisco. They'll deposit the money for you and help you. They'll give you a new name and social security card if you want it."

"Will you guarantee all this to me? Will you come and see if I'm all right?"

"I'll guarantee it all. I'll come to see you when I can."

"Wouldn't I be hurtin' Big Track?"

"I doubt it. He wasn't here during the rape. He didn't kill the girl. Everybody knows already that he covered up for them."

"Then it's Vernon you want ta git? Him and the preacher?"

"That's right. I want you to identify the Klansmen. I want to prove by you that the Klan did it and did it in this jail."

"It was Vernon Hodo and the preacher. Them and Sy Shaneyfelt and Tag and Butt Cut."

"That's all I want, Hattie," said Breck. "You give that to the FBI and sign it, and I'll guarantee you a new life."

She looked around guiltily. "I'll do it," she said. "I'll git out a' here now, and I'll git these dishes out. Nobody ought ta know we spent so much time together. I won't pay no more attention to ya."

"That's right. Don't cook me any more special food or bring me any more whisky."

When she was gone Breck walked up and down the cell block, stretching himself. Then he lay down and tried to go to sleep. Somewhere around 3 a.m. he heard a step in the corridor. Hattie came through the door. She was in pajamas and sandals, and she came and sat on the edge of his bunk.

"I can't sleep a wink," she said. "My heart's beatin' like it's gonna jump out a' my body."

"Try not to get excited," said Breck. "It takes guts to leave an old place and make a new life. Just drink a little warm milk and you can sleep. I'll see that everything is all right for you."

"Will you hold my hand a minute?" she asked.

"Sure," he said. "You've got a good hand to hold."

KKK

From noon to 2 p.m. on Friday the bodies of "four valiant young men" who "gave their lives" on Stancill's Mountain lay in state at the Pentecostal Baptist Church, Ellenton, Alabama. Hundreds of sorrowing citizens passed the open caskets as the organ played "Rock of Ages," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Old Rugged Cross." The corpse which received the most respectful attention was that of Sheriff's Deputy Butt Cut Cates, in a new sheriff's uniform, his casket adorned with the flags of Alabama and the Confederacy. Flowers filled one end of the church. The largest floral offerings were from a peace officers association, the Alabama National Guard, the Ellenton Gun Club, a fraternal order and the Atoka County Board of Revenue.

Respectful state troopers handled the crowd which was estimated at 3,000 persons. The widows, orphans, parents, and all the other kinfolk filed into the church, followed by as many others as could be seated. As the music faded, leaving only sounds of sobbing to be heard, the Rev. Mark Alverson appeared in a white robe and preached the Service. He said:

When a man believes so deeply in a cause that he is willing to lose his life for it, he has achieved a nobility of life, a heroism. So today we honor the memory of four heroes. To you grieving parents, to you still-fertile widows with empty arms, to you sweet children, I say to all of you, hang gold stars in your windows. Your sons, your husbands, your fathers died fighting the same God-hating enemy as our men in Viet Nam.

When brave men meet death, tears must be shed, but trumpets, too, must be sounded. One of our dead was a uniformed officer of the law. The other three died helping him perform his duty. Our enemies despise the law. They hope to overcome by disparaging and disarming law officers. So let all within the sound of my voice take heed. These young law men shall not have died in vain. What they stood for, we stand for. What they died for, we shall live for. What they gave, we are ready to give. We have grasped the fallen torch. We stand at Armageddon, and we shall do battle for the Lord.

Each of the four corpses was buried in a different country cemetery. So there were four more services, at gravesides, where preachers sounded trumpets. Big Track was one of the bearers of Butt Cut's casket, and the honorary pallbearers included every elected official of Atoka County.

While Reverend Alverson was preaching the funeral service for his fellow Klansmen, Clay Wilbanks visited the jail. Breck gave him Loretta's tapes and said: "I can also give you Hattie Bascomb."

"You mean Big Track's sister?" asked Wilbanks.

"Yes. She can identify the men who watched the rape."

"That's all we need. What's her price?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars. You'll have to take her to San Francisco and get her some training and a job. As you suggested, I dealt on a personal basis. I told her the money would be mine."

"Any danger of her backing out?"

"Not if you take her tonight while I'm here to push her."

Wilbanks rubbed his jaw, then said: "I can think of a reason for waiting until after you get out of here."

"So can I. But if we wait she'll never go."

"Okay. What's this procedure you want to agree on?"

"Can you get me a copy of your tape of Big Track taking the Klan oath?"

"Yeah."

"Then you take Hattie out of here before daylight tomorrow. Take her to Birmingham and record her statement. Tomorrow evening there will be a public Klan meeting. When that meeting ends, you deliver to Big Track three recordings: Loretta's account of the rape, Hattie's account and Big Track taking the Klan oath. Deliver them to him as my property which by law he must safeguard for me until I am released."

"You mean you want him to hear those records while you're his prisoner?"

"I want him to hear them tomorrow night," said Breck. "Because before Monday I intend to try to turn him against the Klan, just as I've turned Hattie. I want him to arrest Vernon Hodo and Reverend Alverson as leaders of the Klan, and institute the case of the State of Alabama against the Ku Klux Klan for the rape of Loretta Sykes, for the murder of Loretta Sykes and for armed trespass and arson on Stancill's Mountain."

Wilbanks whistled. "You don't want much, do you? Big Track can't do that. He's a Klansman, himself guilty of complicity in all the Klan's crimes. If he arrests Klansmen he knows they'll go free and kill him. He can't turn around now and move against the Klan."

"I think he might," said Breck.

At the funeral on Stancill's Mountain for Loretta and her mother there were two surprises. The first was the attendance of 23 white students from Ellenton High School; the second surprise was the speech by Allen Bascomb.

Inside the unpainted, frame church were seated the Negroes who lived on the mountain. Amplifiers carried the service to the 1,500 others who stood outside under the trees. When the preacher concluded his remarks, he called on Allen. In his Sunday blue suit with a blue tie, Allen looked tall and determined when he stood up and said:

I am here, with a group of my schoolmates, to declare by our presence that we are ashamed, not only of the men who murdered Loretta and her mother, but also of any man or woman who is not ashamed of these murderers. We are ashamed of every man who came to this mountain with a fire bottle in his hand. We pledge ourselves to try to identify and punish any of those men who may be still alive.

We are ashamed of the Ku Klux Klan. We are ashamed of

every man who has ever tried to prove himself superior by scaring somebody. We are ashamed of every officeholder who has ever sought the votes of Ku Klux, or done favors for Ku Klux, or been afraid of Ku Klux.

Every American with a television set knows that the days of unfair racial separation must end. Now whites and Negroes go to the same school, play on the same team, work at the same bench, and fight and die in the same army. So the existence of the Ku Klux Klan is shameful.

When I was born my parents lived on this mountain. I never knew Loretta because she was older than I am, and we didn't go to the same school. But I wish I had known her. She worked hard, and dreamed, and aspired, and hoped, and that's the kind of people I admire. May she rest in peace.

A few hours after Loretta's funeral, about 9:30 p.m. on Saturday, Big Track stood at the edge of a yelling crowd which was watching scenes from the film *Birth of a Nation*. The robed horsemen of the Ku Klux Klan were riding through the night to serve God and save southern womanhood from the claws of the beast.

Big Track felt exhausted: from too much worry and too little sleep. At 6 a.m. he had telephoned the jail and got no answer. He had rushed to the jail and found a note tacked to the door of Hattie's room. I'M GONE, TRACK. I AIN'T COMING BACK. GOOD LUCK. HATTIE. And all day Big Track had withstood attack from citizens demanding that he stop "all this trouble and killing." About 5 p.m. Vernon Hodo had told him about Allen's speech at the Negro funeral.

"How's that gonna sound on TV tomorrow?" asked Vernon. "Your own boy sayin' he's ashamed a' you and me and George Wallace and ever' other red-blooded, God-fearin' white man in Alabama? And your sister's run off and sold out to Breck! What ya gonna do about Breck? He killed your deputy, and now he's got ya boy and ya sister. What's he gonna do to you?"

As the Klansmen began burning the cross and singing "The Old Rugged Cross," Clay Wilbanks appeared and said to Big Track: "Sheriff, I must give you this package. It's for Breck Stancill."

"What is it?"

"Tape recordings Breck may want to use at his hearing Monday."

When Big Track took the package, Wilbanks said: "I'll ask you to sign this receipt for them." Warily Big Track scribbled his name. "Thank you, Sheriff," said Wilbanks. "Good night."

Big Track acted like he had been handed a time bomb. He jumped in the Wildcat and started toward the jail. Then he thought of going to Hardy Riddle's house and letting Hardy hear the tapes with him. Hardy met him in the driveway, and they went into the basement and spent two hours listening to Loretta and Hattie; and to Big Track being inducted into the Ku Klux Klan by an Imperial Wizard and a Grand Dragon, in the presence of Exalted Cyclops Vernon Hodo and Grand Kludd Mark Alverson.

After hearing the tapes, Big Track felt so exhausted that for a while he could only sigh and shake his head. Hardy said: "Those tapes can't hurt anybody until they are presented in open court and made a public record."

"Breck will present them Monday morning," said Big Track.

"He can't present them if he doesn't appear in court."

"If he can't present them, the FBI will. They've got copies."

"The FBI can't present them unless the Justice Department can bring somebody to trial. They can't get a trial unless they can indict somebody. And they can't do that."

"You mean. . . ."

"Yes, that's what I mean, Track," said Hardy. "There's no other way we can protect the county. Breck's gone too far. He's my friend same as ever. After he killed those boys, I offered him the moon if he'd leave and let us have peace. He didn't want peace. So now he's as good as dead. He can't leave the county, and he wouldn't leave if he could. He's willing to kill more of them before they kill him. And the county would go on suffering as the TV capital of blood and guts."

"I tried ever' way ta help him," said Big Track. "Then he stabbed me in the back: turned my own sister against me. He must be a loner gone psycho."

"Even if they let him live to get his hearing Monday," said Hardy, "he couldn't live till they tried him. If he did, they'd convict him of murder, he'd go to the Supreme Court, get a new trial, and repeat the process on TV till he broke the county. Same story in civil court. Whether he lives or dies, they'll get judgments for more than he's worth. If he stayed alive, he'd appeal and wind up broke. So what we must think about now is the county: the continued, orderly development of Atoka County."

Hardy passed the cigars to Big Track and they lighted up. "With Hattie gone," said Hardy, "I suppose you might be sleeping in the jail yourself tomorrow night. At 2:20 a.m. I suppose you might hear a noise outside the jail, like somebody tampering with your car, and you might step outside to investigate. If you felt a shotgun in your ribs, you couldn't do anything else but let yourself be locked up in a cell block."

"Yeah," said Big Track slowly. "Except I thought you wanted ta git off a' TV. We gonna git *on* TV more'n we ever been."

"But it'll be over in two days."

"Breck ain't no nigger or civil rights worker."

"That's in our favor," said Hardy. "Breck has no organized support. The civil rights workers don't like him. Who's gonna raise any protracted stink about Breck? No man's death causes talk for more than two days. Unless he's the President."

After a moment Big Track said: "You say 2:20?"

"Yeah," said Hardy. "2:20 sharp."

KKK

All day and into the evening on Sunday Breck waited for Big Track to come to his cell. But Big Track didn't come. Finally, about 11 p.m., Allen Bascomb, after spending the evening with his girl, came to the jail and asked his father if he had talked to Breck.

"Naw, I ain't, son," said Big Track. "Breck's turned against me. It's his fault that Hattie left. He paid her to tell him somepin that could hurt me. How can ya talk to a man who's been ya friend and then turns against you?"

"Breck hasn't turned against you," said Allen. "I was on the mountain with you when you wanted Breck to hide the truth. Breck doesn't want to hide the truth, and I don't think you should either. You're too big a man for that, Dad. You're too big not to talk to Breck."

Allen went on home, and Big Track went into the cell block where Breck was alone. Breck got off the bunk and stood at the bars, facing Big Track. Noting Big Track's uneasiness, Breck knew he had to interest him at once or Big Track would walk away. Breck handed him a typewritten document dated March 26, 1964.

"That's my will," said Breck. "If anything happens to me, I want you to see that Stancill's Mountain goes to Allen."

Startled, Big Track looked at the document. "You mean my boy is ta git all your property?"

"Yes. I made that will a year ago. My lawyer has a copy."

Big Track swallowed hard. "I never figured on this," he said. "But, hell, you ain't got no property! Ever' dime you got's going to widows and orphans and lawyers."

"You can prevent that," said Breck. "You are sworn to make each citizen of this county secure in his person and possessions. Surely you can make your own son secure."

"I can't secure nothin' you got. Nobody could. Out there on the mountain I tried ta secure ya by keepin' ya quiet. Your own lawyer tried ta secure ya. You chose ta commit suicide and lose ever' penny ya got."

"I chose to bet on you," said Breck. "I chose to bet that at showdown you'd turn against the Klansmen, arrest them, and charge them with arson, rape and murder. That's why I sent you those tape recordings. If you'll arrest Vernon, the preacher and Sy Shaneyfelt tomorrow morning; if you'll announce that Butt Cut and Tag Taggart assisted in the rape of Loretta Sykes in this jail and then conspired to murder her, the charges against me will be dismissed. My estate will not be in jeopardy, and it will go to Allen if Klansmen kill me. Stancill's Mountain doesn't belong to the widows and orphans of criminals. It belongs to me and your son. So I'm asking you now to take off your Klan robe, switch sides and stand with me and your son, where a winner of the Medal of Honor ought to stand."

Big Track wanted time to think. But he knew there was no time. "You're talkin' foolishness, Breck," he said. "You should a' been at the funeral for the men you killed. Biggest crowd in the history a' the county. That preacher hung gold stars on all four of 'em and preached 'em straight into the arms a' Jesus. Everybody liked it. If I arrested Vernon and that preacher, they'd be out in five minutes. I couldn't indict 'em, much less

convict 'em. Then they'll kill me. And you know goddam well I'm telling the truth."

"I could protect you," said Breck. "You could protect me. I'd go to Vernon and say: 'If Big Track is hurt, I'll kill you.' You could threaten him for me, and we could both be safe. One man can't protect himself from the Klan. But two men can protect each other."

Big Track shook his head. "I can't afford ta threaten Vernon. He belongs ta Hardy. And Hardy wants peace, not more threats and more killing. And the Klan has a big followin'."

"You can change that," said Breck. "You're a big man. You're a hero. You're the law. You represent the State of Alabama. If you arrest Vernon and the preacher on the charge that they staged and watched the rape of Loretta Sykes in this jail, you can turn all decent people against them."

Big Track put his hands in his hip pockets and stretched. "I got ta go, Breck," he said. "You don't think like folks think. You keep tryin' ta make somepin *terrible* out a' what happened in this jail ta Loretta Sykes. Well, folks won't think it was terrible. She was a nigger. She was a uppity Chicago nigger. Maybe she was a nigger agitator. So folks don't care what happened to her. They damn sure don't care if all that happened to her was that she got humped by another nigger. And you know I'm tellin' the truth."

Breck felt infinitely lonely. "Track," he said, "you're a man with pride. You worry about what President Truman thinks about you. If you don't arrest these Ku Klux, then tomorrow the FBI will arrest you, and reveal that you're a loyal Kluxer who allowed the rape of an innocent woman in your jail. What will Truman think of you then? What will your son think? How can Allen go to West Point with a father like you?"

"You're hitting me where it hurts now," said Big Track. "I hate fer my boy ta hear that I'm a Kluxer. But I couldn't help it. I joined the Klan because I had to. I didn't like it when the nigger gal was raped in here. I saved her life and did what folks wanted me to do. The FBI can't hurt me. If the FBI says I did somepin, most folks won't believe it. The more the FBI lumps me with the Klan, the more votes I'll git. And you know it's the truth. What grinds your guts, Breck, is the truth about folks, and not nothin' I done."

Breck was about ready to give up. "All right, Track," he said. "I'll make one more suggestion. My estate is worth $400,000. I don't want Kluxers or their heirs to get it. So if you'll turn around and fight them, I'll give it to you. It won't be a bribe. I'll only be making you financially secure so you can afford to risk unpopular action. And so that you won't disgrace your son. If you'll agree to arrest Vernon and the preacher, at 7 a.m. tomorrow I'll pay you $20,000 in cash. After you have arrested them and appeared as a witness for me at my hearing, I'll pay you $20,000 more. Then each month thereafter, as the fight goes on, I'll pay you $5,000. If my own estate becomes tied up, I'll get it from my mother. I'll make you so rich that you can quit worrying about what folks think."

For a long time Breck and Big Track stood looking at one another. Big Track studied his watch: 12:35 a.m. "Your boy can be proud of you," said Breck. "You can be a national TV hero. You can be governor of Alabama. Hell, with great leadership this state could be great! We have great forests, great rivers, pure water, pure air and people who are good except when they are blinded by racist demagogues. Come on, Track! Don't be a stupid, half-assed, red-necked Ku Klux! Stand up with me and your boy and be big and rich and great!"

After another silence Big Track lowered his eyes to the floor and said: "I can't do it, Breck. I can't be big and rich and great. I believe you'd get me the money, all right. But I can't believe nothin' else ya say. I don't believe there's nothin' on earth I could do that'd save yo' life and property. I don't believe I could change folks. I don't believe I got the guts to arrest Vernon and that preacher. And if I did arrest 'em, I believe folks'd just turn me out and shoot me. Money can't do a dead man no good. So I just can't travel with ya no further, Breck."

Big Track paused, then went on: "I'll tell ya somepin else. Somepin I ain't never told nobody and never will. I didn't deserve the Medal of Honor. I didn't kill all them gooks. Maybe I killed two or three. The killin' was done by better men than me who got killed theirselves. I was just the one they found alive and gave the medal to." Then Big Track added: "I always kind a' figured you knowed that about me, Breck."

Breck leaned against the bars, shoulders drooping, eyes filled with tears. He had bet on a scrub horse, and he had lost.

Big Track turned to leave and said: "You was my friend, Breck. I was yo' friend. It was you who turned against me. Now there ain't nothin' I can do ta help you. Good-bye and God help ya."

Big Track left the cell block, slammed the solid steel door, and switched off the white lights. Only the blue night lights remained.

KKK

About 2 a.m. Maybelle Bascomb got out of bed and walked to her kitchen for a pinch of baking soda. She was worried and her stomach was upset. Her footfall awakened Allen. He saw the light under his door and wondered why his mother was up. He began worrying and got up. Over his mother's objections he dressed and headed for the jail in the car.

Maybelle telephoned the jail to tell Big Track that Allen was coming. The jail telephone began ringing at 2:23 a.m. It was not answered. Big Track was a prisoner.

The fight in Breck's cell was brief and brutal. Breck struck one blow. With the fingers of his right hand extended and rigid, he jabbed them into the mask of a Klansman. He broke his fingers, and he blinded for life the youthful brother of Butt Cut Cates. Then the robed-and-masked Klansmen rode Breck to the floor, trussed his arms behind him, and hustled him toward the waiting cars. The preacher locked Big Track in the cell block and led the blinded Klansman behind the others.

Allen met the Klansmen on the sidewalk outside the jail. He had no weapon, so he yelled "you yellow bastards!" and attacked like a defensive halfback trying to break up a flying wedge. In the melee Breck shook loose and tried to help Allen by butting, kneeing and kicking. Masks and robes were torn, teeth were spat out. The Klansmen had no choice. They shotgunned Breck and Allen, then fled in the cars, leaving two mangled, bloody and dead bodies. Breck lay in the gutter, face up, his tin leg crumpled under him. Allen lay face down in the street.

Locked inside the cell block, Big Track heard the gunfire. After 20 minutes of uncertainty and dismay, he was released by a city policeman and told what had happened. He ran into the street, fell to his knees beside Allen's body, and began crying. Then, waving others aside, he picked up Allen's body and laid it on the grass between the sidewalk and the jail. He picked up Breck's body and laid it beside Allen's. Maybelle arrived, and she and Big Track sat on the grass, weeping, shaking their heads, and holding their dead son's hands. Big Track's shirt and pants were smeared with blood from both bodies.

This scene was viewed in turn by the city police, the state troopers, by the curious multitude, and by the coroner, doctors, undertakers, reporters, photographers, Klansmen and FBI men.

About 10 a.m. Monday, after the bodies had been moved and the blood washed off the street and sidewalk, Clay Wilbanks went to Big Track's house. He was let into the living room where he waited for several minutes. He looked at the Medal of Honor, at the flags, and at the autographed pictures of President Truman and General MacArthur. Then Big Track came and they sat down together.

"I'm sorry about your boy and about Breck," said Wilbanks.

"Thank you," said Big Track. He had put on a pair of blue serge pants, a white shirt, and a blue tie. He appeared stunned, his eyes red.

"I was just looking at your medal," said Wilbanks. "And at your pictures."

"They're coming down," said Big Track. "I'm gonna bury the medal with my boy. He deserves it. I don't. A man who won't stand up with his own boy don't deserve to wear the Medal of Honor and have school kids comin' around lookin' up at him."

They sat together for a while, then Wilbanks said: "I hate to bother you at a time like this, but I have a federal warrant for your arrest. I'm arresting you and Vernon and the preacher and other Ku Klux for conspiring to violate, and violating, the civil rights of Loretta Sykes, Susan Sykes, Breck Stancill and Allen Bascomb."

"You mean I violated my boy, just like we violated Breck and the niggers?"

"Yes," said Wilbanks. "You violated your son's right to live. You helped kill him, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I guess I did," said Big Track.

—**William Bradford Huie**

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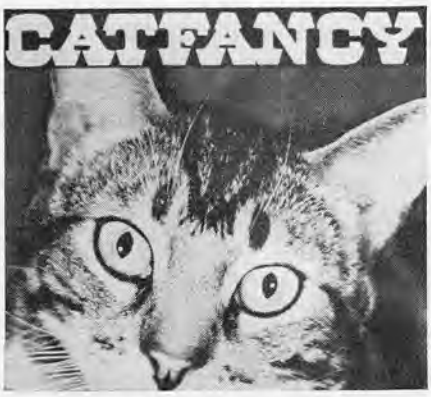

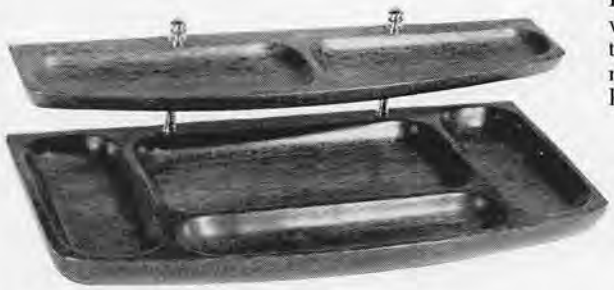

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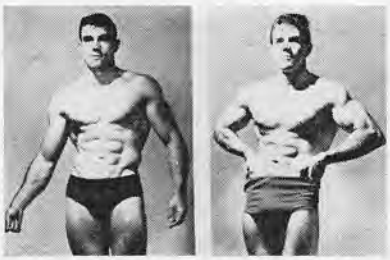

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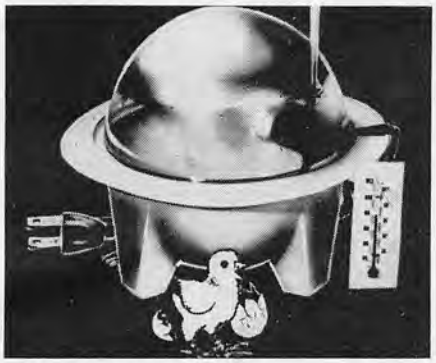

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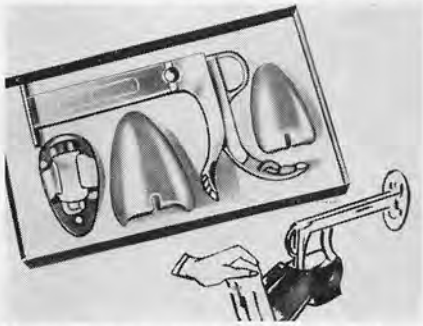

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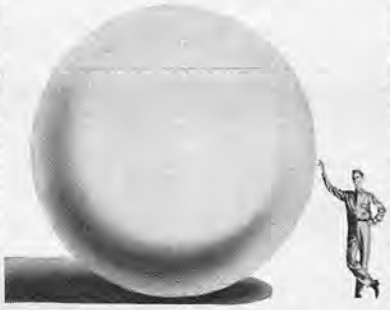

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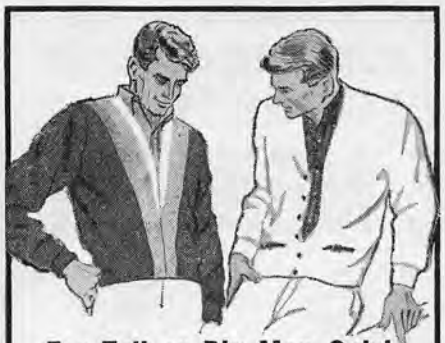

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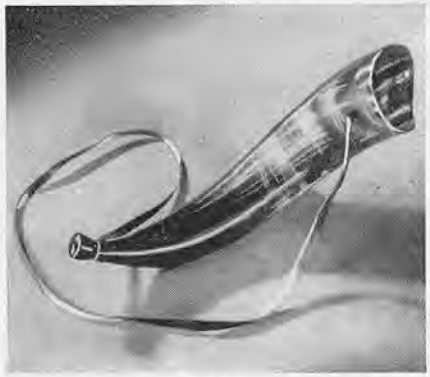

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goes shopping

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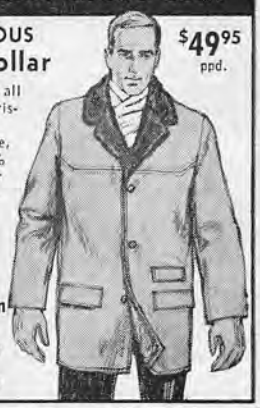

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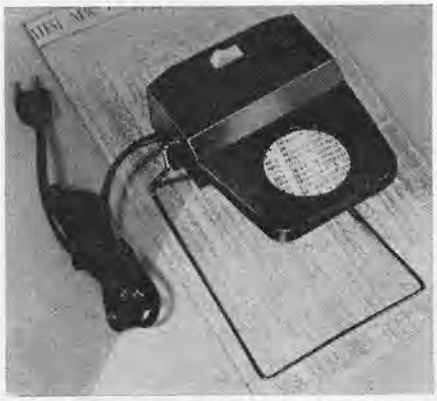

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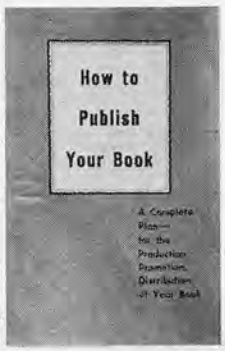

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BRAND NEW U.S.A. CAMP MACHETE—You don't have to cross the border to get one of these 18″ blade machetes. War surplus (Army made 3 million in World War II), you can bush out a trail, clear a camp site, or fell a good-size tree with one of these. In sturdy canvas shield with belt clip, it's a solid buy for $2.95 ppd. (about ⅓ normal cost). Arms & Weapons, Dept. TR-11, 887 Second Ave., N.Y.

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These light blue polypropylene lights are the standard of many large city fire departments. Firemen like the intense piercing power that cuts thru fog and smoke. A special metal die-cast reflector with great depth focuses the beam into a 20-mile searchlight over water, etc. Price is $10.95 for 1, $6.95 ea. for six (total $41.70). This is the price the fire departments pay, and worth it! Our name is embossed on this light. Accept no substitute! All prices postpaid.

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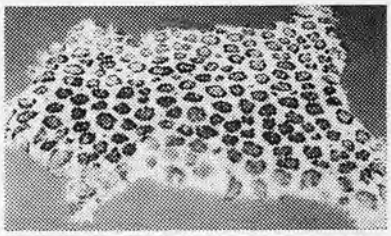
Complete with chisel, this 3 lb. Air-Gun rips into metal, chips concrete, drives pins, etc. Delivers 5,500 2″ strokes a minute. Operates on 3 to 5 hp compressor. Made especially for government and manufacturer made too many. At only $29.95 ppd. while they last, a $70 value. Try it and see! Three extra attachments for exhaust pipe cutting and other uses, $9 ppd.



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You can pay from $250 to $750 for a real skin. Ours are made from domestic animals, treated to resemble the real thing, and are soft, furry, beautiful. A real buy at only $30 ppd. In Leopard, Jaguar, Zebra. Specify. Two for $27 each.

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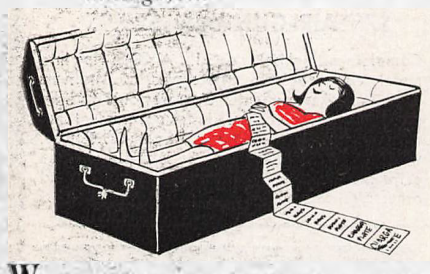
THIS FUNNY LIFE

The instructors at a large seminary sometimes use unusual means to prepare students for the problems of their future ministry.

One instructor used to bring into class a dozen birth control devices. As he passed them out for inspection, he would kid the students about getting them all back. When he collected them, he would lay them on the desk and count them with extreme ceremony and care.

Finally the students got sick of this routine and decided to get even. The next time the instructor passed out the contraceptives, he went through the same bit about getting all 12 back. When he counted them, he found 13. He never did it again.

Name withheld at writer's request
Chicago, Ill.



While telephone soliciting for a major department store, I asked a woman if she would like to open a charge account. She said she'd agree if I would attend a funeral.

Startled, I asked, "Whose funeral?"

"Mine," she replied. "My husband said he'd kill me if I opened another charge account."

Mrs. J. Torchia
Manitoba, Canada

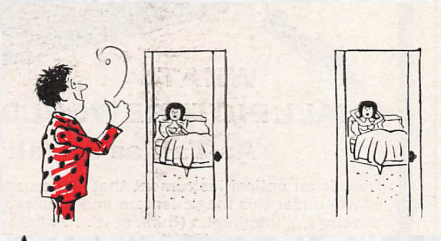
While in the service my son was a Russian translator and he related this incident that happened a couple of years ago.

A Russian MiG wandered too far into our Pacific territory and two of our jets were sent out to intercept, take pictures and tune in on his radio frequency. Our jets closed in on each side of him, taking pictures while they escorted him back to the "boundary."

The following short conversation was later translated: "There are two American jets closing in on me. They are on each side of me and are taking pictures. What shall I do?"

Came the laconic reply, "Smile."

Name withheld at writer's request
Tarpon Springs, Fla.



A friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for a while, happily reported that he was now married to one of twin sisters. "And," he added, "both are identical, beautiful and curvaceous. Because they've always been close to each other, and hated to be separated, the unmarried twin lives with us, too."

"But how," I asked, "can you tell which is which—if you know what I mean?"

"Frankly," he replied, smiling, "I don't try to."

Fred Eisenstadt
Bronx, N. Y.

A young enlisted man was being court-martialed for disrespect to a commissioned officer. In the course of the trial a noncommissioned officer was called to testify. The prosecuting attorney asked him, "Did you hear Airman Jones call Captain Smith an S.O.B.?"

"No, sir, I did not."

The next question: "Did you hear Jones say S.O.B.?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

The prosecutor at this point asked, "To whom was Jones referring when he used the phrase?"

"He was referring to Captain Smith, sir."

The next question was obvious; the prosecutor asked, "If Jones didn't use Captain Smith's name, how did you know to whom Jones was referring?"

"That was easy, sir," replied the NCO. "Captain Smith was the only S.O.B. around!"

Capt. R. Gawlitta USAF
Tampa, Fla.

Several years ago we took our young son to see his first major-league baseball game in Cincinnati. The Reds were in the midst of their lean years and, true to form, they played somewhat less than sensationally that day.

The next day I overheard a conversation between our son and a friend, who asked him what the game was like.

My son said, "Just like we play—only everybody had his own glove."

Mrs. Evelyn Kirkpatrick
Hamersville, Ohio.

A man whose wife was not the best driver in the world called to report another of her accidents to the insurance adjuster.

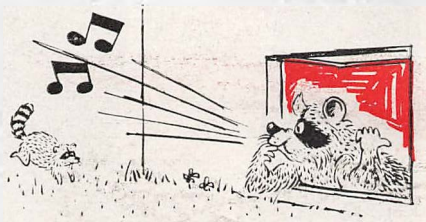
"At what time did the accident take place?" asked the adjuster.

"Around 9 a.m.," the man said.

"And could you give me a description of the accident?"

"Well," the man said, "it was like this. She was backing out of the driveway and hit the two trash cans, knocked down the TV antenna, ruined Joey's new bike, took off half of the cyclone fence, *and then she lost control of the car!*"

Jerry Gisclair
Larose, La.



The modern police officer is trained to handle all types of emergencies. However, there are situations which can frustrate even Dick Tracy. I was once sent to assist a lady who had a racoon in her cellar and wanted it shot. With much difficulty, I convinced her that this was dangerous and an unnecessary destruction of wildlife. I then placed a plank from the cellar floor to an open cellar window, scattered pieces of bread along the plank, explaining that the racoon would eat the bread, walk up the plank in the process and, once outside, would leave. Having solved the housewife's problem, I left to resume patrol with the feeling of another job well done.

A short while later, making a routine hourly call in to the station house, I was told by the desk officer that a slightly irate citizen had called, wanting to know if any other genius cops were available to assist her. Her problem? How to get rid of *two* racoons in her cellar.

Robert B. Glode
Baldwin, N. Y.

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